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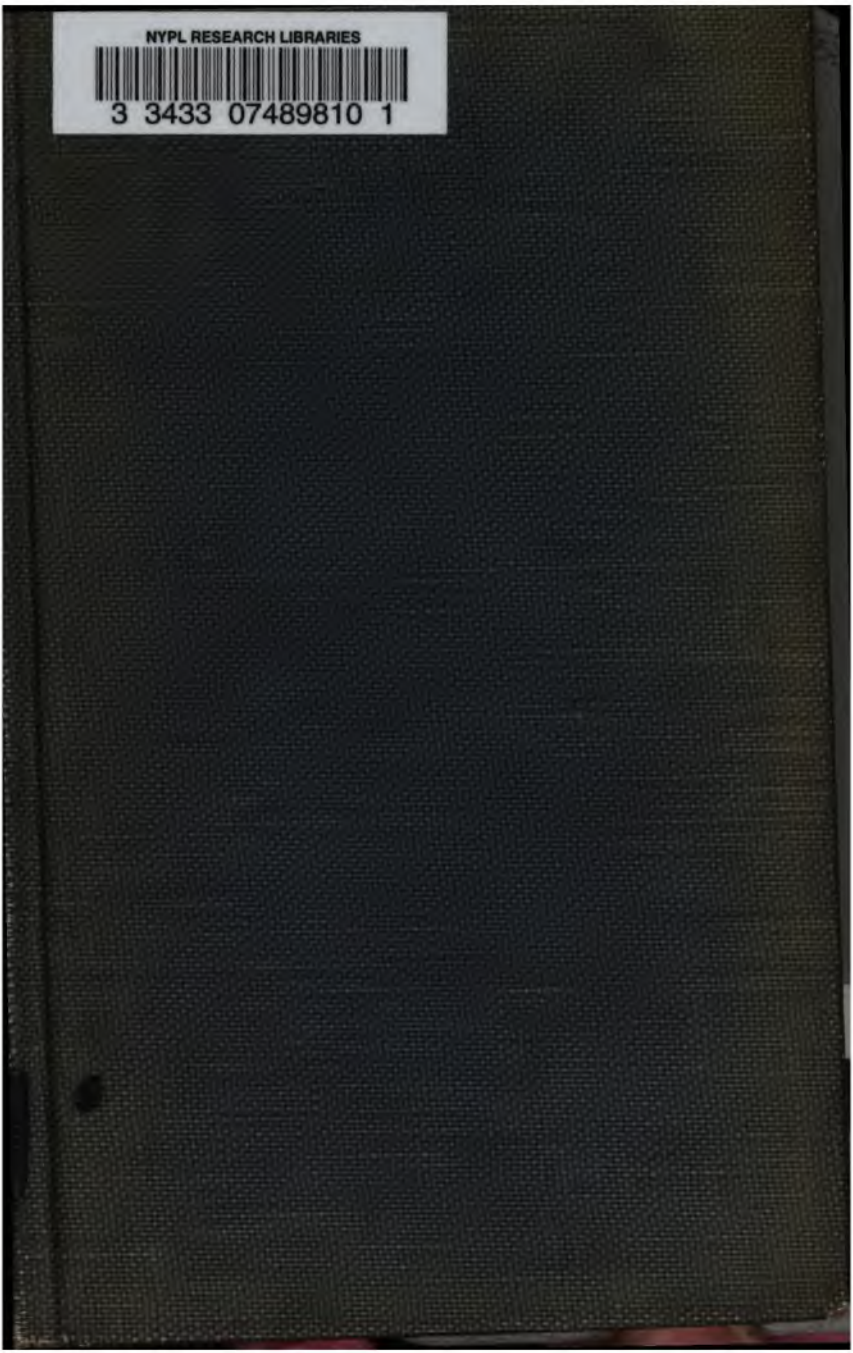
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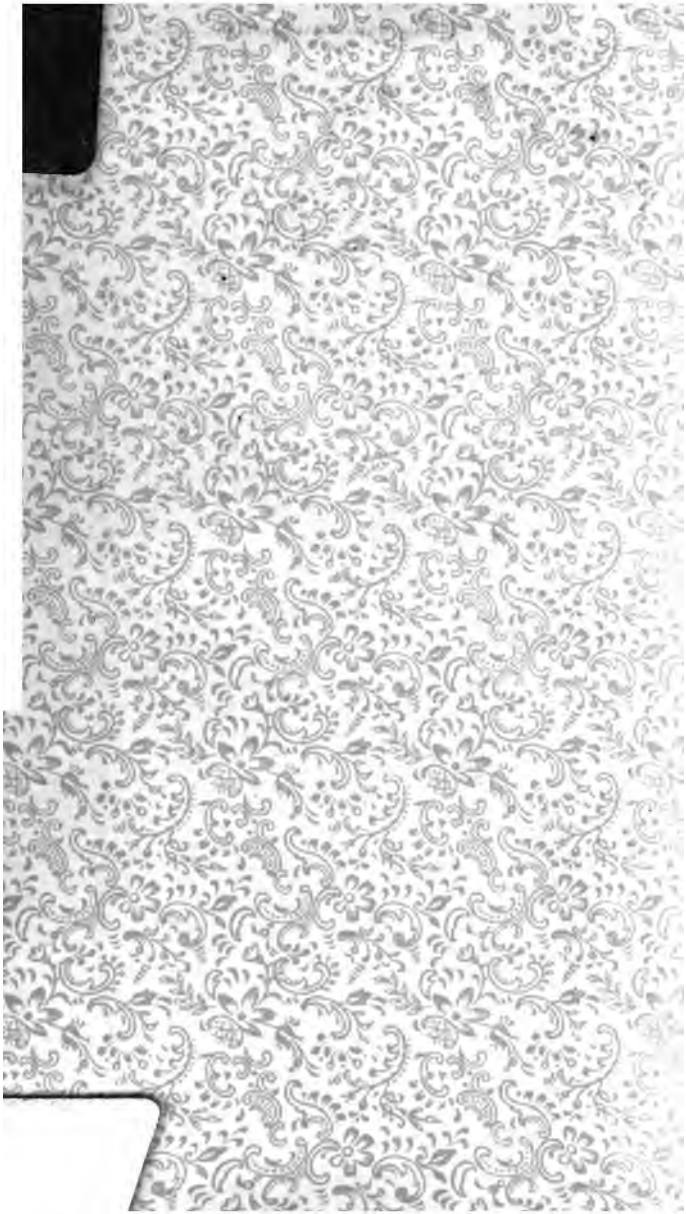

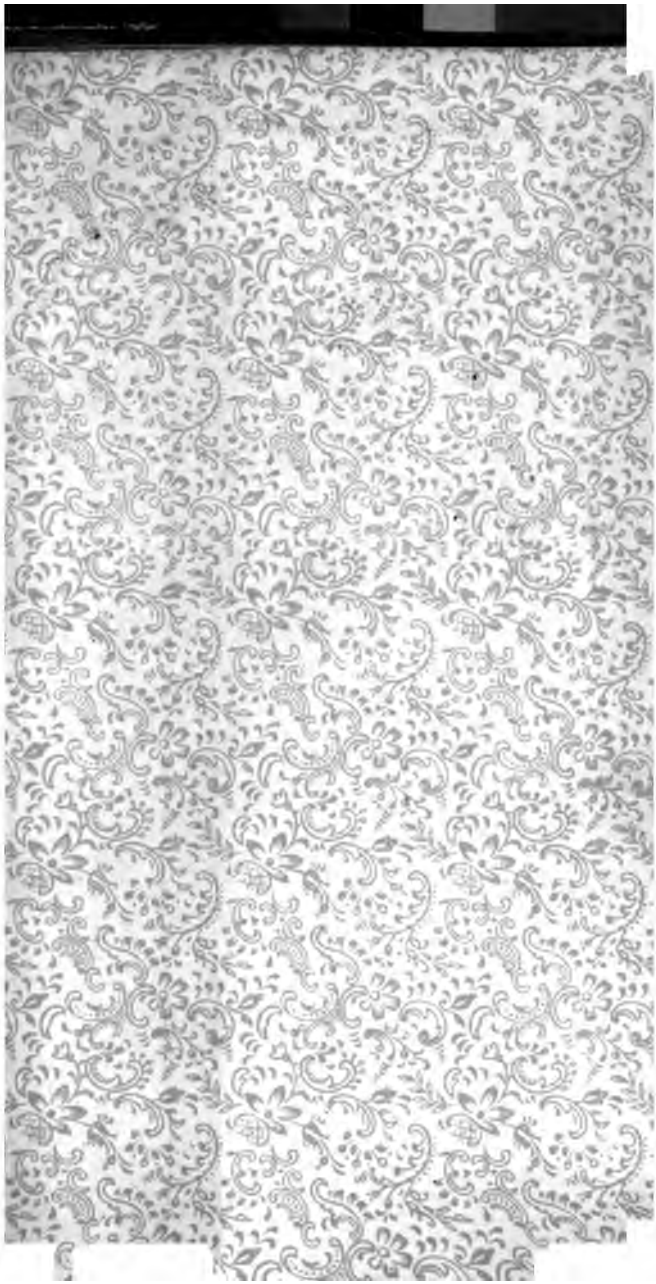

THE

WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME THIRD.

Blair

Rebecca Nichols

THE

WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME THIRD.

CONTAINING

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL,
TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL,
THE COMEDY OF ERRORS,
THE WINTER-NIGHT'S TALE,
THE LIFE AND DEATH OF KING JOHN,

&c.

EDINBURGH:

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ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL *.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING of France.
Duke of Florence.
Bertram, *Count of Rouſſillon.*
Lafeu, *an old Lord.*
Parolles, *a paraſitical follower of Bertram; a coward, but vain, and a great pretender to valour,*
Several young French Lords, that ſerve with Bertram in the Florentine war.
Stewart, } *ſervants to the Count-*
Clown, } *eſs of Rouſſillon.*

Counteſs of Rouſſillon, mother to Bertram.
Helena, *daughter to Gerard de Narbon, a famous phyſician, ſome time ſince dead.*
An old widow of Florence.
Diana, *daughter to the widow.*
Violenta, } *neighbours and friends*
Mariana, } *to the widow.*

Lords, attending on the King; Officers, Soldiers, &c.

SCENE lies partly in France, and partly in Tuſcany.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Counteſs of Rouſſillon's Houſe in France.

Enter Bertram, the Counteſs of Rouſſillon, Helena, and Lafeu, all in mourning.

Count. IN diſſevering my ſon from me, I bury a ſecond huſband.

Ber. And I in going, Madam, weep o'er my father's death anew; but I muſt attend his Majeſty's command, to whom I am now in ward, evermore in ſubjection.

Laf. You ſhall find of the King a huſband, Madam; you, Sir, a father. He that ſo generally is at all times good, muſt of neceſſity hold his virtue to you; whoſe worthineſs would ſtir it up where it wanted, rather than lack it where there is ſuch abundance.

* *The plot taken from Boccace, Decam. 3. Nov. 9.*

Count. What hope is there of his Majeſty's amendment?

Laf. He hath abandon'd his phyſicians, Madam, under whoſe practices he hath perſecuted time with hope; and finds no other advantage in the proceſs, but only the loſing of hope by time.

Count. This young gentlewoman had a father, (O, that *had!* how ſad a preſage 'tis!) whoſe ſkill was almoſt as great as his honeſty; had it ſtretch'd ſo far, it would have made nature immortal, and death ſhould have play'd for lack of work. 'Would, for the King's ſake, he were living! I think it would be the death of the King's diſeaſe.

Laf. How call'd you the man you ſpeak of, Madam?

Count. He was famous, Sir, in his profeſſion, and it was his great right to be ſo: *Gerard de Narbon.*

Laf. He was excellent, indeed, Madam; the King very lately ſpoke of him admiringly, and mourningly: he was ſkilful enough to have liv'd ſtill, if knowledge could be ſet up againſt mortality.

Ber. What is it, my good Lord, the King languiſhes of?

Laf. A fiſtula, my Lord.

Ber. I heard not of it before.

Laf. I would it were not notorious. Was this gentlewoman the daughter of Gerard de Narbon?

Count. His ſole child, my Lord, and bequeathed to my overlooking. I have thoſe hopes of her good, that her education promiſes her: diſpoſition ſhe inherits, which makes fair gifts fairer; for where an unclean mind carries virtuous qualities*, there commendations go with pity; they are virtues and traitors too: in her they are the better for her ſimpleneſs; ſhe derives her honeſty, and atchieves her goodneſs.

Laf. Your commendations, Madam, get from her tears.

Count. 'Tis the beſt brine a maiden can ſeaſon her praiſe in. The remembrance of her father never approaches her heart, but the tyranny of her ſorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek. No more of this, Helena;

* *By virtuous qualities* here are not meant thoſe of a moral kind, but ſuch as are acquired by erudition and good breeding.

Helena; go to, no more; leſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, than to have it.

Hel. I do affect a ſorrow, indeed; but I have it too.

Laf. Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead, exceſſive grief the enemy to the living.

Count. If the living be not enemy to the grief, the exceſs makes it ſoon mortal.

Ber. Madam, I deſire your holy wiſhes.

Laf. How underſtand we that?

Count. Be thou bleſs'd, Bertram, and ſucceed thy father
In manners as in ſhape! thy blood and virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy goodneſs
Share with thy birthright! Love all, truſt a few,
Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than uſe; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key: be check'd for ſilence,
But never tax'd for ſpeech. What heav'n more will,
That thee may furniſh, and my prayers pluck down,
Fall on thy head! farewell, my Lord;
'Tis an unſeaſon'd courtier, good my Lord,
Adviſe him.

Laf. He cannot want the beſt,
That ſhall attend his love.

Count. Heav'n bleſs him! Farewell, Bertram.

[*Exit Counteſs.*

Ber. [*To Hel.*] The beſt wiſhes that can be forg'd in your thoughts, be ſervants to you! Be comfortable to my mother your miſtreſs, and make much of her.

Laf. Farewell, pretty Lady, you muſt hold the credit of your father. [*Exeunt Bertram and Laſeu.*

SCENE II.

Hel. Oh, were that all!——I think not on my father;
And theſe great tears grace his remembrance more
Than thoſe I ſhed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him. My imagination
Carries no favour in it, but my Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I ſhould love a bright particular ſtar,
And think to wed it; he is ſo above me:

In his bright radiance and collateral * light
Muſt I be comforted, not in his ſphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itſelf;
The hind that would be mated by the lion,
Muſt die for love. 'Twas pretty, though a plague,
To ſee him every hour; to ſit, and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table; heart too capable
Of every line and trick of his ſweet favour!——
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Muſt ſanctify his relics. Who comes here?

Enter Parolles.

One that goes with him: I love him for his ſake,
" And yet I know him a notorious liar;
" Think him a great way fool, ſolely a coward;
" Yet theſe fix'd evils ſit ſo fit in him,
" That they take place, when Virtue's ſteely bones
" Look bleak in the cold wind;" full oft we ſee
Cold † Wiſdom waiting on ſuperfluous Folly.

SCENE III.

Par. Save you, fair Queen.

Hel. And you, Monarch.

Par. No.

Hel. And no.——

Par. Are you meditating on virginity?

Hel. Ay; you have ſome ſtain ‡ of ſoldier in you; let me aſk you a queſtion. Man is enemy to virginity, how may we barricado it againſt him?

Par. Keep him out.

Hel. But he aſſails; and our virginity, though valiant, in the defence yet is weak: unfold to us ſome warlike reſiſtance.

Par. There is none: man, ſetting down before you, will undermine you, and blow you up.

Hel. Bleſs our poor virginity from underminers and blowers

* *Reflected.*

† *Cold for naked;* as *ſuperfluous* for over-cloth'd.

‡ *Stain for colour.*

blowers up!———Is there no military policy how virgins might blow up men?

Par. Virginity being blown down, man will quicklier be blown up: marry, in blowing him down again, with the breach yourſelves made, you loſe your city. It is not politic in the commonwealth of nature to preſerve virginity. Loſs of virginity is rational increaſe; and there was never virgin got, till virginity was firſt loſt. That you were made of, is metal to make virgins. Virginity, by being once loſt, may be ten times found; by being ever kept, it is ever loſt; 'tis too cold a companion: away with't.

Hel. I will ſtand for't a little, though therefore I die a virgin.

Par. There's little can be ſaid in't; 'tis againſt the rule of nature. To ſpeak on the part of virginity, 'tis to accuſe your mother; which is moſt infallible diſobedience. As he that hangs himſelf, ſo is a virgin: 'Virginity murthers itſelf, and ſhould be buried in highways 'out of all ſanctified limit, as a deſperate offendreſs a-'gainſt nature. Virginity breeds mites, much like a 'cheeſe; conſumes itſelf to the very paring, and ſo dies 'with feeding its own ſtomach. Beſides, virginity is 'peeviſh, proud, idle, made of ſelf-love; which is the 'moſt prohibited ſin in the canon. Keep it not, you 'cannot chuſe but loſe by't. Out with't; within ten 'years it will make itſelf two, which is a goodly increaſe, 'and the principal itſelf not much the worſe. Away 'with't.'

Hel. How might one do, Sir, to loſe it to her own liking?

Par. Let me ſee. Marry, ill, to like him that ne'er it likes. 'Tis a commodity will loſe the gloſs with lying. The longer kept, the leſs worth; off with't while 'tis vendible. Anſwer the time of requeſt. Virginity, like an old courtier, wears her cap out of faſhion; richly ſuited, but unſuitable: juſt like the brooch and the tooth-pick, which we wear not now. Your date is better in your pye and your porridge, than in your cheek; and your virginity, *your old* virginity, is like one of our French *wither'd pears; it looks ill*, it eats dryly; marry, 'tis a *wither'd pear: it was formerly* better; marry, yet 'tis a

wither'd pear. Will you any thing with it.

Hel. Not my virginity yet.
There ſhall your maſter have a thouſand loves,
A mother, and a miſtreſs, and a friend *;
I know not what he ſhall——God ſend him well!——
The court's a learning place——and he is gone——

Par. What one, i' faith?

Hel. That I wiſh well——'tis pity——

Par. What's pity?

Hel. That wiſhing well had not a body in't
Which might be felt; that we the poorer born,
Whoſe baſer ſtars do ſhut us up in wiſhes,
Might with effects of them follow our friends;
And ſhew what we alone muſt think, which never
Returns us thanks.

Enter Page.

Page. Monſieur Parolles,
My Lord calls for you. [*Exit Page.*

Par. Little Helen, farewell; if I can remember thee, I will think of thee at court.

Hel. Monſieur Parolles, you were born under a charitable ſtar.

Par. Under Mars, I.

Hel. I eſpecially think under Mars.

Par. Why under Mars?

Hel. The wars have kept you ſo under, that you muſt needs be born under Mars.

Par. When he was predominant.

Hel. When he was retrograde, I think rather.

Par. Why think you ſo?

Hel. You go ſo much backward, when you fight.

Par.

* ——and a friend,
A phœnix, captain, and an enemy;
A guide, a goddeſs, and a ſovereign:
A counſellor, a traitreſs, and a dear:
His humble ambition, proud humility;
His jarring concord; and his diſcord dulcet;
His faith, his ſweet diſaſter; with a world
Of pretty fond adoptious Chriſtendoms.
That blinking Cupid goſſips. Now ſhall he—
I know not, &c.

Par. That's for advantage.

Hel. So is running away, when fear propoſes ſafety: but the compoſition, that your valour and fear makes in you, is a virtue of a good wing; and I like the wear well.

Par. I am ſo full of buſineſſes, as I cannot anſwer thee acutely: I will return perfect courtier; in the which, my inſtruction ſhall ſerve to naturalize thee, ſo thou wilt be capable of courtier's counſel, and underſtand what advice ſhall thruſt upon thee; elſe thou dieſt in thine unthankfulneſs, and thine ignorance makes thee away: farewell. When thou haſt leiſure, ſay thy prayers; when thou haſt none, remember thy friends; get thee a good huſband, and uſe him as he uſes thee: ſo farewell. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Hel. Our remedies oft in ourſelves do lie,
Which we aſcribe to Heav'n. The fated ſky
Gives us free ſcope; only doth backward pull
Our ſlow deſigns, when we ourſelves are dull.
What power is it which mounts my love ſo high,
That makes me ſee, and cannot feed mine eye?
The mightieſt ſpace in fortune nature brings
To join like likes, and kiſs like native things.
Impoſſible be ſtrange attempts to thoſe
That weigh their pain in ſenſe; and do ſuppoſe,
What hath been, cannot be. Whoever ſtrove
To ſhew her merit, that did miſs her love?
The king's diſeaſe—my project may deceive me.
But my intents are fix'd, and will not leave me. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the court of France.

Flouriſh cornets. Enter the King of France with letters, and divers attendants.

King. The Florentines and Senoys are by th' ears;
Have fought with equal fortune, and continue
A braving war.

1 Lord. So 'tis reported, Sir.

King.

King. Nay, 'tis moſt credible; we here receive it,
A certainty vouch'd from our couſin Auſtria;
With caution, that the Florentine will move us
For ſpeedy aid; wherein our deareſt friend
Prejudicates the buſineſs, and would ſeem
To have us make denial.

1 *Lord.* His love and wiſdom,
Approv'd ſo to your Majeſty, may plead
For ample credence.

King. He hath arm'd our anſwer;
And Florence is deny'd, before he comes:
Yet, for our gentlemen that mean to ſee
The Tuſcan ſervice, freely have they leave
To ſtand on either part.

2 *Lord.* It may well ſerve
A nurſery to our gentry, who are ſick
For breathing and exploit.

King. What's he comes here?

Enter Bertram, Lafeu, and Parolles.

1 *Lord.* It is the Count Rouſillon, my good Lord,
Young Bertram.

King. Youth, thou bear'ſt thy father's face.
Frank nature, rather curious than in haſte,
Hath well compos'd thee. Thy father's moral parts
May'ſt thou inherit too! Welcome to Paris.

Ber. My thanks and duty are your Majeſty's.

King. I would I had that corporal ſoundneſs now,
As when thy father and myſelf in friendſhip
Firſt try'd our ſoldierſhip: he did look far
Into the ſervice of the time, and was
Diſcipled of the brav'ſt. He laſted long;
But on us both did haggiſh age ſteal on,
And wore us out of act. It much repairs me
To talk of your good father; in his youth
He had the wit which I can well obſerve
To-day in our young lords; but they may jeſt,
Till their own ſcorn return to them unnoted,
Ere they can hide their levity in honour:
So like a courtier, no contempt or bitterneſs
Were in him; pride or ſharpneſs, if there were,
His equal had awak'd them; and his honour,

Clock

Clock to itſelf, knew the true minute when
Exceptions bid him ſpeak; and at that time
His tongue obey'd his hand. Who were below him
He us'd as creatures of another place,
And bow'd his eminent top to their low ranks;
Making them proud; and his humility,
In their poor praiſe, he humbled. Such a man
Might be a copy to theſe younger times;
Which, follow'd well, would now demonſtrate them
But goers backward.

Ber. His good remembrance, Sir,
Lies richer in your thoughts, than on his tomb;
So in approof lives not his epitaph *,
As in your royal ſpeech.

King. Would I were with him! he would always ſay,
(Methinks I hear him now; his plauſive words
He ſcatter'd not in ears, but grafted them
To grow there, and to bear,) Let me not live——
(Thus his good melancholy oft began,
On the catastrophe and heel of paſtime,
When it was out,) let me not live (quoth he)
After my flame lacks oil; to be the ſnuff
Of younger ſpirits, whoſe apprehenſive ſenſes
All but new things diſdain; whoſe judgments are
Mere fathers of their garments; whoſe conſtancies
Expire before their faſhions:——this he wiſh'd.
I, after him, do after him wiſh too
(Since I nor wax, nor honey can bring home),
I quickly were diſſolved from my hive,
To give ſome labourer room.

2 *Lord.* You're loved, Sir;
They that leaſt lend it you, ſhall lack you firſt.

King. I fill a place, I know't. How long is't, Count,
Since the phyſician at your father's died?
He was much fam'd.

Ber. Some ſix months ſince, my Lord.

King. If he were living, I would try him yet;——
Lend me an arm;——the reſt have worn me out
With ſeveral applications: nature and ſickneſs
Debate it at their leiſure. Welcome, Count,
My ſon's no dearer.

Ber.

* Character.

Ber. Thank your Majeſty. [*Flouriſh. Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to the Counteſs's at Rouſſillon.*

Enter Counteſs, Steward, and Clown.

Count. I will now hear; what ſay you of this gentlewoman?

Stew. Madam, the care I have had to even your content, I wiſh might be found in the calendar of my paſt endeavours; for then we wound our modeſty, and make foul the clearneſs of our deſervings, when of ourſelves we publiſh them.

Count. What does this knave here! get you gone, ſirrah: the complaints I have heard of you, I do not all believe; 'tis my ſlowneſs that I do not; for I know you lack not folly to commit them, and have ability enough to make ſuch knaveries yours.

Clo. 'Tis not unknown to you, Madam, I am a poor fellow.

Count. Well, Sir.

Clo. No, Madam; 'tis not ſo well that I am poor, tho' many of the rich are damn'd; but if I have your Ladyſhip's good-will to go to the world, Iſbel the woman and I will do as we may.

Count. Wilt thou needs be a beggar?

Clo. I do beg your good-will in this caſe.

Count. In what caſe?

Clo. In Iſbel's caſe, and mine own; ſervice is no heritage, and I think I ſhall never have the bleſſing of God, till I have iſſue of my body; for they ſay, bearns are bleſſings.

Count. Tell me thy reaſon why thou wilt marry.

Clo. My poor body, Madam, requires it. I am driven on by the fleſh; and he muſt needs go that the devil drives.

Count. Is this all your Worſhip's reaſon?

Clo. 'Faith, Madam, I have other holy reaſons, ſuch as they are.

Count. May the world know them?

Clo. I have been, Madam, a wicked creature, as you *and* all fleſh and blood are; and, indeed, I do marry, *that I may repent.*

Count. Thy marriage ſooner than thy wickedneſs.

Cl

Clo. I am out of friends, Madam, and I hope to have friends for my wife's ſake.

Count. Such friends are thine enemies, knave.

Clo. Y' are ſhallow, Madam, in great friends; for the knaves come to do that for me, which I am weary of. He that ears my lands, ſpares my team, and gives me leave to inne the crop. If I be his cuckold, he's my drudge. He that comforts my wife, is the cheriſher of my fleſh and blood; he that cheriſheth my fleſh and blood, loves my fleſh and blood; he that loves my fleſh and blood, is my friend: *ergo*, he that kiſſes my wife, is my friend. If men could be contented to be what they are, there were no fear in marriage: for young Charbon the Puritan, and old Poyſon the Papiſt, howſoe'er their hearts are ſever'd in religion, their heads are both one; they may joul horns together, like any deer i' th' herd.

Count. Wilt thou ever be a foul mouth'd and calumnious knave?

Clo. A prophet, I, Madam; and I ſpeak the truth the next way.

"For I the ballad will repeat, which men full true ſhall
"find:
"Your marriage comes by deſtiny, your cuckow ſings by
"kind."

Count. Get you gone, Sir, I'll talk with you more anon.

Stew. May it pleaſe you, Madam, that he bid Helen come to you; of her I am to ſpeak.

Count. Sirrah, tell my gentlewoman I would ſpeak with her; Helen I mean.

Clo. Was this fair face the cauſe, quoth ſhe,

[*Singing.*

"Why the Grecians ſacked Troy?
"Fond done, fond done; for Paris, he,
"Was this King Priam's joy.
"With that ſhe ſighed as ſhe ſtood,
"And gave this ſentence then;
"Among nine bad if one be good,
"There's yet one good in ten."

Count. What, one good in ten! You corrupt the ſong, ſirrah.

Clo.

Clo. One good woman in ten, Madam, which is a purifying o' th' ſong: 'would God would ſerve the world ſo all the year! we'd find no fault with the tithe-woman, if I were the parſon. One in ten, quoth a'! an we might have a good woman born but every blazing ſtar, or at an earthquake, 'twould mend the lottery well; a man may draw his heart out, ere he pluck one.

Count. You'll be gone, Sir Knave, and do as I command you?

Clo. That man that ſhould be at a woman's command, and yet no hurt done! tho' honeſty be no Puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the ſurplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart. I am going, forſooth; the buſineſs is for Helen to come hither. [*Exit.*

Count. Well, now.

Stew. I know, Madam, you love your gentlewoman entirely.

Count. 'Faith, I do; her father bequeath'd her to me; and ſhe herſelf, without other advantages, may lawfully make title to as much love as ſhe finds: there is more owing her than is paid, and more ſhall be paid her than ſhe'll demand.

Stew. Madam, I was very late more near her than I think ſhe wiſh'd me; alone ſhe was, and did communicate to herſelf her own words to her own ears; ſhe thought, I dare vow for her, they touch'd not any ſtranger ſenſe. Her matter was, ſhe lov'd your ſon: Fortune, ſhe ſaid, was no goddeſs, that had put ſuch difference betwixt their two eſtates; Love, no god, that would not extend his might, only where qualities were level; Diana, no queen of virgins, that would ſuffer her poor knight to be ſurpris'd without reſcue in the firſt aſſault, or ranſom afterward. This ſhe deliver'd in the moſt bitter touch of ſorrow that e'er I heard a virgin exclaim in; which I held it my duty ſpeedily to acquaint you withal; ſithence, in the loſs that may happen, it concerns you ſomething to know it.

Count. You have diſcharg'd this honeſtly, keep it to yourſelf: many likelihoods inform'd me of this before, which hung ſo tottering in the balance, that I could *neither believe* nor miſdoubt. Pray you, leave me;

Stall

ſhall this in your boſom, and I thank you for your honeſt care; I will ſpeak with you further anon.

[*Exit Steward.*

SCENE VII. *Enter Helena.*

Count. Ev'n ſo it was with me when I was young;
If we are nature's, theſe are ours: this thorn
Doth to our roſe of youth rightly belong;
Our blood to us, this to our blood, is born;
It is the ſhow and ſeal of nature's truth,
Where love's ſtrong paſſion is impreſs'd in youth;
By our remembrances of days foregone,
Such were our faults; O! then we thought them none.
Her eye is ſick on't; I obſerve her now.——
Hel. What is your pleaſure, Madam?
Count. Helen, you know, I am a mother to you.
Hel. Mine honourable Miſtreſs.
Count. Nay, a mother.
Why not a mother? when I ſaid a mother,
Methought you ſaw a ſerpent; what's in mother,
That you ſtart at it? I ſay, I'm your mother,
And put you in the catalogue of thoſe,
That were enwombed mine; 'tis often ſeen,
Adoption ſtrives with nature; and choice breeds
A native ſlip to us from foreign ſeeds.
You ne'er oppreſs'd me with a mother's groan,
Yet I expreſs to you a mother's care.
God's mercy! maiden, do's it curd thy blood,
To ſay, I am thy mother? what's the matter,
That this diſtemper'd meſſenger of wet,
The many-colour'd Iris, rounds thine eyes?
Why,—that you are my daughter?
Hel. That I am not.
Count. I ſay I am your mother.
Hel. Pardon, Madam.
The Count Rouſillon cannot be my brother;
I am from humble, he from honour'd name;
No note upon my parents, his all noble.
My maſter, my dear lord he is; and I
His ſervant *live, and will his* vaſſal die:
He muſt not be my brother.——

Count. Nor I your mother?

Hel. You are my mother, Madam; would you were
(So that my Lord, your ſon, were not my brother)
Indeed my mother!——or were you both our mothers,
(I can no more fear than I do fear heav'n,)
So I were not his ſiſter: can't no other,
But I your daughter, he muſt be my brother?——

Count. Yes, Helen, you might be my daughter-in-law;
God ſhield you mean it not, daughter and mother
So ſtrive upon your pulſe. What! pale again?
My fear hath catch'd your fondneſs.——Now I ſee
The myſtery of your loneline ſs, and find
Your ſalt tears' head; now to all ſenſe 'tis groſs,
You love my ſon; invention is aſham'd,
Againſt the proclamation of thy paſſion,
To ſay thou doſt not; therefore tell me true;
But tell me then 'tis ſo. For, look, thy cheeks
Confeſs it one to th' other; and thine eyes
See it ſo groſsly ſhown in thy behaviour,
That in their kind they ſpeak it: only ſin
And helliſh obſtinacy tie thy tongue,
That truth ſhould be ſuſpected; ſpeak, is't ſo?
If it be ſo, you've wound a goodly clew:
If it be not, forſwear't; howe'er, I charge thee,
As heav'n ſhall work in me for thine avail,
To tell me truly.

Hel. Good Madam, pardon me.

Count. Do you love my ſon?

Hel. Your pardon, noble Miſtreſs.

Count. Love you my ſon?

Hel. Do not you love him, Madam?

Count. Go not about; my love hath in't a bond,
Whereof the world takes note: come, come, diſcloſe
The ſtate of your affection; for your paſſions
Have to the full appeach'd.

Hel. Then, I confeſs,
Here on my knee, before high heav'ns and you,
That before you, and next unto high heav'n,
I love your ſon.
My friends were poor, but honeſt; ſo's my love.
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me; I follow him not

By any token of preſumptuous ſuit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deſerve him;
Yet never know, how that deſert ſhall be.
I know I love in vain, ſtrive againſt hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible ſieve,
I ſtill pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to loſe ſtill: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The ſun that looks upon his worſhipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest Madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do; but if yourſelf,
Whoſe aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever in ſo true a flame of liking
Wiſh chaſtly, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herſelf and love; O then give pity
To her, whoſe ſtate is ſuch, that cannot chuſe
But lend, and give, where ſhe is ſure to loſe;
That ſeeks not to find that which ſearch implies;
But, riddle-like, lives ſweetly where ſhe dies.

Count. Had you not lately an intent, ſpeak truly,
To go to Paris?

Hel. Madam, I had.

Count. Wherefore? tell true.

Hel. I will tell truth; by grace itſelf, I ſwear.
You know, my father left me ſome preſcriptions
Of rare and prov'd effects; ſuch as his reading
And manifeſt experience had collected
For general ſov'reignty; and that he will'd me,
In heedfull'ſt reſervation to beſtow them,
As notes, whoſe faculties incluſive were,
More than they were in note: amongſt the reſt,
There is a remedy, approv'd, ſet down,
To cure the deſperate languiſhings whereof
The King is render'd loſt.

Count. This was your motive for Paris, was it, ſpeak

Hel. My Lord your ſon made me to think of this;
Elſe Paris, and the medicine, and the King,
Had from the converſation of my thoughts
Haply been abſent then.

Count. But *think you*, Helen,

If you ſhould tender your ſuppoſed * aid,
He would receive it? He and his phyſicians
Are of a mind; he, that they cannot help him;
They, that they cannot help. How ſhall they credit
A poor unlearned virgin, when the ſchools,
Embowell'd of their doctrine, have left off
The danger to itſelf?

Hel. There's ſomething hints
More than my father's ſkill, (which was the great'ſt
Of his profeſſion,) that his good receipt
Shall for my legacy be ſanctified
By th' luckieſt ſtars in heav'n; and, would your Honour
But give me leave to try ſucceſs, I'd venture
The well-loſt life of mine on his Grace's cure,
By ſuch a day and hour.

Count. Doſt thou believe't?

Hel. Ay, Madam, knowingly.

Count. Why, Helen, thou ſhalt have my leave and love;
Means and attendants; and my loving greetings
To thoſe of mine in court. I'll ſtay at home,
And pray God's bleſſing into thy attempt:
Begone, to-morrow; and be ſure of this,
What I can help thee to, thou ſhalt not miſs.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Court of France.

Enter the King, with divers young Lords taking leave for the Florentine war. Bertram and Parolles. Flouriſh cornets.

King. FAREWELL, young Lords: theſe warlike principles
Do not throw from you: you, my Lords, farewell;
Share the advice betwixt you. If both gain,
The gift doth ſtretch itſelf as 'tis receiv'd,
And is enough for both.

1 *Lord.* 'Tis our hope, Sir,
After well-enter'd ſoldiers, to return
And find your Grace in health.

King. No, no, it cannot be; and yet my heart
Will

* Propping, ſupporting.

Will not confeſs it owns the malady
That doth my life beſiege: farewell, young Lords;
Whether I live or die, be you the ſons
Of worthy Frenchmen; let higher Italy *
(Thoſe 'bated that inherit but the fall
Of the laſt monarchy †) ſee, that you come
Not to woo Honour, but to wed it; when
The braveſt queſtant ſhrinks, find what you ſeek,
That fame may cry you loud: I ſay, farewell.

2 Lord. Health at your bidding ſerve your Majeſty!

King. Thoſe girls of Italy,——take heed of them;
They ſay, our French lack language to deny,
If they demand: beware of being captives,
Before you ſerve.

Both. Our hearts receive your warnings.

King. Farewell. Come hither to me. [*To attendants.*

[*Exit.*

1 Lord. Oh, my ſweet Lord, that you will ſtay behind us!———

Par. 'Tis not his fault; the ſpark———

2 Lord. Oh, 'tis brave wars.

Par. Moſt admirable; I have ſeen thoſe wars.

Ber. I am commanded here, and kept a coil with, *Too young*, and *the next year*, and *'tis too early.*—

Par. An thy mind ſtand to it, boy, ſteal away bravely.

Ber. Shall I ſtay here the forehorſe to a ſmock,

* The ancient geographers have divided Italy into the Higher and the Lower, the Apennine hills being a kind of natural line of partition. The ſide next the Adriatic was denominated the *Higher Italy*, and the other ſide the *Lower*. And the two ſeas followed the ſame terms of diſtinction; the Adriatic being called the *Upper ſea*, and the Tyrrhene or Tuſcan the *Lower*. Now, the Sennones, or Senois, with whom the Florentines are here ſuppoſed to be at war, inhabited the Higher Italy, their chief town being Ariminum, now called *Rimini*, upon the Adriatic.

† Italy, at the time of this ſcene, was under three very different tenures. The Emperor, as ſucceſſor of the Roman Emperors, had one part; the Pope, by a pretended donation from Conſtantine, another; and the third was compoſed of free ſtates. Now, by the *laſt monarchy* is meant the Roman, the laſt of the four general monarchies. *Upon the fall of this* monarchy, in the ſcramble, ſeveral cities *ſet up for themſelves*, and became free ſtates; now, theſe might *be ſaid properly to inherit* the *fall* of the monarchy.

Creeking my ſhoes on the plain maſonry,
Till Honour be bought up, and no ſword worn
But one to dance with? By heav'n I'll ſteal away.

1 *Lord.* There's honour in the theft.

Par. Commit it, Count.

2 *Lord.* I am your acceſſary, and ſo farewell.

Ber. I grow to you, and our parting is a tortur'd body.

1 *Lord.* Farewell, Captain.

2 *Lord.* Sweet Monſieur Parolles!——

Par. Noble heroes, my ſword and yours are kin; good ſparks and luſtrous. A word, good metals. You ſhall find in the regiment of the Spinii, one Captain Spurio with his cicatrice, an emblem of war, here on his ſiniſter cheek; it was this very ſword intrench'd it; ſay to him, I live, and obſerve his reports of me.

2 *Lord.* We ſhall, noble Captain.

Par. Mars doat on you for his novices? what will ye do?

Ber. Stay; the King—— [*Exeunt Lords.*

Par. Uſe a more ſpacious ceremony to the Noble Lords, you have reſtrain'd yourſelf within the liſt of too cold an adieu; be more expreſſive to them, for they wear themſelves in the cap of the time, there to muſter true gate, eat, ſpeak, and move under the influence of the moſt receiv'd ſtar: and tho' the devil lead the meaſure, ſuch are to be follow'd: after them, and take a more dilated farewell.

Ber. And I will do ſo.

Par. Worthy fellows, and like to prove moſt ſinewy ſword-men. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Enter the King, and Lafeu.*

Laf. Pardon, my Lord, for me and for my tidings.

King. I'll fee thee to ſtand up.

Laf. Then here's a man ſtands that hath bought his pardon.
I would you had kneel'd, my Lord, to aſk me mercy;
And that at my bidding you could ſo ſtand up.

King. I would I had: ſo I had broke thy pate,
And aſk'd thee mercy for't.

Laf.

Laf. Goodfaith, acroſs:——but, my good Lord, 'tis
Will you be cur'd of your infirmity? [thus;

King. No.

Laf. O, will you eat no grapes, my Royal fox?
Yes; but you will, an if
My Royal fox could reach them; I have ſeen a *medicine* *,
That's able to breathe life into a ſtone;
Quicken a rock, and make you dance canary
With ſprightly fire and motion; whoſe ſimple touch
Is powerful to araiſe King Pepin, nay,
To give great Charlemain a pen in's hand,
And write to her a love-line.

King. What her is this?

Laf. Why, doctor-ſhe: my Lord, there's one arriv'd,
If you will ſee her. Now, by my faith and honour,
If ſerioufly I may convey my thoughts
In this my light deliverance, I have ſpoke
With one, that in her ſex, her years, profeſſion †,
Wiſdom, and conſtancy, hath amaz'd me more
Than I dare blame my weakneſs: will you ſee her,
For that is her demand, and know her buſineſs?
That done, laugh well at me.

King. Now, good Lafeu,
Bring in the admiration, that we with thee
May ſpend our wonder too, or take off thine,
By wond'ring how thou took'ſt it.

Laf. Nay, I'll fit you,
And not be all day neither. [*Exit Lafeu.*

King. Thus he his ſpecial nothing ever prologues.

Laf. [*Returns.*] Nay, come your ways.
[*Bringing in Helena.*

King. This haſte hath wings indeed.

Laf. Nay, come your ways,
This is his Majeſty, ſay your mind to him;
A traitor you do look like; but ſuch traitors
His Majeſty ſeldom fears; I'm Creſſid's uncle,
That dare leave two together: fare you well. [*Exit.*

SCENE

* *Medicine* is here put for a *ſhe-phyſician.*

† *By profeſſion is meant her* declaration of the end and purpoſe *of her coming.*

SCENE III.

King. Now, fair one, do's your buſineſs follow us?
Hel. Ay, my good Lord.
Gerard de Narbon was my father,
In what he did profeſs, well found.
King. I knew him.
Hel. The rather will I ſpare my praiſe toward him;
Knowing him, is enough: on's bed of death
Many receipts he gave me, chiefly one,
Which as the deareſt iſſue of his practice,
And of his old experience th' only darling,
He bade me ſtore up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two: more dear I have ſo;
And hearing your high Majeſty is touch'd
With that malignant cauſe, wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift ſtands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleneſs.
King. We thank you, maiden;
But may not be ſo credulous of cure,
When our moſt learned doctors leave us; and
The congregated college have concluded,
That labouring art can never ranſom nature
From her unaidable eſtate; we muſt not
So ſtain our judgment, or corrupt our hope,
To proſtitute our paſt-cure malady
To empirics; or to diſſever ſo
Our great ſelf and our credit, to eſteem
A ſenſeleſs help, when help paſt ſenſe we deem.
Hel. My duty then ſhall pay me for my pains;
I will no more inforce mine office on you;
Humbly intreating from your royal thoughts
A modeſt one to bear me back again.
King. I cannot give thee leſs, to be call'd grateful;
Thou thought'ſt to help me, and ſuch thanks I give,
As one near death to thoſe that wiſh him live;
But what at full I know, thou know'ſt no part:
I knowing all my peril, thou no art.
Hel. What I can do, can do no hurt to try,
Since you ſet up your reſt 'gainſt remedy.

He

He that of greateſt works is finiſher,
Oft does them by the weakeſt miniſter:
So holy writ in babes hath judgment ſhown,
When judges have been babes: great floods have flown,
From ſimple ſources; and great ſeas have dry'd,
When mir'cles have by th' greateſt been deny'd.
Oft expectation fails, and moſt oft there
Where moſt it promiſes: and oft it hits
Where hope is coldeſt, and deſpair moſt fits.

King. I muſt not hear thee; fare thee well, kind maid;
Thy pains, not us'd, muſt by thyſelf be paid:
Proffers not took, reap thanks for their reward.

Hel. Inſpired merit ſo by breath is barr'd.
It is not ſo with him that all things knows,
As 'tis with us, that ſquare our gueſs by ſhows:
But moſt it is preſumption in us, when
The help of Heav'n we count the act of men,
Dear Sir, to my endeavours give conſent.
Of Heav'n, not me, make an experiment.
I am not an impoſtor, that proclaim
Myſelf againſt the level of mine aim;
But know I think, and think I know moſt ſure,
My art is not paſt power, nor you paſt cure.

King. Art thou ſo confident? within what ſpace
Hop'ſt thou my cure?

Hel. The greateſt grace lending grace,
Ere twice the horſes of the ſun ſhall bring
Their fiery torcher his diurnal ring;
Ere twice in murk and occidental damp
Moiſt Heſperus hath quench'd his ſleepy lamp;
Or four and twenty times the pilot's glaſs
Hath told the thieviſh minutes how they paſs;
What is infirm from your ſound parts ſhall fly,
Health ſhall live free, and ſickneſs freely die.

King. Upon thy certainty and confidence,
What dar'ſt thou venture?

Hel. Tax of impudence,
A ſtrumpet's boldneſs, a divulged ſhame,
Traduc'd by odious ballads: my maiden's name
Sear'd otherwiſe, no worſe of worſt extended;
With vileſt torture let my life be ended.

King. Methinks, in thee ſome bleſſed ſpirit doth ſpeak:
His

His power full ſounds within an organ weak;
And what impoſſibility would ſlay
In common ſenſe, ſenſe ſaves another way.
Thy life is dear; for all that life can rate
Worth name of life, in thee hath eſtimate:
Youth, beauty, wiſdom, courage, virtue, all
That happineſs and prime can happy call;
Thou this to hazard, needs muſt intimate
Skill infinite, or monſtrous deſperate.
Sweet practiſer, thy phyſic I will try;
That miniſters thine own death, if I die.

Hel. If I break time, or flinch in property
Of what I ſpoke, unpitied let me die,
And well deſerv'd! Not helping, death's my fee;
But if I help, what do you promiſe me?

King. Make thy demand.

Hel. But will you make it even?

King. Ay, by my ſceptre, and my hopes of heaven.

Hel. Then ſhalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What huſband in thy power I will command.
Exempted be from me the arrogance
To chuſe from forth the Royal blood of France;
My low and humble name to propagate
With any branch or impage of thy ſtate:
But ſuch a one thy vaſſal, whom I know
Is free for me to aſk, thee to beſtow.

King. Here is my hand, the premiſſes obſerv'd,
Thy will by my performance ſhall be ſerv'd:
So, make the choice of thine own time; for I,
Thy reſolv'd patient, on thee ſtill rely.
More ſhould I queſtion thee, and more I muſt;
(Though more to know, could not be more to truſt;)
From whence thou cam'ſt, how tended on,—but reſt
Unqueſtion'd welcome, and undoubted bleſt.
Give me ſome help here, hoa! if thou proceed
As high as word, my deed ſhall match thy deed.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV. *Changes to Roufillon.*

Enter Countefs and Clown.

Count. Come on, Sir; I ſhall now put you to the height of your breeding.

Clo. I will ſhew myſelf highly fed, and lowly taught; I know my buſineſs is but to the court.

Count. But to the court? why, what place make you ſpecial, when you put off that with ſuch contempt; but to the court!

Clo. Truly, Madam, if God have lent a man any manners, he may eaſily put it off at court: he that cannot make a leg, put off's cap, kiſs his hand, and ſay nothing, has neither leg, hands, lip, nor cap; and indeed ſuch a fellow, to ſay preciſely, were not for the court: but for me, I have an anſwer will ſerve all men.

Count. Marry, that's a bountiful anſwer that fits all queſtions

Clo. It is like a barber's chair, that fits all buttocks; the pin-buttock, the quatch-buttock, the brawn-buttock, or any buttock.

Count. Will your anſwer ſerve fit to all queſtions?

Clo. As fit as ten groats is for the hand of an attorney, as your French crown for your taffaty punk, as Tib's ruſh for Tom's fore-finger, as a pancake for Shrove-Tueſday, a morris for May-day, as the nail to his hole, the cuckold to his horn, as a ſcolding quean to a wrangling knave, as the nun's lip to the friar's mouth, nay, as the pudding to his ſkin.

Count. Have you, I ſay, an anſwer of ſuch fitneſs for all queſtions?

Clo. From below your Duke, to beneath your conſtable, it will fit any queſtion.

Count. It muſt be an anſwer of moſt monſtrous ſize, that muſt fit all demands

Clo. But a trifle neither, in good faith, if the learned ſhould ſpeak truth of it: here it is, and all that belongs to't. Aſk me, if I am a courtier: ——it ſhall do you no harm to learn.

Count. To be young again, if we could: I will be a fool

fool in a queſtion, hoping to be the wiſer by your anſwer. I pray you, Sir, are you a courtier?

Clo. O Lord, Sir *,——— there's a ſimple putting off: more, more, a hundred of them.

Count. Sir, I am a poor friend of yours, that loves you.

Clo. O Lord, Sir,———thick, thick, ſpare not me.

Count. I think, Sir, you can eat none of this homely meat.

Clo. O Lord, Sir,———nay, put me to't, I warrant you.

Count. You were lately whipp'd, Sir, as I think.

Clo. O Lord, Sir,———ſpare not me.

Count. Do you cry, *O Lord, Sir,* at your whipping, and *Spare not me?* Indeed, your *O Lord, Sir,* is very ſequent to your whipping: you would anſwer very well to a whipping, if you were but bound to't.

Clo. I ne'er had worſe luck in my life, in my——— *O Lord, Sir;* I ſee, things may ſerve long, but not ſerve ever.

Count. I play the noble houſewife with the time, to entertain it ſo merrily with a fool.

Clo. O Lord, Sir,——why there't ſerves well again.

Count. An end, Sir; to your buſineſs: give Helen this,
And urge her to a preſent anſwer back.
Commend me to my kinſmen, and my ſon:
This is not much.

Clo. Not much commendation to them?

Count. Not much employment for you; you underſtand me?

Clo. Moſt fruitfully, I am there before my legs.

Count. Haſte you again. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to the Court of France.*

Enter Bertram, Läfeu, and Parolles.

Laf. They ſay, miracles are paſt; and we have our philoſophical perſons to make modern, and familiar, things ſupernatural and cauſeleſs. Hence is it, that we make trifles of terrors; enſconſing ourſelves into ſeeming

* *A ridicule* on that fooliſh repletive of ſpeech then in vogue *at court.*

ſeeming knowledge, when we ſhould ſubmit ourſelves to an unknown * fear.

Par. Why, 'tis the rareſt argument of wonder that hath ſhot out in our later times.

Ber. And ſo 'tis.

Laf. To be relinquiſh'd of the artiſts——

Par. So I ſay, both of Galen and Paracelſus.

Laf. Of all the learned and authentic fellows——

Par. Right, ſo I ſay.

Laf. That gave him out incurable,——

Par. Why, there 'tis, ſo ſay I too.

Laf. Not to be help'd,——

Par. Right, as 'twere a man aſſur'd of an——

Laf. Uncertain life, and ſure death,——

Par. Juſt, you ſay well: ſo would I have ſaid.

Laf. I may truly ſay, it is a novelty to the world.

Par. It is indeed, if you will have it in ſhewing, you ſhall read it in, what do you call there——

Laf. *A ſhewing of a heav'nly effect in an earthly actor.*

Par. That's it, I would have ſaid the very ſame.

Laf. Why, your dolphin is not luſtier: for me, I ſpeak in reſpect——

Par. Nay, 'tis ſtrange, 'tis very ſtrange, that is the brief and the tedious of it; and he's of a moſt facinerious ſpirit, that will not acknowledge it to be the——

Laf. Very hand of heav'n.

Par. Ay, ſo I ſay.

Laf. In a moſt weak——

Par. And debile miniſter, great power, great tranſcendence: which ſhould indeed give us † *** a farther uſe to be made than alone the recov'ry of the King, as to be——

Laf. Generally thankful.

SCENE VI. *Enter King, Helena, and attendants.*

Par. I would have ſaid it, you ſaid well. Here comes the King.

* *Unknown*, for ſupernatural.

† *Two or three words ſeem to have been dropt here, which appear to have been to this purpoſe, give us [notice, that there is a] farther uſe to be made.*

Laf. Luſtick, as the Dutchman ſays: I'll like a maid the better while I have a tooth in my head: why, he's able to lead her a corranto.

Par. Mort du Vinaigre! is not this Helen?

Laf. 'Fore God, I think ſo.

King. Go call before me all the Lords in court.
Sit, my preſerver, by thy patient's ſide;
And with this healthful hand, whoſe baniſh'd ſenſe
Thou haſt repeal'd, a ſecond time receive
The confirmation of my promis'd gift;
Which but attends thy naming.

Enter three or four Lords.

Fair maid, ſend forth thine eye; this youthful parcel
Of noble bachelors ſtand at my beſtowing,
O'er whom both ſov'reign power and father's voice
I have to uſe; thy frank election make;
Thou haſt power to chuſe, and they none to forſake.

Hel. To each of you one fair and virtuous miſtreſs
Fall, when love pleaſe! marry, to each but one.——

Laf. I'd give bay curtal and his furniture,
My mouth no more were broken than theſe boys,
And writ as little beard.

King. Peruſe them well:
Not one of thoſe but had a noble father.

[*She addreſſes herſelf to a Lord.*

Hel. Gentlemen, heaven hath, through me, reſtor'd
The King to health.

All. We underſtand it, and thank Heaven for you.

Hel. I am a ſimple maid, and therein wealthieſt,
That, I proteſt, I ſimply am a maid.——
Pleaſe it your Majeſty, I have done already:
The bluſhes in my cheeks thus whiſper me,
We bluſh that thou ſhould'ſt chuſe, but be refus'd;
Let the white death ſit on thy cheek for ever,
We'll ne'er come there again.

King. Make choice, and ſee,
Who ſhuns thy love, ſhuns all his love in me.

Hel. Now, Dian, from thy altar do I fly,
And to impartial Love, that god moſt high,
Do my ſighs ſtream. Sir, will you hear my ſuit?

1 Lord. And grant it.

Hel. Thanks, Sir;—all the reſt is mute.

Laf. I had rather be in this choice, than throw Ameſ-ace for my life.

Hel. The honour, Sir, that flames in your fair eyes,
Before I ſpeak, too threat'ningly replies:
[*To the ſecond Lord.*
Love make your fortunes twenty times above
Her that ſo wiſhes, and her humble love!

2 *Lord.* No better, if you pleaſe.

Hel. My wiſh receive,
Which great Love grant! and ſo I take my leave.

Laf. Do all they deny her? If they were ſons of mine, I'd have them whipt, or I would ſend them to the Turk, to make eunuchs of.

Hel. Be not afraid that I your hand ſhould take;
[*To the third.*
I'll never do you wrong for your own ſake:
Bleſſing upon your vows, and in your bed
Find fairer fortune, if you ever wed!

Laf. Theſe boys are boys of ice, they'll none of her: ſure they are baſtards to the Engliſh, the French ne'er got 'em.

Hel. You are too young, too happy, and too good,
To make yourſelf a ſon out of my blood.
[*To the fourth.*

4 *Lord.* Fair one, I think not ſo.

Laf. There's one grape yet,———

Par. I am ſure thy father drunk wine.——

Laf. But if thou be'ſt not an aſs, I am a Youth of fourteen. I have known thee already.

Hel. I dare not ſay, I take you; but I give
Me and my ſervice, ever whilſt I live,
Into your guided power. This is the man. [*To Bertram.*

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her, ſhe's thy wife.

Ber. My wife, my Liege? I ſhall beſeech your Highneſs,
In ſuch a buſineſs give me leave to uſe
The help of mine own eyes.

King. Know'ſt thou not, Bertram,
What ſhe hath done for me?

Ber. *Yes, my good* Lord,
But never hope to know why I ſhould marry her.

King. Thou know'ſt, ſhe has raiſ'd me from my ſickly bed.

Ber. But follows it, my Lord, to bring me down
Muſt anſwer for your riſing? I know her well:
She had her breeding at my father's charge:
A poor phyſician's daughter my wife!—Diſdain
Rather corrupt me ever!

King. 'Tis only title thou diſdain'ſt in her, the which
I can build up: ſtrange is it, that our bloods,
Of colour, weight, and heat, pour'd all together,
Would quite confound diſtinction, yet ſtand off
In differences ſo mighty. If ſhe be
All that is virtuous, ſave what thou diſlik'ſt
A poor phyſician's daughter, thou diſlik'ſt
Of virtue for the name: but do not ſo.
From loweſt place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by th' doer's deed.
Where great addition ſwells, and virtue none,
It is a dropſied honour: good alone
Is good; and, with a name, vileneſs is ſo:
The property by what it is ſhould go,
Not by the title. She is good, wife, fair;
In theſe, to nature ſhe's immediate heir;
And theſe breed honour. That is honour's ſcorn,
Which challenges itſelf as honour's born,
And is not like the fire. Honours beſt thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers: the mere word's a ſlave
Debauch'd on every tomb, on ev'ry grave;
A lying trophy; and as oft is dumb,
Where duſt and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed. What ſhould be ſaid?
If thou can'ſt like this creature as a maid,
I can create the reſt: virtue and ſhe
Is her own dow'r; honour and wealth from me.

Ber. I cannot love her, nor will ſtrive to do't.

King. Thou wrong'ſt thyſelf, if thou ſhould'ſt ſtrive to chuſe.

Hel. That you are well reſtor'd, my Lord, I'm glad:
Let the reſt go.———

King. My honour's at the ſtake; which to defend,
I muſt produce my power. Here, take her hand,

Pro-

Proud ſcornful boy, unworthy this good gift?
That doth in vile miſpriſion ſhackle up
My love, and her deſert; that canſt not dream,
We, poizing us in her defective ſcale,
Shall weigh thee to the beam; that wilt not know,
It is in us to plant thine honour, where
We pleaſe to have it grow. Check thy contempt:
Obey our will, which travels in thy good;
Believe not thy diſdain, but preſently
Do thine own fortunes that obedient right,
Which both thy duty owes, and our power claims;
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever
Into the ſtaggers, and the careleſs lapſe
Of youth and ignorance; my revenge and hate
Looſing upon thee in the name of juſtice,
Without all terms of pity. Speak, thine anſwer.

Ber. Pardon, my gracious Lord; for I ſubmit
My fancy to your eyes. When I conſider,
What great creation, and what dole of honour
Flies where you bid; I find, that ſhe, which late
Was in my nobler thoughts moſt baſe, is now
The prized of the King; who, ſo ennobled,
Is as 'twere born ſo.

King. Take her by the hand,
And tell her, ſhe is thine: to whom I promiſe
A counterpoize; if not in thy eſtate,
A balance more replete.

Ber. I take her hand.

King. Good fortune and the favour of the King
Smile upon this contract; whoſe ceremony
Shall ſeem expedient on the new-born brief,
And be perform'd to-night; the ſolemn feaſt
Shall more attend upon the coming ſpace,
Expecting abſent friends. As thou lov'ſt her,
Thy love's to me religious; elſe does err. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Manent Parolles and Lafeu.*

Laf. Do you hear, Monſieur? a word with you.

Par. Your pleaſure, Sir?

Laf. Your lord and maſter did well to make his recantation.

Par. Recantation?—my lord? my master?

Laf. Ay, is it not a language I ſpeak?

Par. A moſt harſh one, and not to be underſtood without bloody ſucceeding. My maſter!

Laf. Are you companion to the Count Rouſillon?

Par. To any Count; to all Counts; to what is man.

Laf. To what is Count's man; Count's maſter is of another ſtyle.

Par. You are too old, Sir; let it ſatisfy you, you are too old———

Laf. I muſt tell thee, ſirrah, I write man; to which title age cannot bring thee.

Par. What I dare too well do, I dare not do.

Laf. I did think thee, for two ordinaries, to be a pretty wiſe fellow: thou didſt make tolerable vent of thy travel; it might paſs: yet the ſcarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly diſſuade me from believing thee a veſſel of too great a burthen. I have now found thee; when I loſe thee again, I care not: yet art thou good for nothing but taking up, and that thou'rt ſcarce worth.

Par. Hadſt thou not the privilege of antiquity upon thee——

Laf. Do not plunge thyſelf too far in anger, leſt thou haſten thy trial, which if,——Lord have mercy on thee for a hen! ſo, my good window of lattice, fare thee well; thy caſement I need not open, I look through thee. Give me thy hand.

Par. My Lord, you give me moſt egregious indignity.

Laf. Ay, with all my heart, and thou art worthy of it.

Par. I have not, my Lord, deſerv'd it.

Laf. Yes, good faith, ev'ry dram of it; and I will not bate thee a ſcruple.

Par. Well, I ſhall be wiſer——

Laf. Ev'n as ſoon as thou can'ſt, for thou haſt to pull at a ſmack o' th' contrary. If ever thou beeſt bound in thy ſcarf and beaten, thou ſhalt find what it is to be proud of thy bondage. I have a deſire to hold my acquaintance with thee, or rather my knowledge, that I *may ſay in the* default, he is a man I know.

Par.

Par. My Lord, you do me moſt inſupportable vexation.

Laf. I would it were hell-pains for thy ſake, and my poor doing eternal: for doing, I am paſt †; *** as I will by thee, in what motion age will give me leave.

[*Exit.*

Par. Well, thou haſt a ſon ſhall take this diſgrace off me; ſcurvy, old, filthy, ſcurvy Lord!——Well, I muſt be patient, there is no fettering of authority. I'll beat him, by my life, if I can meet him with any convenience, an he were double and double a Lord. I'll have no more pity of his age, than I would have of—— I'll beat him, an if I could but meet him again.

Re-enter Lafeu.

Laf. Sirrah, your lord and maſter's married; there's news for you; you have a new miſtreſs.

Par. I moſt unfeignedly beſeech your Lordſhip to make ſome reſervation of your wrongs. He, my good Lord, whom I ſerve above, is my maſter.

Laf. Who? God?

Par. Ay, Sir.

Laf. The devil it is that's thy maſter. Why doſt thou garter up thy arms o' this faſhion? doſt make hoſe of thy ſleeves? do other ſervants ſo? thou wert beſt ſet thy lower part where thy noſe ſtands. By mine honour, if I were but two hours younger, I'd beat thee. Methinks thou art a general offence, and every man ſhould beat thee. I think thou waſt created for men to breathe themſelves upon thee.

Par. This is hard and undeſerved meaſure, my Lord.

Laf. Go to, Sir; you were beaten in Italy for picking a kernel out of a pomegranate; you are a vagabond, and no true traveller: you are more ſaucy with Lords and honourable perſonages, than the heraldry of your

† Here is a line loſt after *paſt*; ſo that it ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by a break with aſteriſks. The very words of the loſt line it is impoſſible to retrieve; but the ſenſe is obvious enough. *For doing I am paſt*; age has deprived me of much of my force and vigour; yet *I have ſtill enough to ſhew the world I can do myſelf right; as I will by thee, in what motion* [or in the beſt manner] *age will give me leave. Mr. Warburton.*

your birth and virtue gives you commiſſion. You are not worth another word, elſe I'd call you knave. I leave you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII. *Enter Bertram.*

Par. Good, very good, it is ſo then.——Good, very good, let it be conceal'd a while.

Ber. Undone, and forfeited to cares for ever!

Par. What is the matter, ſweet heart?

Ber. Although before the ſolemn prieſt I've ſworn, I will not bed her.

Par. What? what, ſweet heart!

Ber. O my Parolles, they have married me:
I'll to the Tuſcan wars, and never bed her.

Par. France is a dog-hole, and it no more merits the tread of a man's foot: to th' wars.

Ber. There's letters from my mother; what the import is, I know not yet.

Par. Ay, that would be known; to th' wars, my boy to th' wars.
He wears his honour in a box, unſeen,
That hugs his kickſy-wickſy here at home;
Spending his manly marrow in her arms,
Which ſhould ſuſtain the bound and high curvet
Of Mars's fiery ſteed: to other regions
France is a-ſtable, we that dwell in't jades,
Therefore to th' war.

Ber. It ſhall be ſo, I'll ſend her to my houſe,
Acquaint my mother with my hate to her,
And wherefore I am fled; write to the King
That which I durſt not ſpeak. His preſent gift
Shall furniſh me to thoſe Italian fields,
Where noble fellows ſtrike. War is no ſtrife
To the dark-houſe, and the deteſted wife.

Par. Will this capricio hold in thee, art ſure?

Ber. Go with me to my chamber, and adviſe me.
I'll ſend her ſtraight away: to-morrow
I'll to the wars, ſhe to her ſingle ſorrow.

Par. Why, theſe balls bound, there's noiſe in it.——
'Tis hard;
A young man married, is a man that's mar'd:
Therefore away, and leave her bravely; go,

The

The King hath done you wrong: but, hush! 'tis ſo.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX. *Enter Helena and Clown.*

Hel. My mother greets me kindly, is ſhe well?

Clo. She is not well, but yet ſhe has her health: ſhe's very merry, but yet ſhe is not well: but, thanks be given, ſhe's very well, and wants nothing i' th' world; but yet ſhe is not well.

Hel. If ſhe be very well, what does ſhe ail, that ſhe's not very well?

Clo. Truly, ſhe's very well, indeed, but for two things.

Hel. What two things?

Clo. One, that ſhe's not in heav'n, whither God ſend her quickly; the other, that ſhe's in earth, from whence God ſend her quickly!

Enter Parolles.

Par. Bleſs you, my fortunate Lady!

Hel. I hope, Sir, I have your good-will to have mine own good fortune.

Par. You had my prayers to lead them on; and to keep them on, have them ſtill. O, my knave, how does my old lady?

Clo. So that you had her wrinkles and I her money, I would ſhe did as you ſay.

Par. Why, I ſay nothing.

Clo. Marry, you are the wiſer man; for many a man's tongue ſpeaks out his maſter's undoing. To ſay nothing, to do nothing, to know nothing, and to have nothing, is to be a great part of your title; which is within a very little of nothing.

Par. Away, thou'rt a knave.

Clo. You ſhould have ſaid, Sir, before a knave th'art a knave; that's, before me th'art a knave. This had been truth, Sir.

Par. Go to, thou art a witty fool, I have found thee.

Clo. *Did you find me in yourſelf, Sir? or were you taught to find me?* the ſearch, Sir, was profitable, and much

much fool may you find in you, even to the world's pleaſure, and the increaſe of laughter.

Par. A good knave, i' faith, and well fed.
Madam, my Lord will go away to-night,
A very ſerious buſineſs calls on him.
The great prerogative and rite of love,
Which, as your due, time claims, he does acknowledge;
But puts it off by a compell'd reſtraint:
Whoſe want and whoſe delay is ſtrew'd with ſweets
Which they diſtil now in the curbed time,
To make the coming hour o'erflow with joy,
And pleaſure drown the brim.

Hel. What's his will elſe?

Par. That you will take your inſtant leave o' th' King,
And make this haſte as your own good proceeding:
Strengthen'd with what apology you think
May make it probable need.

Hel. What more commands he?

Par. That having this obtain'd, you preſently
Attend his further pleaſure.

Hel. In every thing I wait upon his will.

Par. I ſhall report it ſo. [*Exit Parolles.*

Hel. I pray you.——Come, ſirrah. [*To Clown.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X. *Enter Lafeu and Bertram.*

Laf. But I hope your Lordſhip thinks not him a ſoldier.

Ber. Yes, my Lord, and of very valiant approof.

Laf. You have it from his own deliverance.

Ber. And by other warranted teſtimony.

Laf. Then my dial goes not true; I took this lark for a bunting.

Ber. I do aſſure you, my Lord, he is very great in knowledge, and accordingly valiant.

Laf. I have then ſinned againſt his experience, and tranſgreſs'd againſt his valour; and my ſtate that way is dangerous, ſince I cannot yet find in my heart to repent. *Here he comes; I pray you, make us friends, I will purſue the amity.*

Enter

Enter Parolles.

Par. Theſe things ſhall be done, Sir.

Laf. I pray you, Sir, who's his tailor?

Par. Sir?

Laf. O, I know him well; Ay, Sir, he, Sir, is a good workman, a very good tailor.

Ber. Is ſhe gone to the King? [*Aſide to Parolles.*

Par. She is.

Ber. Will ſhe away to-night?

Par. As you'll have her.

Ber. I have writ my letters, caſketed my treaſure, given order for our horſes; and to-night, when I ſhould take poſſeſſion of the bride———and ere I do begin—

Laf. A good traveller is ſomething at the latter end of a dinner; but one that lies three thirds, and uſes a known truth to paſs a thouſand nothings with, ſhould be once heard, and thrice beaten.———God ſave you, Captain.

Ber. Is there any unkindneſs between my Lord and you, Monſieur?

Par. I know not how I have deſerved to run into my Lord's diſpleaſure.

Laf. You have made ſhift to run into't, boots and ſpurs and all, like him that leapt into the cuſtard: and out of it you'll run again, rather than ſuffer queſtion for your reſidence.

Ber. It may be you have miſtaken him, my Lord.

Laf. And ſhall do ſo for ever, tho' I took him at's prayers. Fare you well, my Lord; and believe this of me, there can be no kernel in this light nut: the ſoul of this man is his clothes. Truſt him not in matter of heavy conſequence. I have kept of them tame, and know their natures. Farewell, Monſieur; I have ſpoken better of you, than you have or will deſerve at my hand, but we muſt do good againſt evil. [*Exit.*

Par. An idle Lord, I ſwear.———

Ber. I think ſo.

Par. Why, do you not know him?

Ber. *Yes, I know him* well, and common ſpeech *Gives him a worthy paſs.* Here comes my clog.

SCENE

SCENE XI. *Enter Helena.*

Hel. I have, Sir, as I was commanded from you,
Spoke with the king, and have procur'd his leave
For preſent parting; only he deſires
Some private ſpeech with you.
Ber. I ſhall obey his will.
You muſt not marvel, Helen, at my courſe,
Which holds not colour with the time; nor does
The miniſtration and required office
On my particular. Prepar'd I was not
For ſuch a buſineſs: therefore am I found
So much unſettled: this drives me to intreat you,
That preſently you take your way for home,
And rather muſe, than aſk, why I intreat you;
For my reſpects are better than they ſeem,
And my appointments have in them a need
Greater than ſhews itſelf at the firſt view,
To you that know them not. This to my mother.
[*Giving a letter.*
'Twill be two days ere I ſhall ſee you, ſo
I leave you to your wiſdom.
Hel. Sir, I can nothing ſay.
But that I am your moſt obedient ſervant.
Ber. Come, come, no more of that.
Hel. And ever ſhall
With true obſervance ſeek to eke out that,
Wherein tow'rd me my homely ſtars have fail'd,
To equal my great fortune.
Ber. Let that go:
My haſte is very great. Farewell; hie home.
Hel. Pray, Sir, your pardon.
Ber. Well, what would you ſay?
Hel. I am not worthy of the wealth I owe:
Nor dare I ſay, 'tis mine, and yet it is;
But, like a timorous thief, moſt fain would ſteal
What law does vouch mine own.
Ber. What would you have?
Hel. Something, and ſcarce ſo much——nothing, indeed——
I would not tell you what I would, my Lord——faith yet;——

Strangers

Strangers and foes do ſunder, and not kiſs.

Ber. I pray you, ſtay not; but in haſte to horſe.

Hel. I ſhall not break your bidding, good my Lord.

[*Exit Helena.*

Ber. Where are my other men, Monſieur?—farewell.
Go thou tow'rd home, where I will never come,
Whilſt I can ſhake my ſword, or hear the drum:
Away, and for our flight.

Par. Bravely, Couragio! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Duke's court in Florence.

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, two French Lords, with ſoldiers.

Duke. SO that, from point to point, now have you heard
The fundamental reaſons of this war,
Whoſe great deciſion hath much blood let forth,
And more thirſts after.

1 *Lord.* Holy ſeems the quarrel
Upon your Grace's part; but black and fearful
On the oppoſer.

Duke. Therefore we marvel much our couſin France
Would, in ſo juſt a buſineſs, ſhut his boſom
Againſt our borrowing prayers.

2 *Lord.* Good my Lord,
The reaſons of our ſtate I cannot yield,
But like a common and an outward man,
That the great figure of a council frames
By ſelf-unable motion; therefore dare not
Say what I think of it, ſince I have found
Myſelf in my uncertain grounds to fail
As often as I gueſs'd.

Duke. Be it his pleaſure.

2 *Lord.* But I am ſure the younger of our nation,
That ſurfeit on their eaſe, will day by day
Come here for phyſic.

Duke. Welcome ſhall they be:
And all the honours that can fly from us,
Shall on them ſettle. You know your places well.

When better fall, for your avails they fell;
To-morrow, to the field. [*Exi*

SCENE II. *Changes to Rouſſillon in France.*

Enter Counteſs and Clown.

Count. It hath happen'd, all as I would have hac ſave that he comes not along with her.

Clo. By my troth, I take my young Lord to be a melancholy man.

Count. By what obſervance, I pray you?

Clo. Why, he will look upon his boot, and ſing; m his ruff, and ſing; aſk queſtions, and ſing; pick his te and ſing. I knew a man that had this trick of me choly, ſold a goodly manor for a ſong.

Count. Let me ſee what he writes, and when he m to come. [*Reads the le*

Clo. I have no mind to Iſbel, ſince I was at co Our old ling, and our Iſbels o' th' country, are notl like your old ling, and your Iſbel's o' th' court: the b of my Cupid's knock'd out; and I begin to love, a old man loves money, with no ſtomach.

Count. What have we here?

Clo. E'en that you have there. [*I*

Counteſs reads a letter.

I have ſent you a daughter-in-law: ſhe hath recor the King, and undone me. I have wedded her, not be her; and ſworn to make the not *eternal. You ſhall he am run away; know it before the report come. If the breadth enough in the world, I will hold a long diſtance. duty to you.*

Your unfortunate ſon,

Bert

This is not well, raſh and unbridled boy,
To fly the favours of ſo good a King,
To pluck his indignation on thy head;
By the miſpriſing of a maid, too virtuous
For the contempt of empire.

Re-enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam, yonder is heavy news within, between two ſoldiers and my young lady.

Count. What is the matter?

Clo. Nay, there is ſome comfort in the news, ſome comfort; your ſon will not be kill'd ſo ſoon as I thought he would.

Count. Why ſhould he be kill'd?

Clo. So ſay I, Madam, if he run away, as I hear he does; the danger is in ſtanding to't; that's the loſs of men, though it be the getting of children. Here they come will tell you more. For my part, I only hear your ſon was run away.

SCENE III. *Enter Helena, and two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* Save you, good Madam.

Hel. Madam, my Lord is gone, for ever gone.—

2 *Gent.* Do not ſay ſo.

Count. Think upon patience: 'pray you, Gentlemen,
I've felt ſo many quirks of joy and grief,
That the firſt face of neither, on the ſtart,
Can woman me unto't. Where is my ſon?

2 *Gent.* Madam, he's gone to ſerve the Duke of Florence.
We met him thitherward, for thence we came;
And, after ſome diſpatch in hand at court,
Thither we bend again.

Hel. Look on this letter, Madam; here's my paſſport.

When thou canſt get the ring upon my finger, which never ſhall come off; and ſhew me a child begotten of thy body that I am father to, then call me huſband: *but in ſuch a* then *I write a* never.

This is a dreadful ſentence.

Count. Brought you this letter, Gentlemen?

1 *Gent.* Ay, Madam; and for the contents' ſake, are ſorry for our pains.

Count. I pr'ythee, Lady, have a better cheer.
If thou engroſſeſt all the griefs as thine,
Thou *robb'ſt me of a moiety*: he was my ſon;
But I do waſh his name out of my blood,

And thou art all my child. Towards Florence is he?

2 *Gent.* Ay, Madam.

Count. And to be a ſoldier?

2 *Gent.* Such is his noble purpoſe; and, believe't, The Duke will lay upon him all the honour That good convenience claims.

Count. Return you thither?

1 *Gent.* Ay, Madam, with the ſwifteſt wing of ſpeed.

Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France. 'Tis bitter. [*Reading.*

Count. Find you that there?

Hel. Yes, Madam.

1 *Gent.* 'Tis but the boldneſs of his hand, haply, which his heart was not conſenting to.

Count. Nothing in France until he have no wife? There's nothing here that is too good for him, But only ſhe; and ſhe deſerves a Lord That twenty ſuch rude boys might tend upon, And call her hourly Miſtreſs. Who was with him?

1 *Gent.* A ſervant only, and a gentleman Which I have ſometime known.

Count. Parolles, was't not?

1 *Gent.* Ay, my good Lady, he.

Count. A very tainted fellow, and full of wickedneſs: My ſon corrupts a well-derived nature With his inducement.

1 *Gent.* Indeed, good Lady, the fellow has a deal of that too much, which holds him much to have.

Count. Y'are welcome, Gentlemen: I will intreat you, when you ſee my ſon, to tell him, that his ſword can never win the honour that he loſes: more I'll intreat you written to bear along.

1 *Gent.* We ſerve you, Madam, in that and all your worthieſt affairs.

Count. Not ſo, but as we change our courteſies. Will you draw near? [*Exeunt Counteſs and Gent.*

SCENE IV.

Hel. Till I have no wife, I have nothing in France. Nothing in France, until he has no wife! Thou ſhalt have none, Rouſillon, none in France; Then haſt thou all again. Poor Lord! is't I

That

That chaſe thee from thy country, and expoſe
Thoſe tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-ſparing war? and is it I
That drive thee from the ſportive court, where thou
Waſt ſhot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of ſmoaky muſkets? O you leaden meſſengers,
That ride upon the violent ſpeed of fire,
Fly with falſe aim; pierce the ſtill-moving air,
That ſings with piercing, do not touch my Lord.
Whoever ſhoots at him, I ſet him there:
Whoever charges on his forward breaſt,
I am the caitiff that do hold him to it;
And though I kill him not, I am the cauſe
His death was ſo effected. Better 'twere
I met the rav'ning lion when he roar'd
With ſharp conſtraint of hunger: better 'twere
That all the miſeries which nature owes,
Were mine at once. No, come thou home, Rouſillon;
Whence honour but of danger wins a ſcar;
As oft it loſes all. I will be gone:
My being here it is that holds thee hence.
Shall I ſtay here to do't? No, no, although
The air of paradiſe did fan the houſe,
And angels offic'd all: I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To conſolate thine ear. Come, night! end, day!
For with the dark, poor thief, I'll ſteal away. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Changes to the Duke's court in Florence.

Flouriſh. Enter the Duke of Florence, Bertram, Drum and Trumpets, Soldiers, Parolles.

Duke. The General of our Horſe thou art, and we,
Great in our hope, lay our beſt love and credence
Upon thy promiſing fortune.
Ber. Sir, it is
A charge too heavy for my ſtrength; but yet
We'll ſtrive to bear it for your worthy ſake,
To th' extreme edge of hazard.
Duke. Then go forth,

And Fortune play upon thy proſp'rous helm,
As thy auſpicious miſtreſs!
Ber. This very day,
Great Mars, I put myſelf into thy file;
Make me but like my thoughts, and I ſhall prove
A lover of thy drum; hater of love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to Rouſſillon in France.*

Enter Counteſs and Steward.

Count. Alas! and would you take the letter of her?
Might you not know, ſhe would do, as ſhe has done,
By ſending me a letter? Read it again.

LETTER.

I am St. Jaques' pilgrim, thither gone;
Ambitious love hath ſo in me offended,
That bare-foot plod I the cold ground upon,
With ſainted vow my faults to have amended.
Write, write, that from the bloody courſe of war
My deareſt maſter, your dear ſon, may hie;
Bleſs him at home in peace, whilſt I from far
His name with zealous fervour ſanctify.
His taken labours bid him me forgive;
I, his deſpiteful Juno, ſent him forth
From courtly friends, with camping foes to live;
Where death and danger dog the heels of worth.
He is too good and fair for death and me,
Whom I myſelf embrace, to ſet him free.

Ah, what ſharp ſtings are in her mildeſt words?
Rynaldo, you did never lack advice ſo much,
As letting her paſs ſo; had I ſpoke with her,
I could have well diverted her intents,
Which thus ſhe hath prevented.
Stew. Pardon, Madam,
If I had given you this at over-night,
She might have been o'er-ta'en; and yet ſhe writes,
Purſuit would be but vain.
Count. What angel ſhall
Bleſs this unworthy huſband? he cannot thrive,
Unleſs her prayers, whom Heaven delights to hear,

And loves to grant, reprieve him from the wrath
Of greateſt juſtice. Write, write, Rynaldo,
To this unworthy huſband of his wife;
Let every word weigh heavy of her worth,
That he does weigh too light: my greateſt grief,
Though little he do feel it, ſet down ſharply.
Diſpatch the moſt convenient meſſenger;
When, haply, he ſhall hear that ſhe is gone,
He will return, and hope I may, that ſhe,
Hearing ſo much, will ſpeed her foot again,
Led hither by pure love. Which of them both
Is deareſt to me, I've no ſkill in ſenſe
To make diſtinction; provide this meſſenger;
My heart is heavy, and mine age is weak;
Grief would have tears, and ſorrow bids me ſpeak.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to a public place in Florence.

A tucket afar off.

Enter an old Widow of Florence, Diana, Violenta, and Mariana, with other citizens.

Wid. Nay, come. For if they do approach the city, we ſhall loſe all the ſight.

Dia. They ſay the French Count has done moſt honourable ſervice.

Wid. It is reported, that he has ta'en their greateſt commander; and that with his own hand he ſlew the Duke's brother. We have loſt our labour, they are gone a contrary way: hark, you may know by their trumpets.

Mar. Come, let's return again, and ſuffice ourſelves with the report of it. Well, Diana, take heed of this French Earl; the honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy is ſo rich as honeſty.

Wid. I have told my neighbour how you have been ſolicited by a gentleman his companion.

Mar. I know that knave, (hang him!) one Parolles; a filthy officer he is in thoſe ſuggeſtions for the young Earl; beware of them, Diana; their promiſes, enticements,

enticements, oaths, tokens, and all theſe engines of luſt, are the things they go under; many a maid hath been ſeduced by them; and the miſery is, example, that ſo terrible ſhews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for all that diſſuade ſucceſſion, but that they are limed with the twigs that threaten them. I hope I need not adviſe you further; but I hope your own grace will keep you where you are, though there were no further danger found but the modeſty which is ſo loſt.

Dia. You ſhall not need to fear me.

Enter Helena, diſguis'd like a pilgrim.

Wid. I hope ſo——Look, here comes a pilgrim; I know ſhe will lie at my houſe; thither they ſend one another: I'll queſtion her: God ſave you, pilgrim! whither are you bound?

He. To St. Jaques le Grand. Where do the palmers lodge, I do beſeech you?

Wid. At the St. Francis, beſide the port.

Hel. Is this the way? [*A march afar off.*

Wid. Ay, marry, is't. Hark you, they come this way. If you will tarry, holy pilgrim, but till the troops come I will conduct you where you ſhall be lodg'd; [by, The rather, for I think I know your hoſteſs As ample as myſelf.

Hel. Is it yourſelf?

Wid. If you ſhall pleaſe ſo, pilgrim.

Hel. I thank you, and will ſtay upon your leiſure.

Wid. You came, I think, from France.

Hel. I did ſo.

Wid. Here you ſhall ſee a countryman of yours, That has done worthy ſervice.

Hel. His name, I pray you?

Dia. The Count Rouſillon: know you ſuch a one?

Hel. But by the ear, that hears moſt nobly of him; His face I know not.

Dia. Whatſoe'er he is, He's bravely taken here. He ſtole from France, As 'tis reported; for the King had married him *Againſt his liking.* Think you it is ſo?

Hel. Ay, ſurely, merely truth; I know his lady.

Dia.

Dia. There is a gentleman that ſerves the Count,
Reports but coarſely of her.
Hel. What's his name?
Dia. Monſieur Parolles.
Hel. Oh, I believe with him,
In argument of praiſe, or to the worth
Of the great Count himſelf: ſhe is too mean
To have her name repeated; all her deſerving
Is a reſerved honeſty, and that
I have not heard examin'd.
Dia. Alas, poor lady!
'Tis a hard bondage, to become the wife
Of a deteſting Lord.
Wid. Ah! right; good creature! whereſoe'er ſhe is
Her heart weighs ſadly; this young maid might do her
A ſhrewd turn, if ſhe pleas'd.
Hel. How do you mean?
May be the am'rous Count ſolicits her
In the unlawful purpoſe.
Wid. He does indeed;
And brokes with all that can in ſuch a ſuit
Corrupt the tender honour of a maid:
But ſhe is arm'd for him, and keeps her guard
In honeſteſt defence.

SCENE VIII. *Drum and Colours.*

Enter Bertram, Parolles, Officers and Soldiers attending.

Mar. The gods forbid elſe!
Wid. So now they come:
That is Antonio, the Duke's eldeſt ſon;
That, Eſcalus.
Hel. Which is the Frenchman?
Dia. He;
That with the plume; 'tis a moſt gallant fellow;
I would he lov'd his wife! if he were honeſter,
He were much goodlier. Is't not a handſome gentleman?
Hel. I like him well.
Dia. 'Tis *pity he is* not honeſt; yond's that ſame *knave*,

That

That leads him to theſe places: were I his lady,
I'd poiſon that vile raſcal.

Hel. Which is he?

Dia. That jack-an-apes with ſcarfs. Why is he melancholy!

Hel. Perchance he's hurt i' th' battle.

Par. Loſe our drum! well.——

Mar. He's ſhrewdly vex'd at ſomething. Look, he hath ſpied us.

Wid. Marry, hang you!

[*Exeunt Bertram, Parolles, &c.*

Mar. And your courteſy, for a ring-carrier!——

Wid. The troop is paſs'd. Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you ſhall hoſt: Of injoin'd penitents
There's four or five, to great St. Jaques bound,
Already at my houſe.

Hel. I humbly thank you:
Pleaſe it this matron, and this gentle maid
To eat with us to-night, the charge and thanking
Shall be for me: and to requite you further,
I will beſtow ſome precepts on this virgin
Worthy the note.

Both. We'll take your offer kindly. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Bertram, and the two French Lords.

1 *Lord.* Nay, good my Lord, put him to't: let him have his way.

2 *Lord.* If your Lordſhip find him not a hilding, hold me no more in your reſpect.

1 *Lord.* On my life, my Lord, a bubble.

Ber. Do you think I am ſo far deceiv'd in him?

1 *Lord.* Believe it, my Lord, in mine own direct knowledge, without any malice, but to ſpeak of him my kinſman; he's a moſt notable coward, an infinite and endleſs liar, an hourly promiſe-breaker, the owner of no one good quality worthy your Lordſhip's entertainment.

2 *Lord.* It were fit you knew him, leſt, reposing *too far in his* virtue, which he hath not, he might

at ſome great and truſty buſineſs in a main danger fail you.

Ber. I would I knew in what particular action to try him.

2 *Lord.* None better than to let him fetch off his drum; which you hear him ſo confidently undertake to do.

1 *Lord.* I, with a troop of Florentines, will ſuddenly ſurpriſe him; ſuch I will have, whom I am ſure he knows not from the enemy: we will bind and hoodwink him ſo, that he ſhall ſuppoſe no other but that he is carried into the leaguer of the adverſaries, when we bring him to our own tents. Be but your Lordſhip preſent at his examination; if he do not for the promiſe of his life, and in the higheſt compulſion of baſe fear, offer to betray you, and deliver all the intelligence in his power againſt you, and that with the divine forfeit of his ſoul upon oath, never truſt my judgment in any thing.

2 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, let him fetch his drum; he ſays, he has a ſtratagem for't; when your Lordſhip ſees the bottom of his ſucceſs in't, and to what metal this counterfeit lump of oar will be melted, if you give him not Tom Drum's entertainment *, your inclining cannot be removed. Here he comes.

SCENE X. *Enter Parolles.*

1 *Lord.* O, for the love of laughter, hinder not the humour of his deſign, let him fetch off his drum in any hand.

Ber. How now, Monſieur? this drum ſticks ſorely in your diſpoſition.

2 *Lord.* A pox't on't, let it go, 'tis but a drum.

Par. But a drum! is't but a drum? a drum ſo loſt! there

* Holingſhed, in his deſcription of Ireland, ſpeaking of Patrick Scarſefield, (Mayor of Dublin in the year 1551,) and of his extravagant hoſpitality, ſubjoins, that no gueſt had ever a cold or forbidding look from any part of his family: ſo that *his porter, or any other officer, durſt not, for both his ears, give the ſimpleſt man that reſorted to his houſe, Tom Drum's entertainment*; Which is, to hale *a man in by the head*, and thruſt him out by both the ſhoulders. *Mr. Theobald.*

there was an excellent command! to charge in wi our horſe upon our own wings, and to rend our ow ſoldiers.

2 *Lord.* That was not to be blamed in the commar of the ſervice; it was a diſaſter of war that Cæſ himſelf could not have prevented, if he had been the to command..

Ber. Well, we cannot greatly condemn our ſucceſ ſome diſhonour we had in the loſs of that drum, but is not to be recover'd

Par. It might have been recover'd.

Ber. It might, but it is not now.

Par. It is to be recover'd; but that the merit of ſe vice is ſeldom attributed to the true and exact pe former, I would have that drum or another, or *l jacet.*——

Ber. Why, if you have a ſtomach to't, Monſieu if you think your myſtery in ſtratagem can bring th inſtrument of honour again into his native quarter, l magnanimous in the enterpriſe, and go on; I will gra the attempt for a worthy exploit: if you ſpeed well i it, the Duke ſhall both ſpeak of it, and extend to yo what further becomes his greatneſs, even to the utmo ſyllable of your worthineſs.

Par. By the hand of a ſoldier, I will undertake it.

Ber. But you muſt not now ſlumber in it.

Par. I'll about it this evening; and I will preſentl pen down my dilemmas, encourage myſelf in my cer tainty, put myſelf into my mortal preparation; and by midnight, look to hear further from me.

Ber. May I be bold to acquaint his Grace you ar gone about it?

Par. I know not what the ſucceſs will be, my Lord but the attempt I vow.

Ber. I know th'art valiant; and to the poſſibility c ſoldierſhip, will ſubſcribe for thee; farewell.

Par. I love not many words. [*Exi*

SCENE XI.

1 *Lord.* No more than a fiſh loves water.——Is no *this a ſtrange* fellow, my Lord, that ſo confidentl *ſeems to undertake* this buſineſs, which he knows is w

to be done; damns himſelf to do it, and dares better be damn'd than to do't?

2 *Lord.* You do not know him, my Lord, as we do; certain it is, that he will ſteal himſelf into a man's favour, and for a week eſcape a great deal of diſcoveries; but when you find him out, you have him ever after.

Ber. Why, do you think he will make no deed at all of this, that ſo ſeriouſly he does addreſs himſelf unto?

2 *Lord.* None in the world, but return with an invention, and clap upon you two or three probable lies: but we have almoſt emboſs'd him, you ſhall ſee his fall to-night; for, indeed, he is not for your Lordſhip's reſpect.

1 *Lord.* We'll make you ſome ſport with the fox, ere we caſe him. He was firſt mock'd by the old Lord Laſeu; when his diſguiſe and he is parted, tell me what a ſprat you ſhall find him; which you ſhall ſee this very night.

2 *Lord.* I muſt go and look my twigs; he ſhall be caught.

Ber. Your brother, he ſhall go along with me.

2 *Lord.* As't pleaſe your Lordſhip. I'll leave you. [*Exit.*

Ber. Now will I lead you to the houſe, and ſhew you the laſs I ſpoke of.

1 *Lord.* But you ſay ſhe's honeſt.

Ber. That's all the fault; I ſpoke with her but once,
And found her wondrous cold; but I ſent to her,
By this ſame coxcomb that we have i' th' wind,
Tokens and letters, which ſhe did re-ſend;
And this is all I've done: ſhe's a fair creature,
Will you go ſee her?

1 *Lord.* With all my heart, my Lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XII. *Changes to the Widow's houſe.*

Enter Helena, and Widow.

Hel. If you miſdoubt me that I am not ſhe,
I know not how I ſhall aſſure you further;
But I ſhall loſe the grounds I work upon.

Wid. Tho' my eſtate be fallen, I was well born,
Nothing acquainted with theſe buſineſſes;
And would not put my reputation now
In any ſtaining act.
Hel. Nor would I wiſh you.
Firſt, give me truſt, the Count he is my huſband;
And what to your ſworn counſel I have ſpoken.
Is ſo, from word to word; and then you cannot,
By the good aid that I of you ſhall borrow
Err in beſtowing it.
Wid. I ſhould believe you,
For you have ſhew'd me that which well approves,
Y'are great in fortune.
Hel. Take this purſe of gold,
And let me buy your friendly help thus far,
Which I will overpay, and pay again
When I have found it. The Count wooes your daughter,
Lays down his wanton ſiege before her beauty,
Reſolves to carry her; let her conſent,
As we'll direct her how 'tis beſt to bear it.
Now his important blood will nought deny,
That ſhe'll demand: a ring the Count does wear,
That downward hath ſucceeded in his houſe
From ſon to ſon, ſome four or five deſcents,
Since the firſt father wore it. This ring he holds
In moſt rich choice; yet in his idle fire,
To buy his will, it would not ſeem too dear,
Howe'er repented after.
Wid. Now I ſee the bottom of your purpoſe.
Hel. You ſee it lawful then. It is no more,
But that your daughter, ere ſhe ſeems as won,
Deſires this ring; appoints him an encounter;
In fine, delivers me to fill the time,
Herſelf moſt chaſtly abſent: after this,
To marry her, I'll add three thouſand crowns
To what is paſt already.
Wid. I have yielded.
Inſtruct my daughter how ſhe ſhall perſevere,
That time and place, with this deceit ſo lawful,
May prove coherent. Every night he comes
With muſic of all ſorts, and ſongs compos'd
To her unwortliineſs: it nothing ſteads us

To chide him from our eaves; for he perſiſts,
As if his life lay on't.
Hel. Why then, to-night
Let us aſſay our plot; which, if it ſpeed,
Is wicked meaning in a lawful deed;
And lawful meaning in a wicked act;
Where both not ſin, and yet a ſinful fact.
But let's about it—— [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Part of the French camp in Florence.

Enter one of the French Lords, with five or ſix Soldiers in ambuſh.

Lord. HE can come no other way but by this hedge corner; when you ſally upon him, ſpeak what terrible language you will: though you underſtand it not yourſelves, no matter; for we muſt not ſeem to underſtand him, unleſs ſome one amongſt us, whom we muſt produce for an interpreter.

Sol. Good Captain, let me be th' interpreter.

Lord. Art not acquainted with him? knows he not thy voice?

Sol. No, Sir, I warrant you.

Lord. But what linſy-wooſy haſt thou to ſpeak to us again?

Sol. Ev'n ſuch as you ſpeak to me.

Lord. He muſt think us ſome band of ſtrangers i' th' adverſaries' entertainment. Now he hath a ſmack of all neighbouring languages, therefore we muſt every one be a man of his own fancy; not to know what we ſpeak one to another, ſo we ſeem to know, is to know ſtraight our purpoſe: chough's language, gabble enough, and good enough. As for you, interpreter, you muſt ſeem very politic. But couch, hoa! here he comes to beguile two hours in a ſleep, and then to return and ſwear the lies he forges.

Enter Parolles.

Par. Ten o'clock; within theſe three hours 'twill be

time enough to go home. What ſhall I ſay I have done? it muſt be a very plauſive invention that carries it. They begin to ſmoke me, and diſgraces have of late knock'd too often at my door: I find my tongue is too fool-hardy; but my heart hath the fear of Mars before it, and of his creatures, not daring the reports of my tongue.

Lord. This is the firſt truth that e'er thine own tongue was guilty of. [*Aſide.*

Par. What the devil ſhould move me to undertake the recovery of this drum, being not ignorant of the impoſſibility, and knowing I had no ſuch purpoſe? I muſt give myſelf ſome hurts, and ſay, I got them in exploit. Yet ſlight ones will not carry it; they will ſay, Came you off with ſo little? and great ones I dare not give; wherefore what's the inſtance? Tongue, I muſt put you into a butter-woman's mouth, and buy myſelf another of Bajazet's mute, if you prattle me into theſe perils.

Lord. Is it poſſible he ſhould know what he is, and be that he is? [*Aſide.*

Par. I would the cutting of my garments would ſerve the turn, or the breaking of my Spaniſh ſword.

Lord. We cannot afford you ſo. [*Aſide.*

Par. Or the baring of my beard, and to ſay it was ſtratagem.

Lord. 'Twould not do. [*Aſide.*

Par. Or to drown my clothes, and ſay I was ſtrip

Lord. Hardly ſerve. [*Aſide.*

Par. Though I ſwore I leap'd from the window of the citadel———

Lord. How deep? [*Aſide.*

Par. Thirty fathom.

Lord. Three great oaths would ſcarce make that be believed. [*Aſide.*

Par. I would I had any drum of the enemy's; I would ſwear I recover'd it.

Lord. You ſhall hear one anon. [*Aſide.*

Par. A drum now of the enemy's!

[*Alarum within.*

Lord. Throco movouſus, cargo, cargo, cargo.

All. Cargo, cargo, villiando par corbo, cargo.

Par. Oh! ranſom, ranſom:—do not hide mine eyes.

[*They ſeize him, and blindfold him.*

Inter-

Inter. Boſkos thromuldo boſkos.

Par. I know, you are the Muſkos regiment,
And I ſhall loſe my life for want of language.
If there be here German, or Dane, Low Dutch,
Italian, or French, let him ſpeak to me,
I'll diſcover that which ſhall undo the Florentine.

Inter. Boſkos vauvado; I underſtand thee, and can ſpeak thy tongue; *Kerelybonto,* ——Sir, betake thee to thy faith, for ſeventeen poniards are at thy boſom.

Par. Oh!

Int. Oh, pray, pray, pray.
Manca ravancha dulche,
Lord. Ofceoribi dulchos volivorco.

Int. The general is content to ſpare thee yet;
And, hoodwink'd as thou art, will lead thee on
To gather from thee. Haply thou may'ſt inform
Something to ſave thy life.

Par. Oh let me live,
And all the ſecrets of our camp I'll ſhew;
Their force, their purpoſes: nay, I'll ſpeak that
Which you will wonder at.

Int. But wilt thou faithfully?

Par. If I do not, damn me.

Int. Acordo linta.
Come on, thou art granted ſpace. [*Exit.*

[*A ſhort alarum within.*

Lord. Go, tell the Count Rouſillon and my brother,
We've caught the woodcock, and will keep him muffled
Till we do hear from them.

Sol. Captain, I will.

Lord. He will betray us all unto ourſelves,
Inform 'em that.

Sol. So I will, Sir.

Lord. Till then I'll keep him dark and ſafely lock'd.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to the widow's houſe.*

Enter Bertram and Diana.

Ber. They told me that your name was Fontibell.

Dia. No, my good Lord, *Diana.*
Ber. Titled goddeſs,
And worth it with addition! but, fair ſoul,
In your fine frame hath love no quality?
If the quick fire of youth light not your mind,
You are no maiden, but a monument.
When you are dead, you ſhould be ſuch a one
As you are now, for you are cold and ſtern;
And now you ſhould be as your mother was,
When your ſweet ſelf was got.
Dia. She then was honeſt.
Ber. So ſhould you be.
Dia. No.
My mother did but duty: ſuch, my Lord,
As you owe to your wife.
Ber. No more o' that!
I pr'ythee do not ſtrive againſt my vows:
I was compell'd to her; but I love thee
By love's own ſweet conſtraint, and will for ever
Do thee all rights of ſervice.
Dia. Ay, ſo you ſerve us,
Till we ſerve you: but when you have our roſes,
You barely leave our thorns to prick ourſelves,
And mock us with our bareneſs.
Ber. How have I ſworn!
Dia. 'Tis not the many oaths that make the truth
But the plain ſingle vow, that is vow'd true;
What is not holy that we ſwear, not 'bides;——
But take the High'ſt to witneſs; then, pray tell me,
If I ſhould ſwear by Jove's great attributes
I lov'd you dearly, would you believe my oaths,
When I did love you ill? This has no holding,
To ſwear by him whom I proteſt to love,
That I will work againſt him. Therefore your oath
Are words, and poor conditions but unſeal'd;
At leaſt, in my opinion.
Ber. Change it, change it:
Be not ſo holy-cruel. Love is holy,
And my integrity ne'er knew the crafts
That you do charge men with: ſtand no more off,
But give thyſelf unto my ſick deſires,
Which then recover. Say, thou art mine; and ev

My love, as it begins, ſhall ſo perſevere.
Dia. I ſee that men make hopes in ſuch affairs
That we'll forſake ourſelves. Give me that ring.
Ber. I'll lend it thee, my dear, but have no power
To give it from me.
Dia. Will you not, my Lord?
Ber. It is an honour 'longing to our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i' th' world
In me to loſe.
Dia. Mine honour's ſuch a ring;
My chaſtity's the jewel of our houſe,
Bequeathed down from many anceſtors;
Which were the greateſt obloquy i' th' world
In me to loſe. Thus your own proper wiſdom
Brings in the champion honour on my part,
Againſt your vain aſſault.
Ber. Here, take my ring.
My houſe, my honour, yea, my life, be thine,
And I'll be bid by thee.
Dia. When midnight comes, knock at my chamber-window;
I'll order take my mother ſhall not hear.
Now will I charge you in the band of truth,
When you have conquer'd my yet maiden-bed.
Remain there but an hour, nor ſpeak to me.
My reaſons are moſt ſtrong, and you ſhall know them,
When back again this ring ſhall be deliver'd;
And on your finger, in the night, I'll put
Another ring, that, what in time proceeds,
May token to the future our paſt deeds.
Adieu, till then; then, fail not: you have won
A wife of me, tho' there my hope be done.
Ber. A heav'n on earth I've won by wooing thee.
[*Exit.*
Dia. For which live long to thank both heav'n and me.
You may ſo in the end.—
My mother told me juſt how he would woo,
As if ſhe ſat in's heart; ſhe ſays, all men
Have the like oaths: he had ſworn to marry me,
When his wife's dead: therefore I'll lie with him
When I am buried. Since Frenchmen are ſo braid,
Marry 'em that will, I'd live and die a maid;

Only,

Only, in this diſguiſe, I think't no ſin
To cozen him that would unjuſtly win. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Changes to the French camp in Florence.*

Enter the two French Lords, and two or three ſoldiers.

1 *Lord.* You have not given him his mother's letter?

2 *Lord.* I have deliver'd it an hour ſince; there is ſomething in't that ſtings his nature; for, on the reading it, he chang'd almoſt into another man.

1 *Lord.* He has much worthy blame laid upon him for ſhaking off ſo good a wife, and ſo ſweet a lady.

2 *Lord.* Eſpecially he hath incurred the everlaſting diſpleaſure of the King, who had even tun'd his bounty to ſing happineſs to him. I will tell you a thing, but you ſhall let it dwell darkly with you.

1 *Lord.* When you have ſpoken it, 'tis dead, and I am the grave of it.

2 *Lord.* He hath perverted a young gentlewoman here in Florence, of a moſt chaſte renown; and this night he fleſhes his will in the ſpoil of her honour: he hath given her his monumental ring, and thinks himſelf made in the unchaſte compoſition.

1 *Lord.* Now God delay our rebellion; as we are ourſelves, what things are we!

2 *Lord.* Merely our own traitors; and as, in the common courſe of all treaſons we ſtill ſee them reveal themſelves, till they attain to their abhorr'd ends; ſo he that in this action contrives againſt his own nobility, in his proper ſtream o'erflows himſelf.

1 *Lord.* Is it not meant damnable in us to be the trumpeters of our unlawful intents? we ſhall not then have his company to-night?

2 *Lord.* Not till after midnight; for he is dieted to his hour.

1 *Lord.* That approaches apace. I would gladly have him ſee his company anatomiz'd, that he might take a meaſure of his own judgment, wherein ſo curiouſly he had ſet this counterfeit.

2 *Lord.* We will not meddle with him till he come; for his preſence muſt be the whip of the other.

1 Lor

1 *Lord.* In the mean time, what hear you of theſe wars?

2 *Lord.* I hear there is an overture of peace.

1 *Lord.* Nay, I aſſure you a peace concluded.

2 *Lord.* What will Count Rouſillon do then? will he travel higher, or return again into France?

1 *Lord.* I perceive by this demand, you are not altogether of his council.

2 *Lord.* Let it be forbid, Sir! ſo ſhould I be a great deal of his act.

1 *Lord.* Sir, his wife ſome two months ſince fled from his houſe, her pretence is a pilgrimage to St. Jaques le grand: which holy undertaking, with moſt auſtere ſanctimony, ſhe accompliſh'd; and there reſiding, the tenderneſs of her nature became as a prey to her grief; in fine, made a groan of her laſt breath, and now ſhe ſings in heaven.

2 *Lord.* How is this juſtified?

1 *Lord.* The ſtronger part of it by her own letters, which makes her ſtory true, even to the point of her death; her death itſelf (which could not be her office to ſay is come) was faithfully confirm'd by the rector of the place.

2 *Lord.* Hath the Count all this intelligence?

1 *Lord.* Ay, and the particular confirmations, point from point, to the full arming of the verity.

2 *Lord.* I am heartily ſorry that he'll be glad of this.

1 *Lord.* How mightily ſometimes we make us comforts of our loſſes!

2 *Lord.* And how mightily ſome other times we drown our gain in tears! the great dignity that his valour hath here acquired for him, ſhall at home be encounter'd with a ſhame as ample.

1 *Lord.* The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together; our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our crimes would deſpair, if they were not cheriſh'd by our virtues.

Enter a Servant.

How now? where's your maſter?

Ser. He met the Duke in the ſtreet, Sir, of whom he hath taken a *ſolemn* leave: his Lordſhip will next morning

morning for France. The Duke hath offer'd him l
of commendations to the King.

2 *Lord.* They ſhall be no more than needful the
they were more than they can commend.

SCENE IV. *Enter Bertram.*

1 *Lord.* They cannot be too ſweet for the K
tartneſs. Here's his Lordſhip now. How now,
Lord, is't not after midnight?

Ber. I have to-night diſpatch'd ſixteen buſineſſe
month's length a-piece, by an abſtract of ſucceſs; I
congied with the Duke, done my adieu with his nea
buried a wife, mourn'd for her; writ to my lady mo
I am returning; entertained my convoy: and, bet
theſe main parcels of diſpatch, effected many nicer ne
the laſt was the greateſt, but that I have not ended ye

2 *Lord.* If the buſineſs be of any difficulty, and
morning your departure hence, it requires haſte to
Lordſhip.

Ber. I mean, the buſineſs is not ended, as fearin
hear of it hereafter. But ſhall we have this dial
between the fool and the ſoldier? Come, bring
this counterfeit medal: h'as deceiv'd me, like a do
meaning propheſier.

2 *Lord.* Bring him forth; h'as ſat in the ſtock
night, poor gallant knave.

Ber. No matter; his heels have deſerv'd it, in u
ing his ſpurs ſo long. How does he carry himſelf?

1 *Lord.* I have told your worſhip already: the ſt
carry him. But to anſwer you as you would be u
ſtood, he weeps like a wench that had ſhed her milk
hath confeſs'd himſelf to Morgan, whom he ſuppoſe
be a friar, from the time of his remembrance, to this
inſtant diſaſter of his ſetting i' th' ſtocks; and w
think you, he hath confeſs'd?

Ber. Nothing of me, has he?

2 *Lord.* His confeſſion is taken, and it ſhall be re
his face: if your Lordſhip be in't, as I believe you
you muſt have the patience to hear it.

SCENE V.

Enter Parolles, with his Interpreter.

Ber. A plague upon him, muffled! he can ſay nothing of me; huſh! huſh!

1 *Lord.* Hoodman comes: *Portotartaroſſa.*

Int. He calls for the tortures; what will you ſay without 'em?

Par. I will confeſs what I know without conſtraint; if ye pinch me like a paſty, I can ſay no more.

Int. Boſko chimurcho.

2 *Lord. Biblibindo chicurmurco.*

Int. You are a merciful General: our General bids you anſwer to what I ſhall aſk you out of a note.

Par. And truly, as I hope to live.

Int. Firſt demand of him how many horſe the Duke is ſtrong. What ſay you to that?

Par. Five or ſix thouſand, but very weak and unſerviceable. The troops are all ſcatter'd, and the commanders very poor rogues, upon my reputation and credit, and as I hope to live.

Int. Shall I ſet down your anſwer ſo?

Par. Do; I'll take the ſacrament on't, how and which way you will: all's one to me.

Ber. What a paſt-ſaving ſlave is this!

1 *Lord.* Y'are deceiv'd, my Lord; this is Monſieur Parolles, the gallant militariſt, that was his own phraſe, that had the whole theory of war in the knot of his ſcarf, and the practice in the chape of his dagger.

2 *Lord.* I will never truſt a man again for keeping his ſword clean; nor believe he can have every thing in him, by wearing his apparel neatly.

Int. Well, that's ſet down.

Par. Five or ſix thouſand horſe I ſaid (I will ſay true) *or thereabouts*, ſet down, for I'll ſpeak truth.

1 *Lord.* He's very near the truth in this.

Ber. But I con him no thanks for't in the nature he delivers it.

Par. Poor rogues, I pray you, ſay.

Int. Well, that's ſet down.

Par.

Par. I humbly thank you, Sir: a truth's a truth, the rogues are marvellous poor.

Int. Demand of him of what ſtrength they are afoot, What ſay you to that?

Par. By my troth, Sir, if I were to live this preſent hour, I will tell true. Let me ſee; Spurio a hundred and fifty, Sebaſtian ſo many, Corambus ſo many, Jaques ſo many; Guiltian, Coſmo, Lodowick, and Gratii, two hundred and fifty each; mine own company, Chitopher, Vaumond, Bentii, two hundred and fifty each: ſo that the muſter-file, rotten and ſound, upon my life, amounts not to fifteen thouſand poll; half of the which dare not ſhake the ſnow from off their caſſocks, leſt they ſhake themſelves to pieces.

Ber. What ſhall be done to him?

1 *Lord.* Nothing; but let him have thanks. Demand of him my conditions, and what credit I have with the Duke.

Int. Well, that's ſet down. You ſhall demand of him, whether one Captain Dumain be i' th' camp, a Frenchman: what his reputation is with the Duke, what his valour, honeſty, and expertneſs in war; or whether he thinks it were not poſſible with well weighing ſums of gold to corrupt him to a revolt. What ſay you to this? what do you know of it?

Par. I beſeech you, let me anſwer to the particular of the interrogatories. Demand them ſingly.

Int. Do you know this Captain Dumain?

Par. I know him; he was a brother's prentice in Paris, from whence he was whipp'd for getting the ſheriff's fool with child; a dumb innocent, that could not ſay him nay.

Ber. Nay, by your leave, hold your hands; though I know his brains are forfeit to the next tile that falls.

Int. Well, is this Captain in the Duke of Florence's camp?

Par. Upon my knowledge he is, and lowſy.

1 *Lord.* Nay, look not ſo upon me, we ſhall hear of your Lordſhip anon.

Int. What is his reputation with the Duke?

Par. The Duke knows him for no other but a poor officer of mine; and writ to me the other day, to turn him

him out o' th' band. I think I have his letter in my pocket.

Int. Marry, we'll ſearch.

Par. In good ſadneſs, I do not know; either it is there, or it is upon the file with the Duke's other letters in my tent.

Int. Here 'tis, here's a paper, ſhall I read it to you?

Par. I do not know if it be it or no.

Ber. Our interpreter does it well.

1 *Lord.* Excellently.

Int. Dian, the Count's a fool, and full of gold.

Par. That is not the Duke's letter, Sir; that is an advertiſement to a proper maid in Florence, one Diana, to take heed of the allurement of one Count Rouſillon, a fooliſh idle boy; but for all that very ruttiſh. I pray you, Sir, put it up again.

Int. Nay, I'll read it firſt, by your favour.

Par. My meaning in't, I proteſt, was very honeſt in the behalf of the maid; for I knew the young Count to be a dangerous and laſcivious boy, who is a whale to virginity, and devours up all the fry it finds.

Ber. Damnable! both ſides rogue.

Interpreter reads the letter.

When he ſwears oaths, bid him drop gold, and take it.
After he ſcores, he never pays the ſcore:
Half won, is match well made; match, and well make it:
He ne'er pays after debts, take it before.
And ſay, a ſoldier (Dian) told thee this:
Men are to mell with, boys are not to kiſs.
For, count of this, the Count's a fool, I know it;
Who pays before, but not when he does owe it.
Thine, as he vow'd to thee in thine ear,

PAROLLES.

Ber. He ſhall be whipp'd through the army with this rhyme in his forehead.

2 *Lord.* This is your devoted friend, Sir; the manifold linguiſt, and the armipotent ſoldier.

Ber. I could endure any thing before but a cat, and now he's a cat to me.

Int. I perceive, Sir, by the General's looks, we ſhall be fain to hang you.

Par. My life, Sir, in any caſe; not that I am afraid to die, but that my offences being many, I would repent out the remainder of nature. Let me live, Sir, in a dungeon, i' th' ſtocks, any where, ſo I may live.

Int. We'll ſee what may be done, ſo you confeſs freely; therefore, once more, to this Captain Dumain: you have anſwer'd to his reputation with the Duke, and to his valour. What is his honeſty?

Par. He will ſteal, Sir, an egg out of a cloiſter; for rapes and raviſhments he parallels Neſſus. He profeſſes no keeping of oaths; in breaking them he is ſtronger than Hercules. He will lie, Sir, with ſuch volubility, that you would think Truth were a fool: drunkenneſs is his beſt virtue, for he will be ſwine-drunk; and in his ſleep he does little harm, ſave to his bed-clothes about him; but they know his conditions, and lay him in ſtraw. I have but little more to ſay, Sir, of his honeſty; he has every thing that an honeſt man ſhould not have; what an honeſt man ſhould have, he has nothing.

1 *Lord.* I begin to love him for this.

Ber. For this deſcription of thine honeſty? a pox upon him for me, he is more and more a cat.

Int. What ſay you to his expertneſs in war?

Par. 'Faith, Sir, h'as led the drum before the Engliſh tragedians: to belie him, I will not; and more of his ſoldierſhip I know not; except in that country he had the honour to be the officer at a place there called *Mile-end*, to inſtruct for the doubling of files. I would do the man what honour I can, but of this I am not certain.

1 *Lord.* He hath out-villain'd villany ſo far, that the rarity redeems him.

Ber. A pox on him, he's a cat ſtill.

Int. His qualities being at this poor price, I need not to aſk you if gold will corrupt him to revolt.

Par. Sir, for a quart-d'ecu, he will ſell the fee-ſimple *of his ſalvation*, the inheritance of it, and cut th' entail *from all remainders*, and a perpetual ſucceſſion for it perpetually.

I

Int. What's his brother, the other Captain Dumain?

2 *Lord.* Why does he aſk him of me?

Int. What's he?

Par. E'en a crow o' th' ſame neſt; not altogether ſo great as the firſt in goodneſs, but greater a great deal in evil. He excels his brother for a coward, yet his brother is reputed one of the beſt that is. In a retreat he outruns any lacquey; marry, in coming on he has the cramp.

Int. If your life be ſaved, will you undertake to betray the Florentine?

Par. Ay, and the Captain of his Horſe, Count Rouſillon.

Int. I'll whiſper with the General, and know his pleaſure.

Par. I'll no more drumming, a plague of all drums! Only to ſeem to deſerve well, and to beguile the ſuppoſition of that laſcivious young boy the Count, have I run into danger; yet who would have ſuſpected an ambuſh where I was taken? [*Aſide.*

Int. There is no remedy, Sir, but you muſt die; the General ſays, you that have ſo traiterouſly diſcovered the ſecrets of your army, and made ſuch peſtiferous reports of men very nobly held, can ſerve the world for no honeſt uſe; therefore you muſt die. Come, headſman, off with his head.

Par. O Lord, Sir, let me live, or let me ſee my death.

Int. That ſhall you, and take your leave of all your friends. [*Unbinding him.*

So, look about you; know you any here?

Ber. Good morrow, noble Captain.

2 *Lord.* God bleſs you, Captain Parolles.

1 *Lord.* God ſave you, noble Captain.

2 *Lord.* Captain, what greeting will you to my Lord Lafeu? I am for France.

1 *Lord.* Good Captain, will you give me a copy of that ſame ſonnet you writ to Diana in behalf of the Count Rouſillon? if I were not a very coward, I'd compel it of you: but fare you well. [*Exeunt.*

Int. You are undone, Captain, all but your ſcarf; that has a knot on't yet.

Par. Who cannot be cruſh'd with a plot?

Int. If you could find out a country where but women

were that had receiv'd ſo much ſhame, you might begin an impudent nation. Fare you well, Sir; I am for France too, we ſhall ſpeak of you there. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Par. Yet am I thankful: if my heart were great,
'Twould burſt at this. Captain, I'll be no more;
But I will eat and drink, and ſleep as ſoft
As Captain ſhall. Simply the thing I am
Shall make me live: who knows himſelf a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to paſs,
That every braggart ſhall be found an aſs.
Ruſt, ſword! cool, bluſhes! and, Parolles, live
Safeſt in ſhame! being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive;
There's place and means for every man alive.
I'll after them. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to the widow's houſe at Florence.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana.

Hel. That you may well perceive I have not wrong'd
One of the greateſt in the Chriſtian world [you,
Shall be my ſurety; 'fore whoſe throne 'tis needful,
Ere I can perfect mine intents, to kneel.
Time was I did him a deſired office
Dear almoſt as his life; which gratitude
Through flinty Tartar's boſom would peep forth,
And anſwer thanks. I duly am inform'd,
His Grace is at Marſeilles, to which place
We have convenient convoy! you muſt know,
I am ſuppoſed dead; the army breaking,
My huſband hies him home; where, Heaven aiding,
And by the leave of my good Lord the King,
We'll be before our welcome.
Wid. Gentle Madam,
You never had a ſervant, to whoſe truſt
Your buſineſs was more welcome.
Hel. Nor you, Miſtreſs,

Ever

Ever a friend, whoſe thoughts more truly labour
To recompenſe your love: doubt not, but Heav'n
Hath brought me up to your daughter's dower,
As it hath fated her to be my motive *,
And helper to a huſband. But, O ſtrange men!
That can ſuch ſweet uſe make of what they hate,
When Fancy, truſting of the cozen'd thoughts,
Defiles the pitchy night; ſo luſt doth play
With what it loaths, for that which is away,
But more of this hereafter. You, Diana,
(Under my poor inſtructions,) yet muſt ſuffer
Something in my behalf.

Dia. Let death and honeſty
Go with your impoſitions, I am yours
Upon your will to ſuffer.

Hel. Yet I pray you:
But with the word the time will bring on ſummer,
When briars ſhall have leaves as well as thorns,
And be as ſweet as ſharp: we muſt away,
Our waggon is prepar'd, and time revives us;
All's well that ends well; ſtill the fine's the crown;
Whate'er the courſe, the end is the renown. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. *Changes to Rouſillon in France.*

Enter Counteſs, Lafeu, and Clown.

Laf. No, no, no; your ſon was miſled with a ſnip't-taffata fellow there, whoſe villanous ſaffron would have made all the unbak'd and doughy youth of a nation in his colour †. Your daughter-in-law had been alive at this hour; and your ſon here at home, more advantaged by the King, than by that red-tail'd humble-bee I ſpeak of.

Count. I would I had not known him! It was the death of the moſt virtuous gentlewoman that ever nature had praiſe for creating; if ſhe had partaken of my fleſh, and coſt me the deareſt groans of a mother, I could not have owed her a more rooted love.

* *Motive* for *aſſiſtant.*

† *Alluding to two faſhions* then in vogue; one of uſing yellow *ſtarch for their ruffs and bands*, the other of colouring pale with *ſaffron.*

Laf. 'Twas a good lady, 'twas a good lady. We may pick a thouſand ſallets ere we light on ſuch another herb.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, ſhe was the ſweet marjoram of the ſallet, or rather the herb of grace.

Laf. They are not ſallet-herbs, you knave, they are noſe-herbs.

Clo. I am no great Nebuchadnezzar, Sir; I have not much ſkill in graſs.

Laf. Whether doſt thou profeſs thyſelf a knave or a fool?

Clo. A fool, Sir, at a woman's ſervice; and a knave, at a man's.

Laf. Your diſtinction?

Clo. I would cozen the man of his wife, and do his ſervice.

Laf. So you were a knave at his ſervice, indeed.

Clo. And I would give his wife my folly, Sir, to do her ſervice.

Laf. I will ſubſcribe for thee, thou art both knave and fool.

Clo. At your ſervice.

Laf. No, no, no.

Clo. Why, Sir, if I cannot ſerve you, I can ſerve as great a prince as you are.

Laf. Who's that, a Frenchman?

Clo. 'Faith, Sir, he has an Engliſh name; but his phiſnomy is more honour'd in France than there*.

Laf. What prince is that?

Clo. The black prince, Sir, *alias* the prince of darkneſs, *alias* the devil.

Laf. Hold thee, there's my purſe; I give thee not this to ſeduce thee from thy maſter thou talk'ſt of, ſerve him ſtill.

Clo. I'm a woodland fellow, Sir, that always lov'd a great fire, and the maſter I ſpeak of ever keeps a good fire; but, ſure, he is the prince of the world, let his nobility remain in's court. I am for the houſe with the narrow gate, which I take to be too little for pomp to enter: ſome, that humble themſelves, may; but the many

* *Alluding* to the darker complexions of the French.

many will be too chill and tender, and they'll be for the flow'ry way that leads to the broad gate, and the great fire.

Laf. Go thy ways, I begin to be a-weary of thee, and I tell thee ſo before, becauſe I would not fall out with thee. Go thy ways, let my horſes be well looked to, without any tricks.

Clo. If I put any tricks upon 'em, they ſhall be jades' tricks, which are their own right by the law of nature.

[*Exit.*

Laf. A ſhrewd knave, and an unhappy.

Count. So he is. My Lord, that's gone, made himſelf much ſport out of him; by his authority he remains here, which he thinks is a patent for his ſaucineſs; and indeed he has no pace, but runs where he will.

Laf. I like him well, 'tis not amiſs; and I was about to tell you, ſince I heard of the good lady's death, and that my Lord your ſon was upon his return home, I moved the King my maſter to ſpeak in the behalf of my daughter; which, in the minority of them both, his Majeſty, out of a ſelf-gracious remembrance, did firſt propoſe. His Highneſs hath promiſed me to do it; and to ſtop up the diſpleaſure he hath conceived againſt your ſon, there is no fitter matter. How do's your Ladyſhip like it?

Count. With very much content, my Lord, and I wiſh it happily effected.

Laf. His Highneſs comes poſt from Marſeilles, of as able a body as when he number'd thirty; he will be here to-morrow, or I am deceiv'd by him that in ſuch intelligence hath ſeldom fail'd.

Count. It rejoices me, that hope, that I ſhall ſee him ere I die. I have letters, that my ſon will be here to-night: I ſhall beſeech your Lordſhip to remain with me till they meet together.

Laf. Madam, I was thinking with what manners I might ſafely be admitted.

Count. You need but plead your honourable priviledge.

Laf. Lady, of that I have made a bold charter; but I thank my God it holds yet.

Enter

Enter Clown.

Clo. O Madam! yonder's my Lord, your ſon, wit patch of velvet on's face; whether there be a ſcar der it, or no, the velvet knows, but 'tis a goodly patc velvet; his left cheek is a cheek of two pile and a h but his right cheek is worn bare.

Count. A ſcar nobly got, or a noble ſcar, is a g livery of honour. So belike is that.

Clo. But it is your carbonado'd face *.

Laf. Let us go ſee your ſon, I pray you: I long talk with the young noble ſoldier.

Clo. 'Faith, there's a dozen of 'em with delicate hats and moſt courteous feathers, which bow the he and nod at every man. [*Exe*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Court of France, at Marſeilles.

Enter Helena, Widow, and Diana, with two attendant

Hel. BUT this exceeding poſting day and night
Muſt wear your ſpirits low; we cannot help it.
But ſince you've made the days and nights as one,
To wear your gentle limbs in my affairs;
Be bold, you do ſo grow in my requital,
As nothing can unroot you. In happy time;—

Enter a Gentleman.

This man may help me to his Majeſty's ear,
If he would ſpend his power. God ſave you, Sir.

Gent. And you.

Hel. Sir, I have ſeen you in the court of France.

Gent. I have been ſometimes there.

Hel. I do preſume, Sir, that you are not fallen
From the report that goes upon your goodneſs;
And therefore, goaded with moſt ſharp occaſions
Which lay nice manners by, I put you to

T

* *The joke, ſuch as it is, conſiſts in the alluſion to a wou made with a carabine; arms which Henry IV. had made fam by bringing into uſe amongſt his horſe.* Mr. Warburton.

The uſe of your own virtues, for the which
I ſhall continue thankful.
Gent. What's your will?
Hel. That it will pleaſe you
To give this poor petition to the King;
And aid me with that ſtore of power you have,
To come into his preſence.
Gent. The King's not here.
Hel. Not here, Sir?
Gent. Not, indeed.
He hence remov'd laſt night, and with more haſte
Than is his uſe.
Wid. Lord, how we loſe our pains!
Hel. All's well that ends well yet,
Tho' time ſeem ſo adverſe, and means unfit.
I do beſeech you, whither is he gone?
Gent. Marry, as I take it, to Rouſillon,
Whither I'm going.
Hel. I beſeech you, Sir,
Since you are like to ſee the King before me,
Commend this paper to his gracious hand;
Which, I preſume, ſhall render you no blame,
But rather make you thank your pains for it.
I will come after you with what good ſpeed
Our means will make us means.
Gent. This I'll do for you.
Hel. And you ſhall find yourſelf to be well thank'd,
Whate'er falls more. We muſt to horſe again.
Go, go, provide. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to Rouſillon.*

Enter Clown and Parolles.

Par. Good Mr. Levatch, give my Lord Lafeu this letter; I have ere now, Sir, been better known to you, when I have held familiarity with freſher clothes; but I am now, Sir, muddied in Fortune's moat, and ſmell ſomewhat ſtrong of her ſtrong diſpleaſure.

Clo. Truly, Fortune's diſpleaſure is but ſluttiſh, if it ſmell ſo ſtrongly as thou ſpeak'ſt of: I will henceforth eat no *fiſh of Fortune's* butt'ring. Pr'ythee, allow the wind.

Par.

Par. Nay, you need not to ſtop your noſe, Sir; I ſpake but by a metaphor.

Clo. Indeed, Sir, if your metaphor ſtink, I will ſtop my noſe againſt any man's metaphor. Pr'ythee, get thee further.

Par. Pray you, Sir, deliver me this paper.

Clo. Foh! pr'ythee, ſtand away; a paper from Fortune's cloſe-ſtool, to give to a nobleman! look, here he comes himſelf.

Enter Lafeu.

Here is a pur of Fortune's, Sir, or Fortune's cat, (but not a muſk-cat,) that hath fall'n into the unclean fiſh-pond of her diſpleaſure, and, as he ſays, is muddied withal. Pray you, Sir, uſe the carp as you may; for he looks like a poor, decayed, ingenious, fooliſh, raſcally knave. I do pity his diſtreſs in my ſimilies of comfort, and leave him to your Lordſhip.

Par. My Lord, I am a man whom Fortune hath cruelly ſcratch'd.

Laf. And what would you have me to do! 'tis too late to pare her nails now. Wherein have you play'd the knave with Fortune, that ſhe ſhould ſcratch you, who of herſelf is a good lady, and would not have knaves thrive long under her? there's a *quart-d'ecu* for you: let the juſtices make you and Fortune friends; I am for other buſineſs.

Par. I beſeech your Honour to hear me one ſingle word.

Laf. You beg a ſingle penny more: come, you ſhall ha't, ſave your word.

Par. My name, my good Lord, is *Parolles*.

Laf. You beg more than one word then. Cox' my paſſion! give me your hand: how does your drum?

Par. O my good Lord, you were the firſt that found me.

Laf. Was I, in ſooth? and I was the firſt that loſt thee.

Par. It lies in you, my Lord, to bring me in ſome grace, for you did bring me out.

Laf. Out upon thee, knave! doſt thou put upon me at once both the office of God and the devil? one brings

to

thee in grace, and the other brings thee out. [*Sound trumpets.*] The King's coming, I know, by his trumpets. Sirrah, inquire further after me, I had talk of you laſt night; tho' you are a fool and a knave, you ſhall eat; go to, follow.

Par. I praiſe God for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Flouriſh. Enter King, Counteſs, Lafeu, the two French Lords, with attendants.

King. We loſt a jewel of her, our eſteem *
Was made much poorer by it; but your ſon,
As mad in folly, lack'd the ſenſe to know
Her eſtimation home.

Count. 'Tis paſt, my Liege;
And I beſeech your Majeſty to make it
Natural rebellion, done i' th' blaze of youth,
When oil and fire, too ſtrong for reaſon's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

King. My honour'd Lady,
I have forgiven and forgotten all;
Tho' my revenges were high bent upon him,
And watch'd the time to ſhoot.

Laf. This I muſt ſay,
But firſt I beg my pardon; the young Lord
Did to his Majeſty, his mother, and his lady,
Offence of mighty note; but to himſelf
The greateſt wrong of all. He loſt a wife.
Whoſe beauty did aſtoniſh the ſurvey
Of richeſt eyes; whoſe words all ears took captive,
Whoſe dear perfections, hearts that ſcorn'd to ſerve,
Humbly call'd Miſtreſs.

King. Praiſing what is loſt,
Makes the remembrance dear. Well——call him hither;
We're reconcil'd, and the firſt view ſhall kill
All repetition: let him not aſk our pardon.
The nature of his great offence is dead,
And deeper than oblivion we do bury

Th' in-

* *Eſteem is here uſed for eſtimation*, in the ſenſe of worth, eſtate.

Th' incenſing relics of it. Let him approach,
A ſtranger, no offender; and inform him,
So 'tis our will he ſhould.

Gent. I ſhall, my Liege. [*Exit.*

King. What ſays he to your daughter! Have you ſpoke?

Laf. All that he is, hath reference to your Highneſs.

King. Then ſhall we have a match. I have letters ſent me,
That ſet him high in fame.

SCENE IV. *Enter Bertram.*

Laf. He looks well on't.

King. I'm not a day of ſeaſon,
For thou may'ſt ſee a ſun-ſhine and a hail
In me at once: but to the brighteſt beams
Diſtracted clouds give way; ſo ſtand thou forth,
The time is fair again.

Ber. My high-repented blames,
Dear Sovereign, pardon to me.

King. All is whole,
Not one word more of the conſumed time,
Let's take the inſtant by the forward top;
For we are old, and on our quick'ſt decrees
Th' inaudible and noiſeleſs foot of time
Steals, ere we can effect them. You remember
The daughter of this Lord?

Ber. Admiringly, my Liege. At firſt
I ſtuck my choice upon her, ere my heart
Durſt make too bold a herald of my tongue:
Where the impreſſion of mine eye infixing,
Contempt his ſcornful perſpective did lend me,
Which warp'd the line of every other favour;
Scorch'd a fair colour, or expreſs'd it ſtol'n;
Extended or contracted all proportions
To a moſt hideous object: thence it came,
That ſhe whom all men p.ais'd, and whom myſelf,
Since I have loſt, have lov'd, was in mine eye
The duſt that did offend it.

King. Well excus'd:
That thou doſt love her, ſtrikes ſome ſcores away
From the great 'compt; but love that comes too late,

Like a remorſeful pardon ſlowly carried,
To the great ſender turns a ſour offence,
Crying, that's good that's gone: our raſh faults
Make trivial price of ſerious * things we have,
Not knowing them until we know their grave.
Oft our diſpleaſures, to ourſelves unjuſt,
Deſtroy our friends, and, after, weep their duſt;
Our own love waking cries to ſee what's done,
While ſhameful hate ſleeps out the afternoon.
Be this ſweet Helen's knell; and now forget her.
Send forth your amorous token for fair Maudlin,
The main conſents are had, and here we'll ſtay
To ſee our widower's ſecond marriage-day:

Count. Which better than the firſt, O dear Heav'n bleſs,
Or, ere they meet, in me, O Nature, ceaſe!

Laf. Come on, my ſon, in whom my houſe's name
Muſt be digeſted: give a favour from you
To ſparkle in the ſpirits of my daughter,
That ſhe may quickly come. By my old beard,
[*Bertram gives a ring.*
And every hair that's on't, Helen, that's dead,
Was a ſweet creature: ſuch a ring as this,
The laſt time e'er ſhe took her leave at court,
I ſaw upon her finger.

Ber. Hers it was not.

King. Now, pray you, let me ſee it: for mine eye,
While I was ſpeaking, oft was faſten'd to't.
This ring was mine; and, when I gave it Helen,
I bade her, if her fortunes ever ſtood
Neceſſitied to help, that by this token
I would relieve her. Had you that craft to reave her
Of what ſhould ſtead her moſt?

Ber. My gracious Sovereign,
Howe'er it pleaſes you to take it ſo,
The ring was never hers.

Count. Son, on my life,
I've ſeen her wear it, and ſhe reckon'd it
At her life's rate.

Laf. I'm ſure I ſaw her wear it.

Ber. You are deceiv'd, my Lord, ſhe never ſaw it.
In Florence was it from a caſement thrown me,
Wrapp'd

* Valuable.

Wrapp'd in a paper, which contain'd the name
Of her that threw it. Noble ſhe was, and thought
I ſtood engag'd; but when I had ſubſcrib'd
To mine own fortune, and inform'd her fully,
I could not anſwer in that courſe of honour
As ſhe had made the overture, ſhe ceas'd
In heavy ſatisfaction, and would never
Receive the ring again.

King. Plutus himſelf,
That knows the tinct and multiplying medicine,
Hath not in nature's myſtery more ſcience,
Than I have in this ring. 'Twas mine, 'twas Helen'
Whoever gave it you: then if you know,
That you are well acquainted with yourſelf,
Confeſs 'twas hers, and by what rough enforcement
You got it from her. She call'd the ſaints to ſurety
That ſhe would never put it from her finger,
Unleſs ſhe gave it to yourſelf in bed,
(Where you have never come,) or ſent it us
Upon her great diſaſter.

Ber. She never ſaw it.

King. Thou ſpeak'ſt it falſely, as I love mine hono
And mak'ſt conjectural fears to come into me,
Which I would fain ſhut out. If it ſhould prove
That thou art ſo inhuman—'twill not prove ſo—
And yet I know not—thou didſt hate her deadly,
And ſhe is dead; which nothing, but to cloſe
Her eyes myſelf, could win me to believe,
More than to ſee this ring. Take him away.
[*Guards ſeize Bert*
My forepaſt proofs, howe'er the matter fall,
Shall tax my fears of little vanity,
Having vainly fear'd too little. Away with him,
We'll ſift this matter further.

Ber. If you ſhall prove
This ring was ever hers, you ſhall as eaſy
Prove that I huſbanded her bed in Florence,
Where yet ſhe never was. [*Exit Bertram gua*

SCENE V. *Enter a gentleman.*

King. I'm wrapp'd in diſmal thinkings.

Gent. Gracious Sovereign,

Whether I've been to blame or no, I know not:
Here's a petition from a Florentine,
Who hath ſome four or five removes come ſhort
To tender it herſelf. I undertook it,
Vanquiſh'd thereto by the fair grace and ſpeech
Of the poor ſuppliant, who by this, I know,
Is here attending: her buſineſs looks in her
With an importing viſage; and ſhe told me,
In a ſweet verbal brief, it did concern
Your Highneſs with herſelf.

The King reads a letter.

Upon his many proteſtations to marry me, when his wife was dead, I bluſh to ſay it, he won me. Now is the Count Roufillon a widower, his vows are forfeited to me, and my honour's paid to him. He ſtole from Florence, taking no leave, and I follow him to this country for juſtice: grant it me, O King, in you it beſt lies; otherwiſe a ſeducer flouriſhes, and a poor maid is undone.

DIANA CAPULET.

Laf. I will buy me a ſon-in-law in a fair, and toll for him: for this, I'll none of him.

King. The heavens have thought well on thee, Lafeu,
To bring forth this diſcov'ry. Seek theſe ſuitors:
Go ſpeedily, and bring again the Count.

Enter Bertram.

I am afraid the life of Helen (Lady)
Was foully ſnatch'd.

Count. Now juſtice on the doers!

King. I wonder, Sir, wives are ſo monſtrous to you,
And that you fly them as you ſwear to them;
Yet you deſire to wed. What woman's that?

Enter Widow, and Diana.

Dia. I am, my Lord, a wretched Florentine,
Derived from the ancient Capulet;
My ſuit, as I do underſtand, you know,
And therefore know how far I may be pitied.

Wid. I am her mother, Sir, whoſe age and honour
Both ſuffer under this complaint we bring,
And both *ſhall ceaſe* without your remedy.

King. Come hither, Count? do you know theſe women?
Ber. My Lord, I neither can nor will deny
But that I know them; do they charge me further?
Dia. Why do you look ſo ſtrange upon your wife?
Ber. She's none of mine, my Lord.
Dia. If you ſhall marry,
You give away this hand, and that is mine;
You give away heav'n's vows, and thoſe are mine;
You give away myſelf, which is known mine;
For I by vow am ſo embodied yours,
That ſhe which marries you, muſt marry me,
Either both or none.
Laf. Your reputation comes too ſhort for my daughter, you are no huſband for her. [*To Bertram.*
Ber. My Lord, this is a fond and deſp'rate creature,
Whom ſometime I have laugh'd with: let your Highneſs
Lay a more noble thought upon mine honour,
Than for to think that I would ſink it here.
King. Sir, for my thoughts, you have them ill to freind,
Till your deeds gain them: fairer prove your honour,
Than in my thought it lies!
Dia. Good my Lord,
Aſk him upon his oath, if he does think
He had not my virginity.
King. What ſay'ſt thou to her?
Ber. She's impudent, my Lord;
And was a common gameſter to the camp.
Dia. He does me wrong, my Lord; if I were ſo,
He might have bought me at a common price.
Do not believe him. O, behold this ring,
Whoſe high reſpect and rich validity
Did lack a parallel: yet for all that,
He gave it to a commoner o' th' camp,
If I be one.
Count. He bluſhes, and 'tis his;
Of ſix preceding anceſtors, that gem
Conferr'd by teſtament to th' ſequent iſſue,
Hath it been ow'd and worn. This is his wife,
That ring's a thouſand proofs.
King. Methought you ſaid
You ſaw one here in court could witneſs it.
Dia. *I did,* my Lord, but loath am to produce

S.

So bad an inſtrument; his name's Parolles.
Laf. I ſaw the man to-day, if man he be.
King. Find him, and bring him hither.
Ber. What of him?
He's quoted for a moſt perfidious ſlave,
With all the ſpots o' th' world tax'd and deboſh'd,
Which nature ſickens with: but to ſpeak truth,
Am I or that or this, for what he'll utter,
That will ſpeak any thing?
King. She hath that ring of yours.
Ber. I think ſhe has; certain it is I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' th' wanton way of youth.
She knew her diſtance, and did angle for me,
Madding my eagerneſs with her reſtraint;
As all impediments in fancy's courſe
Are motives of more fancy: and, in fine,
Her inſuit coming with her modern grace,
Subdu'd me to her rate: ſhe got the ring;
And I had that, which any inferior might
At market-price have bought.
Dia. I muſt be patient:
You that turn'd off a firſt ſo noble wife,
May juſtly diet me *. I pray you yet,
(Since you lack virtue, I will loſe a huſband,)
Send for your ring, I will return it home,
And give me mine again.
Ber. I have it not.
King. What ring was yours, I pray you?
Dia. Sir, much like the ſame upon your finger.
King. Know you this ring? this ring was his of late.
Dia. And this was it I gave him, being a-bed.
King. The ſtory then goes falſe, you threw it him
Out of a caſement.
Dia. I have ſpoke the truth.

SCENE VI. *Enter Parolles.*

Ber. My Lord, I do confeſs the ring was hers.
King. You boggle ſhrewdly, every feather ſtarts you!—
Is this the man you ſpeak of?
Dia. It is, my Lord.

* *i. e. Uſe me harſhly.* A phraſe taken from the ſevere methods taken in curing the venereal diſorder.

King. Tell me, ſirrah, but tell me true, I charge you,
Not fearing the diſpleaſure of your maſter,
Which on your juſt proceeding I'll keep off;
By him and by this woman here, what know you?

Par. So pleaſe your Majeſty, my maſter hath been an honourable gentleman. Tricks he hath had in him, which Gentlemen have.

King. Come, come, to the purpoſe; did he love this woman?

Par. 'Faith, Sir, he did love her; but how?

King. How, I pray you?

Par. He did love her, Sir, as a gentleman loves a woman.

King. How is that?

Par. He lov'd her, Sir, and lov'd her not.

King. As thou art a knave, and no knave; what an equivocal companion is this?

Par. I am a poor man, and at your Majeſty's command.

Laf. He's a good drum, my Lord, but a naughty orator.

Dia. Do you know he promis'd me marriage?

Par. 'Faith, I know more than I'll ſpeak.

King. But wilt thou not ſpeak all thou know'ſt?

Par. Yes, ſo pleaſe your Majeſty. I did go between them, as I ſaid: but more than that, he lov'd her; for indeed he was mad for her, and talk'd of Satan, and of limbo, and of furies, and I know not what; yet I was in that credit with them at that time, that I knew of their going to bed, and of other motions, as promiſing her marriage, and things that would derive me ill-will to ſpeak of; therefore I will not ſpeak what I know.

King. Thou haſt ſpoken all already, unleſs thou can'ſt ſay they are married: but thou art too fine in thy evidence; therefore ſtand aſide. This ring, you ſay, was yours?

Dia. Ay, my good Lord.

King. Where did you buy it? or who gave it you?

Dia. It was not given me, nor did I buy it.

King. Who lent it you?

Dia. It was not lent me neither.

King. Where did you find it then?

Dia. I found it not.

King. If it were yours by none of all theſe ways,
How could you give it him?

Dia

Dia. I never gave it him.

Laf. This woman's an eaſy glove, my Lord, ſhe goes off and on at pleaſure.

King. This ring was mine, I gave it his firſt wife.

Dia. It might be yours, or hers, for aught I know.

King. Take her away, I do not like her now;
To priſon with her: and away with him.
Unleſs thou tell'ſt me where thou hadſt this ring,
Thou dieſt within this hour.

Dia. I'll never tell you.

King. Take her away.

Dia. I'll put in bail, my Liege.

King. I think thee now ſome common cuſtomer.

Dia. By Jove, if ever I knew man, 'twas you.

King. Wherefore haſt thou accus'd him all this while?

Dia. Becauſe he's guilty, and he is not guilty;
He knows I am no maid, and he'll ſwear to't;
I'll ſwear I am a maid, and he knows not.
Great King, I am no ſtrumpet, by my life;
I'm either maid, or elſe this old man's wife.
[*Pointing to Lafeu.*

King. She does abuſe our ears; to priſon with her.

Dia. Good mother, fetch my bail. Stay, Royal Sir.
[*Exit Widow.*
The jeweller that owes the ring is ſent for,
And he ſhall ſurety me. But for this Lord, [*To Bertram.*
Who hath abus'd me, as he knows himſelf,
Though yet he never harm'd me, here I quit him.
He knows himſelf my bed he hath defil'd,
And at that time he got his wife with child;
Dead though ſhe be, ſhe feels her young one kick:
So there's my riddle; one that's dead, is quick.
And now behold the meaning.

Enter Helena, and Widow.

King. Is there no exorciſt
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real that I ſee?

Hel. No, my good Lord,
'Tis but a ſhadow of a wife you ſee;
The name, and not the thing.

Ber. Both, both; oh, pardon!

Hel.

Hel. Oh, my good Lord, when I was like this maid,
I found you wondrous kind; there is your ring,
And look you, here's your letter. This it ſays,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child, &c. This is done.
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?

Ber. If ſhe, my Liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.

Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce ſtep between me and you!
O my dear mother, do I ſee you living? [*To the Counteſs.*

Laf. Mine eyes ſmell onions, I ſhall weep anon:
Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkerchief,
[*To Parolles.*
So, I thank thee, wait on me home. I'll make ſport
with thee: let thy courteſies alone, they are ſcurvy ones.

King. Let us from point to point this ſtory know,
To make the even truth in pleaſure flow:
If thou be'ſt yet a freſh uncropped flower, [*To Diana.*
Chuſe thou thy huſband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can gueſs, that, by thy honeſt aid,
Thou kept'ſt a wife herſelf, thyſelf a maid.
Of that and all the progreſs, more and leſs,
Reſolvedly more leiſure ſhall expreſs:
All yet ſeems well; and if it end ſo meet,
The bitter paſt, more welcome is the ſweet. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY THE KING.

The King's a beggar, now the play is done:
All is well ended, *if this ſuit be won,*
That you expreſs content; which we will pay,
With ſtrife to pleaſe you, day exceeding day;
Ours be your patience then, and yours our parts;
Your gentle hands lend us, and take our hearts.

TWELFTH

TWELFTH NIGHT;

OR,

WHAT YOU WILL.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*
Sebaſtian, *a young Gentleman, brother to Viola.*
Antonia, *a ſea-captain, friend to Sebaſtian.*
Valentine, } *Gentlemen attending*
Curio, } *on the Duke.*
Sir Toby Belch, *uncle to Olivia.*
Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, *a fooliſh knight, pretending to Olivia.*
A ſea-captain, friend to Viola.
Fabian, *ſervant to Olivia.*
Malvolio, *a fantaſtical ſteward to Olivia.*
Clown, ſervant to Olivia.
Olivia, *a lady of great beauty and fortune, beloved by the Duke.*
Viola, *in love with the Duke.*
Maria, *Olivia's woman.*
Prieſts, Sailors, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, a city on the coaſt of Illyria.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The palace.

Enter the Duke, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. "IF muſic be the food of love, play on;
" Give me exceſs of it; that, ſurfeiting
" The appetite, love may ſicken, and ſo die.
" That ſtrain again;——it had a dying fall:
" O, it came o'er my ear, like the ſweet ſouth,
" That breathes upon a bank of violets,
" Stealing, and giving odour." Enough!——no more;
'Tis not ſo ſweet now, as it was before.
O ſpirit of love, how quick and freſh art thou!
That, notwithſtanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the ſea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch ſoe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute; ſo full of ſhapes in fancy,
That it alone is high fantaſtical.

Cur.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my Lord?
Duke. What, Curio?
Cur. The hart.
Duke. Why, ſo I do, the nobleſt that I have.
O, when my eyes did ſee Olivia firſt,
Methought ſhe purg'd the air of peſtilence;
That inſtant was I turn'd into a hart,
And my deſires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er ſince purſue me. How now, what news from her?

Enter Valentine.

Val. So pleaſe my Lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this anſwer.
The element itſelf, till ſeven years hence,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloiſtreſs, ſhe will veiled walk,
And water once a-day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine; all this to ſeaſon
A brother's dead love, which ſhe would keep freſh
And laſting in her ſad remembrance.
Duke. O! ſhe that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will ſhe love, when the rich golden ſhaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections elſe
That live in her? when liver, brain, and heart,
Three ſov'reign thrones, are all ſupply'd, and fill'd,
(O ſweet perfection!) with one ſelf-ſame King!
Away before me to ſweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich, when canopy'd with bowers.
[*Exeunt*

SCENE II. *The ſtreet.*

Enter Viola, a Captain, and ſailors.

Vio. What country, friends, is this!
Cap. Illyria, Lady.
Vio. And what ſhould I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elyſium.———
Perchance he is not drown'd; what think you, ſailors?
Cap. It is perchance that you yourſelf were ſav'd.
Vio. O my poor brother! ſo perchance may he be.
Cap. True, Madam: and, to comfort you with chance
Aſſu

Aſſure yourſelf, after our ſhip did ſplit,
When you, and that poor number ſav'd with you,
Hung on our driving boat: I ſaw your brother,
Moſt provident in peril, bind himſelf
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a ſtrong maſt, that liv'd upon the ſea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I ſaw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could ſee.

Vio. For ſaying ſo, there's gold.
Mine own eſcape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy ſpeech ſerves for authority,
The like of him. Know'ſt thou this country?

Cap. Ay, Madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours travel from this very place.

Vio. Who governs here?

Cap. A noble Duke in nature, as in name.

Vio. What is his name?

Cap. *Orſino.*

Vio. *Orſino!* I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.

Cap. And ſo is now, or was ſo very late:
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 't was freſh in murmur (as you know,
What great ones do, the leſs will prattle of)
That he did ſeek the love of fair Olivia.

Vio. What's ſhe?

Cap. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a Count,
That dy'd ſome twelvemonths ſince, then leaving her
In the protection of his ſon, her brother,
Who ſhortly alſo dy'd; for whoſe dear love,
They ſay, ſhe hath abjur'd the ſight
And company of men.

Vio. O that I ſerv'd that lady,
And might not be deliver'd to the world,
Till I had made mine own occaſion mellow,
What my eſtate is!

Cap. That were hard to compaſs;
Becauſe ſhe will admit no kind of ſuit.
No, not the Duke's.

Vio. There is a fair behaviour in thee, Captain;
And tho' that nature with a beauteous wall

Doth

Doth oft close in pollution: yet of thee,
I will believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character:
I pr'ythee, and I'll pay thee bounteously,
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as, haply, shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this Duke;
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him,
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing,
And speak to him in many sorts of music,
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap, to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.

Cap. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be;
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.

Vio. I thank thee: lead me on. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *An apartment in Olivia's house.*

Enter Sir Toby, and Maria.

Sir To. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

Mar. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier a-nights; your niece, my Lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir To. Why, let her except before excepted.

Mar. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir To. Confine, I'll confine myself no finer than I am; these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too: an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Mar. That quaffing and drinking will undo you; I heard my Lady talk of it yesterday, and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir To. Who, Sir Andrew Ague-cheek?

Mar. Ay, he.

Sir To. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Mar. What's that to th' purpose?

Sir To.

Sir To. Why, he has three thouſand ducats a-year.

Mar. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all theſe ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir To. Fie, that you'll ſay ſo! he plays o' th' viol-de-gambo, and ſpeaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Mar. He hath, indeed,——almoſt natural; for beſides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the guſt he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir To. By this hand, they are ſcoundrels and ſubtractors that ſay ſo of him. Who are they?

Mar. They that add moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir To. With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to her as long as there's a paſſage in my throat, and drink in Illyria. He's a coward, and a coyſtril, that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' th' toe like a pariſh-top. What, wench? *Caſtiliano volto**; for here comes Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

SCENE IV. *Enter Sir Andrew.*

Sir And. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch?

Sir To. Sweet Sir Andrew!

Sir And. Bleſs you, fair ſhrew.

Mar. And you too, Sir.

Sir To. Accoſt, Sir Andrew, accoſt.——

Sir And. What's that?

Sir To. My niece's chambermaid.

Sir And. Good Miſtreſs Accoſt, I deſire better acquaintance.

Mar. My name is *Mary*, Sir.

Sir And. Good Miſtreſs Mary Accoſt,——

Sir To. You miſtake, Knight: *Accoſt* is, front her, board her, woo her, aſſail her.

* *In Engliſh, Put on your* Caſtilian countenance; *that is, your own ſolemn looks.*

Sir And. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that the meaning of *accoſt?*

Mar. Fare you well, Gentlemen.

Sir To. An thou let her part ſo, Sir Andrew, would thou might'ſt never draw ſword again.

Sir And. An you part ſo, Miſtreſs, I would I might never draw ſword again. Fair Lady, do you think you have fools in hand?

Mar. Sir, I have not you by th' hand.

Sir And. Marry, but you ſhall have, and here's my hand.

Mar. Now, Sir, thought is free. I pray you, bring your hand to th' buttery-bar, and let it drink.

Sir And. Wherefore, ſweet heart? what's your metaphor?

Mar. It's dry, Sir.

Sir And. Why, I think ſo: I am not ſuch an aſs, but I can keep my hand dry. But what's your jeſt?

Mar. A dry jeſt, Sir.

Sir And. Are you full of them?

Mar. Ay, Sir, I have them at my finger's ends: marry, now I let your hand go, I am barren.

[*Exit Maria.*

Sir To. O Knight, thou lack'ſt a cup of canary: when did I ſee thee ſo put down?

Sir And. Never in your life, I think, unleſs you ſee canary put me down: methinks ſometimes I have no more wit than a Chriſtian, or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No queſtion.

Sir And. An I thought that, I'd forſwear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby.

Sir To. Pourquoy, my dear Knight?

Sir And. What is *Pourquoy?* do, or not do? I would I had beſtowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O had I but followʼd the arts!

Sir To. Then hadſt thou an excellent head of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair?

Sir To. Paſt queſtion; for thou ſeeſt it will not curl *by nature.*

Sir *And*

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent! it hangs like flax on a diſtaff; and I hope to ſee a houſewife take thee between her legs, and ſpin it off.

Sir And. 'Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby; your niece will not be ſeen; or, if ſhe be, it's four to one ſhe'll none of me: the Duke himſelf here, hard by, wooes her.

Sir To. She'll none o' th' Duke: ſhe'll not match above her degree, neither in eſtate, years, nor wit; I have heard her ſwear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll ſtay a month longer. I am a fellow o' th' ſtrangeſt mind i' th' world. I delight in maſks and revels ſometimes altogether.

Sir To. Art thou good at theſe kickſhaws, Knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatſoever he be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not compare with an old man.

Sir To. What, is thy excellence in a galliard, Knight?

Sir And. 'Faith, I can cut a caper.

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick, ſimply as ſtrong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are theſe things hid? wherefore have theſe gifts a curtain before them? are they like to take duſt, like Miſtreſs Mall's picture? Why doſt thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk ſhould be a jig! I would not ſo much as make water, but in a cinque-pace. What doſt thou mean? it is a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent conſtitution of thy leg, it was form'd under the ſtar of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, tis ſtrong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colour'd ſtocking. Shall we ſet about ſome revels?

Sir To. What ſhall we do elſe? were we not born under Taurus?

Sir And. Taurus? that's ſides and heart.

Sir To. No, Sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me ſee thee caper; ha! higher: ha, ha!——excellent.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to the palace.*

Enter Valentine, and Viola in man's attire.

Val. If the Duke continue theſe favours towards you, Ceſario, you are like to be much advanc'd; he hath known you but three days, and already you are no ſtranger.

Vio. You either fear his humour, or my negligence, that you call in queſtion the continuance of his love. Is he inconſtant, Sir, in his favours?

Val. No, believe me.

Enter Duke, Curio, and attendants.

Vio. I thank you. Here comes the Duke.

Duke. Who ſaw Ceſario, hoa?

Vio. On your attendance, my Lord, here.

Duke. Stand you a while aloof.——Ceſario,
Thou know'ſt no leſs, but all: I have unclaſp'd
To thee the book even of my ſecret ſoul.
Therefore, good youth, addreſs thy gate unto her;
Be not deny'd acceſs; ſtand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixed foot ſhall grow,
Till thou have audience.

Vio. Sure, my noble Lord,
If ſhe be ſo abandon'd to her ſorrow
As it is ſpoke, ſhe never will admit me.

Duke. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds,
Rather than make unprofited return.

Vio. Say, I do ſpeak with her, my Lord; what then?

Duke. O, then, unfold the paſſion of my love;
Surpriſe her with diſcourſe of my dear faith;
It ſhall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth,
Than in a nuncio of more grave aſpect,

Vio. I think not ſo, my Lord.

Duke. Dear lad, believe it:
For they ſhall yet belie thy happy years,
That ſay thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more ſmooth and rubious; thy ſmall pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, ſhrill, and ſound,
And all is ſemblative a woman's part.

I know

I know thy conſtellation is right apt
For this affair: ſome four or five attend him;
All, if you will; for I myſelf am beſt
When leaſt in company. Proſper well in this,
And thou ſhalt live as freely as thy Lord,
To call his fortunes thine.
Vio. I'll do my beſt
To woo your Lady; yet a barrful ſtrife!
Whoe'er I woo, myſelf would be his wife. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to Olivia's houſe.*

Enter Maria and Clown.

Mar. Nay, either tell me where thou haſt been, or I will not open my lips ſo wide as a briſtle may enter in way of thy excuſe; my Lady will hang thee for thy abſence.

Clo. Let her hang me; he that is well hang'd in this world, needs fear no colours.

Mar. Make that good.

Clo. He ſhall ſee none to fear.

Mar. A good lenten anſwer. I can tell thee where that ſaying was born, of *I fear no colours.*

Clo. Where, good Miſtreſs Mary?

Mar. In the wars; and that may you be bold to ſay in your foolery.

Clo. Well, God give them wiſdom that have it; and thoſe that are fools, let them uſe their talents.

Mar. Yet you will be hang'd for being ſo long abſent, or be turn'd away; is not that as good as a hanging to you?

Clo. Marry, a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and for turning away, let ſummer bear it out.

Mar. You are reſolute, then?

Clo. Not ſo neither; but I am reſolv'd on two points.

Mar. That if one break, the other will hold; or if both break, your gaſkins fall.

Clo. Apt, in good faith; very apt: well, go thy way; if *Sir Toby would* leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of *Eve's fleſh* as any in Illyria.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my Lady; make your excuſe wiſely, you were beſt.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VII. *Enter Olivia, and Malvolio.*

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into a good fooling! Thoſe wits that think they have thee, do very often prove fools; and that I am ſure I lack thee, may paſs for a wiſe man. For what ſays Quinapalus? Better be a witty fool than a fooliſh wit. God bleſs thee, Lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? take away the Lady.

Oli. Go to, y'are a dry fool; I'll no more of you; beſides, you grow diſhoneſt.

Clo. Two faults, Madona, that drink and good counſel will amend; for give the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry. Bid the diſhoneſt man mend himſelf; if he mend, he is no longer diſhoneſt; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended, is but patch'd: virtue that tranſgreſſes, is but patch'd with ſin, and ſin that amends, is but patch'd with virtue. If that this ſimple ſyllogiſm will ſerve, ſo; if it will not, what remedy? as there is no true cuckold but calamity, ſo beauty's a flower: the Lady bade take away the fool; therefore I ſay again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take away you.

Clo. Miſpriſion in the higheſt degree.——Lady, *Cucullus non facit monachum;* that's as much as to ſay, I wear not motley in my brain. Good Madona, give me leave to prove you a fool.

Oli. Can you do it!

Clo. Dexterouſly, good Madona.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I muſt catechiſe you for it, Madona; good my mouſe of virtue, anſwer me.

Oli. Well, Sir, for want of other idleneſs, I'll bide your proof.

Clo. Good Madona, why mourn'ſt thou?

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his ſoul is in hell, Madona.

Oli. I know his ſoul is in heav'n, fool.

Clo. The more fool you, Madona, to mourn for your brother's ſoul being in heav'n. Take away the fool, Gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend?

Mal. Yes, and ſhall do, till the pangs of death ſhake him. Infirmity, that decays the wiſe, doth ever make better the fool.

Clo. God ſend you, Sir, a ſpeedy infirmity, for the better increaſing your folly! Sir Toby will be ſworn that I am no fox; but he will not paſs his word for two-pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How ſay you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your Ladyſhip takes delight in ſuch a barren raſcal. I ſaw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool, that has no more brain than a ſtone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unleſs you laugh and miniſter occaſion to him, he is gagg'd. I proteſt, I take theſe wiſe men that crow ſo at theſe ſet kind of fools, no better than the fools' Zanies.

Oli. O, you are ſick of ſelf-love, Malvolio, and taſte with a diſtemper'd appetite. To be generous, guiltleſs, and of free diſpoſition, is to take thoſe things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets: there is no ſlander in an allow'd fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known diſcreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now, Mercury endue thee with pleaſing, for thou ſpeak'ſt well of fools!

Enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much deſires to ſpeak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orſino, is it?

Mar. I know not, Madam; 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay?

Mar. Sir Toby, Madam, your uncle.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you; he ſpeaks nothing but madman: fie on him! Go you, Malvolio; if it be a ſuit from the Count, I am ſick, or not at home: what you will, to diſmiſs it. [*Exit Malvolio.*] Now, you

you ſee, Sir, how your fooling grows old, and people diſlike it.

Clo. Thou haſt ſpoke for us, Madona, as if thy eldeſt ſon ſhould be a fool: whoſe ſcull Jove cram with brains, for here comes one of thy kin has a moſt weak *pia mater!*———

SCENE VIII. *Enter Sir Toby.*

Oli. By mine honour, half drunk. What is he at the gate, uncle?

Sir To. A gentleman.

Oli. A gentleman? what gentleman?

Sir To 'Tis a gentleman-heir,——A plague o' theſe pickle herring! how now, ſot?

Clo. Good Sir Toby,———

Oli. Uncle, uncle, how have you come ſo early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Letchery? I defy letchery. There's one at the gate.

Oli. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil an he will, I care not: give me faith, ſay I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.*

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drown'd man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool, the ſecond mads him, and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and ſeek the coroner, and let him ſit o' my uncle: for he's in the third degree of drink; he's drown'd: go, look after him.

Clo. He is but mad yet, Madona, and the fool ſhall look to the madman. [*Exit Clown.*

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow ſwears he will ſpeak with you. I told him you were ſick; he takes on him to underſtand ſo much, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. I told him you were aſleep; he ſeems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to ſpeak with you. What is to be ſaid to him, Lady? he's fortified againſt any denial.

Oli. Tell him he ſhall not ſpeak with me.

Mal. He has been told ſo; and he ſays, he'll ſtand

at your door like a ſheriff's poſt *, and be the ſupporter to a bench, but he'll ſpeak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind.

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manners; he'll ſpeak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what perſonage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a ſquaſh is before 'tis a peaſcod, or a codling when 'tis almoſt an apple: 'tis with him in ſtanding water, between boy and man. He is very well favoured, and he ſpeaks very ſhrewiſhly; one would think his mother's milk were ſcarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach: call in my gentlewoman.

Mal Gentlewoman, my Lady calls. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX. *Enter Maria.*

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face; We'll once more hear Orſino's embaſſy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable lady of the houſe, which is ſhe?

Oli. Speak to me, I ſhall anſwer for her: your will?

Vio. Moſt radiant, exquiſite, and unmatchable beauty ——I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the houſe, for I never ſaw her. I would be loath to caſt away my ſpeech; for, beſides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me ſuſtain no ſcorn; I am very comptible †, even to the leaſt ſiniſter uſage.

Oli. Whence came you, Sir?

Vio. I can ſay little more than I have ſtudied, and that queſtion's out of my part. Good gentle one, give me

* Heretofore all proclamations by the King, all appointments of the rates of wages by the juſtices of peace, and other things of the like nature, were ſent to the ſheriff of each county, who was obliged to promulgate them, not only by cauſing them to be read in every market-town, but by affixing them to ſome convenient place within it: *for which purpoſe* great poſts or pillars were erected in each ſuch *town, and theſe* were called *ſheriff's poſts*.

† *Comptible*, for ready to call to account.

me modeſt aſſurance, if you be the lady of the houſe, that I may proceed in my ſpeech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice, I ſwear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the houſe?

Oli. If I do not uſurp myſelf, I am.

Vio. Moſt certain, if you are ſhe, you do uſurp yourſelf; for what is yours to beſtow, is not yours to reſerve. But this is from my commiſſion. I will on with my ſpeech in your praiſe, and then ſhew you the heart of my meſſage.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praiſe.

Vio. Alas, I took great pains to ſtudy it, and 'tis poetical.

Oli. It is the more like to be feign'd. I pray you keep it in. I heard you were ſaucy at my gates; and I allow'd your approach, rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reaſon, be brief: 'tis not that time of the moon with me, to make one in ſo ſkipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoiſt ſail, Sir, here lies your way.

Vio. No, good ſwabber, I am to hull here a little longer. Some mollification for your giant, ſweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a meſſenger.

Oli. Sure you have ſome hideous matter to deliver, when the courteſy of it is ſo fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation of homage; I hold the olive in my hand; my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeneſs that hath appear'd in me, have I learn'd from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as ſecret as maiden-head; to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone. [*Exit Maria.*] We will hear this divinity. Now, Sir, what is your text?

Vio. Moſt ſweet lady,——

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be ſaid of . Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orſino's boſom.

Oli. In his boſom! in what chapter of his boſom?

Vio. To anſwer by the method, in the firſt of his eart.

Oli. O, I have read it; it is hereſy. Have you no ore to ſay?

Vio. Good Madam, let me ſee your face.

Oli. Have you any commiſſion from your Lord to negotiate with my face; you are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain, and ſhew you the picture. Look you, Sir, ſuch a one I wear this preſent; is't not well done? [*Unveiling.*

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in-grain, Sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whoſe red and white,
Nature's own ſweet and cunning hand laid on.
Lady, you are the cruell'ſt ſhe alive,
If you will lead theſe graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, Sir, I will not be ſo hard-hearted: I will give out divers ſchedules of my beauty. It ſhall be inventoried, and every particle and utenſil labell'd to my will, As, *Item*, Two lips indifferent red. *Item*, Two gray eyes, with lids to them. *Item*, One neck, one chin, and ſo forth. Were you ſent hither to praiſe me?

Vio. I ſee what you are; you are too proud;
But if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and maſter loves you: O, ſuch love
Could be but recompens'd, tho' you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Oli. How does he love me?

Vio. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with ſighs of fire.

Oli. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him;
Yet I ſuppoſe him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great eſtate, of freſh and ſtainleſs youth;
In voices well divulg'd; free, learn'd, and valiant;
And *in dimenſion*, and the ſhape of nature,

A gracious perſon; but yet I cannot love him:
He might have took his anſwer long ago.
Vio. If I did love you in my maſter's flame,
With ſuch a ſuff'ring, ſuch a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no ſenſe:
I would not underſtand it.
Oli. Why, what would you do?
Vio. Make me a willow cabbin at your gate,
And call upon my ſoul within the houſe;
Write royal canto's of contemned love,
And ſing them loud even in the dead of night:
Hollow your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling goſſip of the air
Cry out, *Olivia!* O, you ſhould not reſt
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you ſhould pity me.
Oli. You might do much:
What is your parentage?
Vio. Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a gentleman.
Oli. Get you to your Lord;
I cannot love him: let him ſend no more;
Unleſs, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it; fare you well:
I thank you for your pains; ſpend this for me.
Vio. I am no fee'd poſt, Lady; keep your purſe:
My maſter, not myſelf, lacks recompence.
Love make his heart of flint that you ſhall love,
And let your fervour, like my maſter's, be
Plac'd in contempt! farewell, fair cruelty. [*I*
Oli. What is your parentage?
Above my fortunes, yet my ſtate is well:
I am a gentleman ——I'll be ſworn thou art.
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and ſpirit,
Do give thee fivefold blazon——Not too faſt—ſoft! ſ
Unleſs the maſter were the man.——How now?
Even ſo quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfections,
With an inviſible and ſubtile ſtealth,
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be——
What ho, Malvolio,——

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. Here, Madam, at your ſervice.

Oli. Run after that ſame peeviſh meſſenger,
The Duke's man; he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him: I'll none of it.
Deſire him not to flatter with his Lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes; I am not for him:
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reaſons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*

Oli. I do I know not what; and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind:
Fate, ſhew thy force; ourſelves we do not owe;
What is decreed, muſt be; and be this ſo! [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The ſtreet.

Enter Antonio, and Sebaſtian.

Ant. WILL you ſtay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no: my ſtars ſhine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, diſtemper yours; therefore I ſhall crave of you your leave, that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompence for your love, to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you, whither you are bound.

Seb. No, ſooth, Sir; my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy: but I perceive in you ſo excellent a touch of modeſty, that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore it charges me in manners the rather to expreſs myſelf. You muſt know of me then, Antonio, my name is *Sebaſtian;* which I call'd *Rodorigo;* my father was that *Sebaſtian* of *Meſſaline.* whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him, myſelf, and a ſiſter, both born in one hour: if the *heav'ns had* been pleas'd, would we had ſo ended! but

but you, Sir, alter'd that; for, ſome hours b
you took me from the breach of the ſea, was my
drown'd.

Ant. Alas, the day!

Seb. A lady, Sir, tho' it was ſaid ſhe much
ſembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful;
tho' I could not [with ſuch eſtimable wonder *] c
far believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publiſh
ſhe bore a mind that envy could not but call fair:
is drown'd already, Sir, with ſalt water, tho' I ſeen
drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, Sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio, forgive me your trouble.

Ant. If you will not murther me for my love, let
be your ſervant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done,
is, kill him whom you have recover'd, deſire it
Fare you well at once; my boſom is full of kindı
and I am yet ſo near the manners of my mother,
upon the leaſt occaſion more, mine eyes will tell
of me. I am bound to the Duke Orſino's court;
well. [

Ant. The gentleneſs of all the gods go with thee!
I have made enemies in Orſino's court,
Elſe would I very ſhortly ſee thee there:
But come what may, I do adore thee ſo,
The danger ſhall ſeem ſport, and I will go. [

SCENE II.

Enter Viola, and Malvolio, at ſeveral doors.

Mal. Were not you e'en now with the Cour
Olivia?

Vio. Even now, Sir; on a moderate pace I
ſince arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, Sir; you mi
have ſaved me my pains, to have taken it away y
ſelf. She adds, moreover, that you ſhould put y
Lord into a deſperate aſſurance ſhe will none
him: and one thing more, that you be never
hardy to come again in his affairs, unleſs it be to re
your Lord's taking of this: receive it ſo.

* This is an interpolation of the players.

Vio. She took the ring of me, I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, Sir, you peeviſhly threw it to her, and r will is, it ſhould be ſo return'd: if it be worth ſtoop- g for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that ds it. [*Exit.*

Vio. I left no ring with her; what means this lady? ortune forbid my outſide have not charm'd her! he made good view of me; indeed, ſo much, hat ſure methought her eyes had croſs'd her tongue; or ſhe did ſpeak in ſtarts diſtractedly. he loves me, ſure; the cunning of her paſſion nvites me in this churliſh meſſenger. one of my Lord's ring; why, he ſent her none. am the man—If it be ſo, (as 'tis;) poor lady, ſhe were better love a dream. Diſguiſe, I ſee thou art a wickedneſs, Wherein the pregnant enemy does much. How eaſy is it, for the proper falſe n womens' waxen heart to ſet their forms! Alas, our frailty is the cauſe, not we, or ſuch as we are made, if ſuch we be. How will this fadge? my maſter loves her dearly, And I, poor monſter, fond as much on him; And ſhe, miſtaken, ſeems to doat on me. What will become of this! as I am man, My ſtate is deſperate for my maſter's love; As I am woman, (now, alas the day!) What thriftleſs ſighs ſhall poor Olivia breathe? O time, thou muſt untangle this, not I; t is too hard a knot for me t' untie. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *Changes to Olivia's houſe.*

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed af- r midnight, is to be up betimes; and *diluculo ſurgere,* ou know'ſt,——

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not: but I know, o be up late, is to be up late.

Sir To. A falſe concluſion: I hate it, as an unfill'd an; to be up after midnight, and to go to bed then, *early; ſo that* to go to bed after midnight, is to go

to bed betimes. Does not our life conſiſt of the four elements?

Sir. And. 'Faith, ſo they ſay: but I think it rather conſiſts of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Th'art a ſcholar, let us therefore eat and drink. Maria! I ſay!——a ſtoop of wine.

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts? did you never ſee the picture of we three?

Sir To. Welcome, aſs, now let's have a catch.

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breaſt. I had rather than forty ſhillings I had ſuch a leg, and ſo ſweet a breath to ſing, as the fool has. In ſooth, thou waſt in very gracious fooling laſt night, when thou ſpok'ſt of *Pigrogromitus*, of the *Vapians* paſſing the equinoctial of *Queubus:* 'twas very good, i' faith: I ſent thee ſixpence for thy lemon; hadſt it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity *; for Malvolio's noſe is no whip-ſtock. My Lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houſes.

Sir And. Excellent: why, this is the beſt fooling, when all is done. Now, a ſong——

Sir To. Come on, there's ſixpence for you. Let's have a ſong.

Sir And. There's a teſtril of me too; if one Knight give a——

Clo. Would you have a love-ſong, or a ſong of good life?

Sir To. A love-ſong, a love-ſong.

Sir And. Ay, ay, I care not for good life.

Clown Sings.

O miſtreſs mine, where are you roaming?
O ſtay and hear, your true love's coming,
That can ſing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty ſweeting;
Journey's end in lover's meeting,
Every wiſe man's ſon doth know.

Sir And.

* He means to ſay, *impocket thy gratuity.*

Sir And. Excellent good, i'faith!
Sir To. Good, good.

Clo. What is love? 'tis not hereafter:
Preſent mirth hath preſent laughter:
What's to come, is ſtill unſure;
In decay there lies no plenty:
Then come kiſs me, ſweet, and twenty:
Youth's a ſtuff will not endure.

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am a true Knight.
Sir To. A contagious breath.
Sir And. Very ſweet and contagious, i'faith.
Sir To. To hear by the noſe, it is dulcet in contagion. But ſhall we make the welkin dance, indeed? Shall we rouſe the night-owl in a catch, that will draw three ſouls out of one weaver? ſhall we do that?
Sir And. An you love me, let's do't: I am a dog at a catch.
Clo. By'r Lady, Sir, and ſome dogs will catch well.
Sir And. Moſt certain: let our catch be, *Thou knave.*
Clo. Hold thy peace, thou knave, Knight. I ſhall be conſtrain'd in't, to call thee knave, Knight.
Sir And. 'Tis not the firſt time I have conſtrain'd one to call me knave. Begin, fool; it begins, *Hold thy peace.*
Clo. I ſhall never begin if I hold my peace.
Sir And. Good, i'faith: come, begin.

[*They ſing a catch.*

SCENE IV. *Enter Maria.*

Mar. What a catterwauling do you keep here? If my Lady have not call'd up her ſteward, Malvolio, and bid him turn you out of doors, never truſt me.
Sir To. My Lady's a *Catayan*, we are politicians, Malvolio's a *Peg-a-Ramſey*, and *Three merry men be we.* Am not I conſanguineous? am I not of her blood? *Tilly valley, Lady! there dwelt a man in Babylon, Lady, Lady.*

[*Singing.*

Clo. Beſhrew me, the Knight's in admirable fooling.
Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be diſpos'd, and ſo do I too: he does it with a better grace, but I do it more natural.

Sir To. O, the twelfth day of December,——[*Singing.*

Mar. For the love o' God, peace.

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My Maſters, are you mad? or what are you? have you no wit, manners, nor honeſty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an ale-houſe of my Lady's houſe, that ye ſqueak out your coſtiers * catches without any mitigation or remorſe of voice? is there no reſpect of place, perſons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, Sir, in our catches. Sneck up!——— [*Hiccoughs.*

Mal. Sir Toby, I muſt be round with you. My Lady bade me tell you, that though ſhe harbours you as her uncle, ſhe's nothing ally'd to your diſorders. If you can ſeparate yourſelf and your miſdemeanors, you are welcome to the houſe; if not, an it would pleaſe you to take leave of her, ſhe is very willing to bid you farewell.

Sir To. Farewell, dear heart, ſince I muſt needs be gone.

Mal. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo. His eyes do ſhew his days are almoſt done.

Mal. Is't even ſo?

Sir To. But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To. Shall I bid him go? [*Singing.*

Clo. What, an if you do?

Sir To. Shall I bid him go and ſpare not?

Clo. O no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out o' time, Sir, ye lie: art thou any more than a ſteward? doſt thou think, becauſe thou art virtuous, there ſhall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger ſhall be hot i' th' mouth too.

Sir To. Thou'rt i' th' right. Go, Sir, rub your chain with crums. A ſtoop of wine, Maria.———

Mal. Miſtreſs Mary, if you priz'd my Lady's favour *at any thing* more than contempt, you would not give

means

* Ruſtic, clownish.

means for this uncivil rule; ſhe ſhall know of it by this hand. [*Exit.*

Mar. Go ſhake your ears.

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a hungry, to challenge him to the field, and then to break promiſe with him, and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, Knight; I'll write thee a challenge: or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; ſince the youth of the Duke's was to-day with my Lady, ſhe is much out of quiet. For Monſieur Malvolio, let me alone with him; if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie ſtraight in my bed. I know I can do it.

Sir To. Poſſeſs us, poſſeſs us; tell us ſomething of him.

Mar. Marry, Sir, ſometimes he is a kind of a Puritan.

Sir And. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a Puritan? thy exquiſite reaſon, dear Knight.

Sir And. I have no exquiſite reaſon for't, but I have reaſon good enough.

Mar. The devil a Puritan that he is, or any thing conſtantly but a time-pleaſer; an affection'd * aſs, that cons ſtate without book, and utters it by great ſwarths: the beſt perſuaded of himſelf: ſo cramm'd, as he thinks, with excellencies, that it is his ground of faith, that all that look on him, love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cauſe to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way ſome obſcure epiſtles of love, wherein, by the colour of his beard, the ſhape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expreſſure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he ſhall find himſelf moſt feelingly perſonated. I can write very like my Lady your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make diſtinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent, I ſmell a device.

Sir And.

* *Affectioned*, for *full of affectation.*

Sir And. I have't in my noſe too.

Sir To. He ſhall think by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that ſhe is in love with him.

Mar. My purpoſe is, indeed, a horſe of that colour.

Sir And. And your horſe now would make him an aſs.

Mar. Aſs, I doubt not.

Sir And. O, 'twill be admirable.

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my phyſic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he ſhall find the letter: obſerve his conſtruction of it: for this night to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, ſhe's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; what o' that?

Sir And. I was ador'd once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, Knight: thou hadſt need ſend for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, Knight; if thou haſt her not i' th' end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never truſt me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come, I'll go burn ſome ſack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, Knight; come, Knight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to the palace.*

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and others.

Duke. Give me ſome muſic; now, good morrow, friends:
Now, good Ceſario, but that piece of ſong,
That old and antique ſong, we heard laſt night;
Methought it did relieve my paſſion much;
More than light airs, and recollected * terms
Of theſe moſt briſk and giddy-paced times.
Come, but one verſe.

Cur.

* *Recollected* for *ſtudied.*

Cur. He is not here, ſo pleaſe your Lordſhip, that ſhould ſing it.

Duke. Who was it?

Cur. Feſte the jeſter, my Lord; a fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the houſe.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while.

[*Ex. Curio.* [*Muſic.*

Come hither, boy; if ever thou ſhalt love,
In the ſweet pangs of it remember me;
For ſuch as I am, all true lovers are;
Unſtaid and ſkittiſh in all motions elſe,
Save in the conſtant image of the creature
That is belov'd. How doſt thou like this tune?

Vio. "It gives a very echo from the ſeat
"Where love is thron'd."

Duke. Thou doſt ſpeak maſterly.
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath ſtaid upon ſome favour that it loves:
Hath it not, boy?

Vio. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee then. What years, i'faith?

Vio. About your years, my Lord.

Duke. "Too old, by Heav'n; let ſtill the woman take
"An elder than herſelf, ſo wears ſhe to him;
"So ſways ſhe level in her huſband's heart."
For, boy, however we do praiſe ourſelves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, ſooner loſt and worn,
Than womens' are.

Vio. I think it well, my Lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyſelf,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent:
For women are as roſes, whoſe fair flower,
Being once diſplay'd, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And ſo they are: alas, that they are ſo,
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Enter Curio, and Clown.

Duke. O fellow, come; the ſong we had laſt night.—
Mark

Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain;
" The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
" And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
" Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,
" And tallies with the innocence of love,
" Like the old age."

Clo. Are you ready, Sir?

Duke. Ay; pr'ythee, sing. [*Music.*

SONG.

" *Come away, come away, death,*
" *And in sad cypress let me be laid;*
" *Fly away, fly away, breath;*
" *I am slain by a fair cruel maid.*
" *My shrowd of white, stuck all with yew,*
" *O, prepare it.*
" *My part of death no one so true*
" *Did share it.*

" *Not a flower, not a flower sweet,*
" *On my black coffin let there be strown:*
" *Not a friend, not a friend greet*
" *My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.*
" *A thousand thousand sighs to save,*
" *Lay me, O! where*
" *True lover never find my grave,*
" *To weep there."*

Duke. There's for thy pains.

Clo. No pains, Sir: I take pleasure in singing, Sir.

Duke. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

Clo. Truly, Sir, and pleasure will be paid one time or other.

Duke. Give me now leave to leave thee.

Clo. Now the melancholy God protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffata, for thy mind is a very opal *. I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be every thing, and their intent no where; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell.

Exit.

SCENE

* *A precious stone of almost all colours* Mr. Pope.

SCENE VI.

Duke. Let all the reſt give place. Once more, Ceſario,
Get thee to yond ſame ſovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that Fortune hath beſtow'd upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as Fortune:
But 'tis that miracle, and queen of gems,
That Nature pranks, her mind, attracts my ſoul.

Vio. But if ſhe cannot love you, Sir———

Duke. I cannot be ſo anſwer'd.

Vio. Sooth, but you muſt.
Say, that ſome lady, as perhaps there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her ſo; muſt ſhe not then be anſwer'd?

Duke. There is no woman's ſides
Can bide the beating of ſo ſtrong a paſſion,
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big to hold ſo much; they lack retention.
Alas, their love may be call'd appetite:
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That ſuffers ſurfeit, cloyment, and revolt:
But mine is all as hungry as the ſea,
And can digeſt as much; make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me,
And that I owe Olivia.

Vio. Ay, but I know———

Duke. What doſt thou know?

Vio. Too well what love women to men may owe;
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I ſhould your Lordſhip.

Duke. And what's her hiſtory?

Vio. 'A blank, my Lord: ſhe never told her love,
'But let Concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
'Feed on her damaſk cheek: ſhe pin'd in thought;
'And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
'She ſat like Patience on a monument,

'Smiling

'Smiling at grief.' Was not this love, indeed?
We men may ſay more, ſwear more, but, indeed,
Our ſhews are more than will; for ſtill we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Duke. But dy'd thy ſiſter of her love, my boy?

Vio. I'm all the daughters of my father's houſe,
And all the brothers too—and yet I know not—
Sir, ſhall I to this Lady?

Duke. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haſte; give her this jewel: ſay,
My love can give no place, bide no denay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to Olivia's garden.*

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir To. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

Fab. Nay, I'll come; if I loſe a ſcruple of this ſport, let me be boil'd to death with melancholy.

Sir To. Would'ſt thou not be glad to have the niggardly raſcally ſheep-biter come by ſome notable ſhame?

Fab. I would exult, man; you know he brought me out of favour with my Lady, about a bear-baiting here.

Sir To. To anger him, we'll have a bear again; and we will fool him black and blue; ſhall we not, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. An we do not, it's pity of our lives.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Here comes the little villain: how now, my nettle of India?

Mar. Get ye all three into the box-tree: Malvolio's coming down this walk, he has been yonder i' th' ſun practiſing behaviour to his own ſhadow this half-hour. Obſerve him, for the love of mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Cloſe, in the name of jeſting! lie thou there; for here comes the trout that muſt be caught with tickling.

[*Throws down a letter, and Exit.*

SCENE VIII. *Enter Malvolio.*

Mal. 'Tis but fortune, all is fortune. Maria once told me, ſhe did affect me; and I have heard herſelf

come

come thus near, that ſhould ſhe fancy, it ſhould be one of my complexion. Beſides, ſhe uſes me with a more exalted reſpect, than any one elſe that follows her. What ſhould I think on't?

Sir To. Here's an over-weaning rogue.———

Fab. O, peace: contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him; how he jets under his advanc'd plumes!

Sir And. 'Slife, I could ſo beat the rogue.

Sir To. Peace, I ſay.

Mal. To be Count Malvolio,———

Sir To. Ah, rogue!

Sir And. Piſtol him, piſtol him.

Sir To. Peace, peace.

Mal. There is example for't: the lady of the Trachy * married the yeoman of the wardrobe.

Sir And. Fie on him, Jezebel!

Fab. O, peace, now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.

Mal. Having been three months married to her, ſitting in my ſtate———

Sir To. O for a ſtone-bow to hit him in the eye?——

Mal. Calling my officers about me, in my branch'd velvet gown; having come down from a day-bed, where I have left Olivia ſleeping.

Sir To. Fire and brimſtone!

Fab. O, peace, peace.

Mal. And then to have the humour of ſtate; and after a demure travel of regard, telling them, I know my place, as I would they ſhould do theirs—to aſk for my uncle Toby———

Sir To. Bolts and ſhackles!

Fab. Oh, peace, peace, peace; now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people with an obedient ſtart make out for him: I frown the while, and perchance wind up my watch, or play with ſome rich jewel. Toby approaches, courteſies there to me.

Sir To. Shall this fellow live?

* *That is,* Thrace. It was common to uſe the article *the* before *names of places. And* this was no improper inſtance, where the *ſcene was in Illyria.*

Fab. Though our ſilence, be drawn from us with cares, yet, peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus; quenching my familiar ſmile with an auſtere regard of controul.

Sir To. And does not Toby take you a blow o' th' lips then?

Mal. Saying, Uncle Toby, my fortunes have caſt me on your neice, give me this prerogative of ſpeech—

Sir To. What, what?

Mal. You muſt amend your drunkenneſs.

Sir To. Out, ſcab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the ſinews of our plot.

Mal. Beſides, you waſte the treaſure of your time with a fooliſh Knight———

Sir And. That's me, I warrant you.

Mal. One Sir Andrew,———

Sir And. I knew, 'tis I; for many do call me fool.

Mal. What employment have we here?

[*Taking up the letter.*

Fab. Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. Oh peace? now the ſpirit of humours intimate reading aloud to him!

Mal. By my life, this is my Lady's hand: theſe be her very *C*'s and *U*'s and her *T*'s, and thus makes ſhe her great *P*'s. It is, in contempt of queſtion, her hand.

Sir And. Her *C*'s, her *U*'s, and her *T*'s: why that?

Mal. To the unknown belov'd, this, and my good wiſhes: her very phraſes. By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impreſſure her Lucrece, with which ſhe uſes to ſeal? 'tis my Lady: to whom ſhould this be?

Fab. This wins him, liver and all.

Mal. Jove knows I love, but who, lips do not move, no man muſt know. No man muſt know—what follows; the number's alter'd—no man muſt know—if this ſhould be thee, Malvolio?

Sir To. Marry, hang thee, Brock!

Mal. I may command where I adore; but ſilence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodleſs ſtroke my heart doth gore, M. O. A. I. *doth ſway my life.*

Fab. A fuſtian riddle.

Sir To. Excellent wench, ſay I.

Mal.

Mal. M. O. A. I. doth ſway my life—nay, but firſt, let me ſee——let me ſee——

Fab. What a diſh of poiſon has ſhe dreſs'd him?

Sir To. And with what wing the ſtanyel checks at it?

Mal. I may command where I adore. Why, ſhe may command me: I ſerve her, ſhe is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal * capacity. There is no obſtruction in this——and the end——what ſhould that alphabetical poſition portend? if I could make that reſemble ſomething in me? ſoftly,—*M. O. A. I.*——

Sir To. O, ay! make up that; he is now at a cold ſcent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't for all this, tho' it be as rank as a fox.

Mal. M.—*Malvolio*——*M.*——why, that begins my name.

Fab. Did not I ſay, he would work it out: the cur is excellent at faults.

Mal. M. But then there is no conſonancy in the ſequel; that ſuffers under probation: *A* ſhould follow, but *O* does.

Fab. And *O* ſhall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, O.

Mal. And then *I* comes behind.

Fab. Ay, an you had any eye behind you, you might ſee more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.

Mal. M. O. A. I.——This ſimulation † is not as the former—and yet to cruſh this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of theſe letters is in my name. Soft, here follows proſe——*If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my ſtars I am above thee, but be not afraid of greatneſs; ſome are born great, ſome atchieve greatneſs, and ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon them. Thy fates open their hands, let thy blood and ſpirit embrace them; and to inure thyſelf to what thou art like to be, caſt thy humble ſlough, and appear freſh. Be oppoſite with a kinſman, ſurly with ſervants: let thy tongue tang arguments of ſtate; put thyſelf into the trick of ſingularity. She thus adviſes thee, that ſighs for*

* *Formal*, for common.

† *Simulation*, for reſemblance.

thee. Remember who commended thy yellow ſtockings, and wiſh'd to ſee thee ever croſs-garter'd. I ſay, remember; go to, thou art made, if thou deſireſt to be ſo; if not, let me ſee thee a ſteward ſtill, the fellow of ſervants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers. Farewell. She that would alter ſervices with thee, the fortunate and happy. Day-light and champain diſcover no more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle Sir Toby, I will waſh off groſs acquaintance, I will be point deviſe, the very man. I do not now fool myſelf, to let imagination jade me; for every reaſon excites to this, that my Lady loves me. She did commend my yellow-ſtockings of late, ſhe did praiſe my leg, being croſs-garter'd, and in this ſhe manifeſts herſelf to my love, and with a kind of injunction drives me to theſe habits of her liking. I thank my ſtars, I am happy: I will be ſtrange, ſtout, in yellow ſtockings, and croſs-garter'd, even with the ſwiftneſs of putting on. Jove and my ſtars be praiſed!——Here is yet a poſtſcript. *Thou canſt not chuſe but know who I am; if thou entertaineſt my love, let it appear in thy ſmiling; thy ſmiles become thee well. Therefore in my preſence ſtill ſmile, dear my ſweet, I pr'ythee.*——Jove, I thank thee! I will ſmile, I will do every thing that thou wilt have me.

[*Exit.*

Fab. I will not give my part of this ſport for a penſion of thouſands to be paid from the Sophy.

Sir To. I could marry this wench for this device.

Sir And. So could I too.

Sir To. And aſk no other dowry with her, but ſuch another jeſt.

SCENE IX. *Enter Maria.*

Sir And. Nor I neither.

Fab. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Sir To. Wilt thou ſet thy foot o' my neck?

Sir And. Or o' mine either?

Sir To. Shall I play my freedom at tray-trip, and become thy bond-ſlave?

Sir And. I'faith, or I either?

Sir To. Why, thou haſt put him in ſuch a dream, that when the image of it leaves him, he muſt run mad.

Mar.

Mar. Nay, but ſay true, does it work upon him?

Sir To. Like *aqua vitæ* with a midwife.

Mar. If you will then ſee the fruits of the ſport, mark his firſt approach before my Lady: he will come to her in yellow ſtockings, and 'tis a colour ſhe abhors; and croſs-garter'd, a faſhion ſhe deteſts; and he will ſmile upon her, which will now be ſo unſuitable to her diſpoſition, being addicted to a melancholy, as ſhe is, that it cannot but turn him into a notable contempt. If you will ſee it, follow me.

Sir To. To the gates of Tartar; thou moſt excellent devil of wit!

Sir And. I'll make one too. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Olivia's garden.

Enter Viola, and Clown.

Vio. SAVE thee, friend, and thy muſic. Doſt thou live by thy tabor?

Clo. No, Sir, I live by the church.

Vio. Art thou a churchman?

Clo. No ſuch matter, Sir; I do live by the church; for I do live at my houſe, and my houſe doth ſtand by the church.

Vio. So thou may'ſt ſay, the King lies by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him; or the church ſtands by thy tabor, if thy tabor ſtand by the church.

Clo. You have ſaid, Sir; to ſee this age!——A ſentence is but a chev'ril glove * to a good wit; how quickly the wrong ſide may be turned outward?

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words, may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. I would therefore my ſiſter had had no name, Sir.

Vio. Why, man?

Clo. Why, Sir, her name's a word; and to dally with that word, might make my ſiſter wanton; but

* *A glove made of a kid's ſkin.*

indeed words are very rascals, since bonds disgrac'd them.

Vio. Thy reason, man?

Clo. Troth, Sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

Vio. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

Clo. Not so, Sir, I do care for something; but, in my conscience, Sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, Sir, I would it would make you invisible.

Vio. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

Clo. No, indeed, Sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly; she will keep no fool, Sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands, as pilchers are to herrings; the husband's the bigger; I am, indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

Vio. I saw thee late at the Duke Orsino's.

Clo. Foolery, Sir, does walk about the orb like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, Sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master, as with my mistress; I think I saw your wisdom there.

Vio. Nay, an thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's expences for thee.

[*Gives him a piece of money.*

Clo. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard!

Vio. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within!

Clo. Would not a pair of these have bred, Sir?

Vio. Yes, being kept together, and put to use.

Clo. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, Sir, to bring a Cressida to this Troilus.

Vio. I understand you, Sir, 'tis well begg'd.

Clo. The matter, I hope, is not great, Sir; begging but a beggar. Cressida was a beggar. My Lady is within, Sir, I will confter to them whence you come; who you are, and what you would, is out of my welkin; I might say, element; but the word is over-worn.

[Exit.

Vio. This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,

And

And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit:
He muſt obſerve their mood on whom he jeſts,
The quality of the perſons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice,
As full of labour as a wiſe man's art:
For folly, that he wiſely ſhews, is fit;
But wiſe mens' folly-fall'n, quite taints their wit.

SCENE II.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Save you, gentleman.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. Dieu vous guarde, Monſieur.

Vio. Et vous auſſi; voſtre ſerviteur.

Sir To. I hope, Sir, you are; and I am yours.—Will you encounter the houſe? my niece is deſirous you ſhould enter, if your trade be to her.

Vio. I am bound to your niece, Sir; I mean, ſhe is the liſt of my voyage.

Sir To. Taſte your legs, Sir, put them to motion.

Vio. My legs do better underſtand me, Sir, than I underſtand what you mean by bidding me taſte my legs.

Sir To. I mean, to go, Sir, to enter.

Vio. I will anſwer you with gait and entrance; but we are prevented.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Moſt excellent accompliſh'd Lady, the heav'ns rain odours on you!

Sir And. That youth's a rare courtier! rain odours? well.

Vio. My matter hath no voice, Lady, but to your own moſt pregnant * and vouchſafed ear.

Sir And. Odours, pregnant, and vouchſafed:—I'll get 'em all three ready.

Oli. Let the garden-door be ſhut, and leave me to my hearing. [*Exeunt Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.*

SCENE III.

Give me your hand, Sir.

Vio.

* *Pregnant*, for ready.

Vio. My duty, Madam, and moſt humble ſervice.

Oli. What is your name?

Vio. *Ceſario* is your ſervant's name, fair Princeſs.

Oli. My ſervant, Sir? 'Twas never merry world,
Since lowly feigning was call'd compliment:
Y'are ſervant to the Duke Orſino, youth.

Vio. And he is yours, and his muſt needs be yours:
Your ſervant's ſervant is your ſervant, Madam.

Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
'Would they were blanks, rather than fill'd with me!

Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.

Oli. O, by your leave, I pray you;——
I bade you never ſpeak again of him.
But would you undertake another ſuit,
I'd rather hear you to ſolicit that,
Than muſic from the ſpheres.

Vio. Dear Lady,——

Oli. Give me leave, I beſeech you: I did ſend,
After the laſt inchantment you did here,
A ring in chace of you. So did I abuſe
Myſelf, my ſervant, and, I fear me, you;
Under your hard conſtruction muſt I ſit,
To force that on you in a ſhameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours. What might you think?
Have you not ſet mine honour at the ſtake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? to one of your receiving *
Enough is ſhewn; a cyprus, not a boſom,
Hides my poor heart. So let us hear you ſpeak.

Vio. I pity you.

Oli. That's a degree to love.

Vio. No, not a grice: for 'tis a vulgar proof,
That very oft we pity enemies.

Oli. Why then, methinks, 'tis time to ſmile again;
O world, how apt the poor are to be proud!
If one ſhould be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion, than the wolf! [*Clock ſtrikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waſte of time.

Be

* *i. e.* To one of your ready apprehenſion.

Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;
And yet when wit and youth are come to harveſt,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man:
There lies your way, due weſt.
Vio. Then weſtward hoe:——
Grace and good diſpoſition attend your Ladyſhip!
You'll nothing, Madam, to my Lord by me?
Oli. Stay; pr'ythee tell me, what thou think'ſt of me?
Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.
Oli. If I think ſo, I think the ſame of you.
Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.
Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!
Vio. Would it be better, Madam, than I am?
I wiſh it might, for now I am your fool.
Oli. O, what a deal of ſcorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip!
A murd'rous guilt ſhews not itſelf more ſoon,
Than love that would ſeem hid: love's night is noon.
Cæſario, by the roſes of the ſpring,
By maid-hood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee ſo, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reaſon, can my paſſion hide.
Do not extort thy reaſons from this clauſe,
For that I woo, thou therefore haſt no cauſe:
But rather reaſon thus with reaſon fetter;
Love ſought is good, but given unſought is better.
Vio. By innocence I ſwear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one boſom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall miſtreſs be of it, ſave I alone.
And ſo adieu, good Madam; never more
Will I my maſter's tears to you deplore.
Oli. Yet come again; for thou, perhaps, may'ſt move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Changes to an apartment in Olivia's houſe.

Enter Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Fabian.

Sir And. No, 'faith, I'll not ſtay a jot longer.

Sir To.

Sir To. Thy reaſon, dear venom, give thy reaſon.

Fab. You muſt needs yield your reaſon, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Marry, I ſaw your niece do more favours to the Duke's ſerving-man, than ever ſhe beſtow'd on me. I ſaw't i' th' orchard.

Sir To. Did ſhe ſee thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

Sir And. As plain as I ſee you now.

Fab. This was a great argument of love in her towards you.

Sir And. 'Slight! will you make an aſs o' me?

Fab. I will prove it legitimate, Sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reaſon.

Sir To. And they have been grand-jurymen ſince before Noah was a ſailor.

Fab. She did ſhew favour to the youth in your ſight, only to exaſperate you, to awake your dormouſe valour, to put fire in your heart, and brimſtone in your liver. You ſhould then have accoſted her with ſome excellent jeſts fire-new from the mint; you ſhould have bang'd the youth into dumbneſs. This was look'd for at your hand, and this was baulk'd. The double gilt of this opportunity you let time waſh off, "and you are "now ſail'd into the north of my Lady's opinion; "where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's "beard," unleſs you do redeem it by ſome laudable attempt, either of valour or policy.

Sir And. An't be any way, it muſt be with valour; for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Browniſt, as a politician.

Sir To. Why then, build me thy fortunes upon the baſis of valour; challenge me the Duke's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places; my niece ſhall take note of it; and aſſure thyſelf, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valour.

Fab. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

Sir And. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

Sir To. Go, write in a martial hand; be curſt and *brief: it is no matter* how witty, ſo it be eloquent, and *full of invention*: taunt him with the licence of ink;

if

if thou *thou'ſt* him ſome thrice, it ſhall not be amiſs; and as many lies as will lie in thy ſheet of paper, although the ſheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England ſet 'em down, go about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink, tho' thou write with a gooſe-pen, no matter: about it.

Sir And. Where ſhall I find you!

Sir To. We'll call thee at the *Cubiculo:* go.

[*Exit Sir Andrew.*

SCENE V.

Fab. This is a dear manikin to you, Sir Toby.

Sir To. I have been dear to him, lad, ſome two thouſand ſtrong or ſo.

Fab. We ſhall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver't.

Sir To. Never truſt me then; and by all means ſtir on the youth to an anſwer. I think, oxen and wain-ropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were open'd, and you find ſo much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the reſt of th' anatomy.

Fab. And his oppoſite, the youth, bears in his viſage no great preſage of cruelty.

Enter Maria.

Sir To. Look, where the youngeſt wren * of nine comes.

Mar. If you deſire the ſpleen, and will laugh yourſelves into ſtitches, follow me: yond gull Malvolio is turned Heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Chriſtian, that means to be ſav'd by believing rightly, can ever believe ſuch impoſſible paſſages of groſſneſs. He's in yellow ſtockings.

Sir To. And croſs-gartter'd?

Mar. Moſt villanouſly; like a pedant that keeps a ſchool i' th' church: I have dogg'd him, like his murtherer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropt

* The wren is remarkable for laying many eggs at a time, nine or ten, and ſometimes more: and as ſhe is the ſmalleſt of birds, the laſt of ſo large a brood may be ſuppoſed to be little indeed, which is the image intended here to be given of Maria.

dropt to betray him; he does ſmile his face into more lines than is in the new map, with the augmentation of the Indies; you have not ſeen ſuch a thing, as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know, my Lady will ſtrike him; if ſhe do, he'll ſmile, and take't for a great favour.

Sir To. Come, bring us, bring us where he is.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to the ſtreet.*

Enter Sebaſtian, and Anthonio.

Seb. I would not by my will have troubled you.
But ſince you make your pleaſure of your pains,
I will no further chide you.

Ant. I could not ſtay behind you; my deſire
(More ſharp than filed ſteel) did ſpur me forth;
And not all love to ſee you, (tho' ſo much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage,)
But jealouſy what might befal your travel,
Being ſkilleſs in theſe parts; which to a ſtranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhoſpitable. My willing love,
The rather by theſe arguments of fear,
Set forth in your purſuit.

Seb. My kind Anthonio,
I can no other anſwer make, but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks; and oft good turns
Are ſhuffled off with ſuch uncurrent pay;
But were my worth, as is my conſcience, firm,
You ſhould find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go ſee the relics * of this town?

Ant. To-morrow, Sir; beſt, firſt, go ſee your lodging.

Seb. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night;
I pray you, let us ſatisfy our eyes
With the memorials, and the things of fame,
That do renown this city.

Ant. Would you'd pardon me:
I do not without danger walk theſe ſtreets.
Once, in a ſea-fight 'gainſt the Duke his gallies,

* *Relics*, for curioſities.

I did ſome ſervice, of ſuch note, indeed
That were I ta'en here, it would ſcarce be anſwer'd.
Seb. Belike you ſlew great number of his people.
Ant. Th' offence is not of ſuch a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument:
It might have ſince been anſwer'd in repaying
What we took from them, which, for traffic's ſake,
Moſt of our city did. Only myſelf ſtood out;
For which, if I be lapſed in this place,
I ſhall pay dear.
Seb. Do not then walk too open.
Ant. It doth not fit me. Hold, Sir, here's my purſe.
In the ſouth ſuburbs at the Elephant
Is beſt to lodge: I will beſpeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile your time, and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town; there ſhall you have me.
Seb. Why I your purſe?
Ant. Haply your eye ſhall light upon ſome toy
You have deſire to purchaſe; and your ſtore,
I think, is not for idle markets, Sir.
Seb. I'll be your purſe-bearer, and leave you for
An hour.
Ant. To th' Elephant,———
Seb. I do remember. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Changes to Olivia's houſe.*

Enter Olivia, and Maria.

Oli. I have ſent after him; he ſays he'll come;
How ſhall I feaſt him? what beſtow on him?
For youth is bought more oft than begg'd or borrow'd.
I ſpeak too loud.———
Where is Malvolio? he is ſad and civil,
And ſuits well for a ſervant with my fortunes.
Where is Malvolio?
Mar. He's coming, Madam; but in very ſtrange man-
He is ſure poſſeſs'd, Madam. [ner.
Oli. Why, what's the matter, does he rave?
Mar. No, Madam, he does nothing but ſmile; your

Ladyſhip were beſt to have ſome guard about you, if he come; for ſure the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go call him hither.

Enter Malvolio.

I'm as mad as he,
If ſad and merry madneſs equal be.
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Sweet Lady, ha, ha. [*Smiles fantaſtically.*

Oli. Smil'ſt thou? I ſent for thee upon a ſad occaſion.

Mal. Sad, Lady? I could be ſad; this does make ſome obſtruction in the blood; this croſs-gartering; but what of it? if it pleaſe the eye of one, it is with me as the very true ſonnet is: *Pleaſe one, and pleaſe all.*

Oli. Why? how doſt thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, tho' yellow in my legs; it did come to his hands, and commands ſhall be executed. I think we do know that ſweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? ay, ſweet heart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! why doſt thou ſmile ſo, and kiſs thy hand ſo oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your requeſt?
Yes, nightingales anſwer daws!

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldneſs before my Lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatneſs.—'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meaneſt thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. Some are born great—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. Some atchieve greatneſs——

Oli. What ſay'ſt thou?

Mal. And ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon them——

Oli. Heav'n reſtore thee!

Mal. Remember, who commended thy yellow ſtockings.——

Oli. Thy yellow ſtockings?

Mal. And wiſh'd to ſee thee croſs-garter'd——

Oli.

Oli. Croſs-garter'd?

Mal. Go to, thou art made, if thou deſireſt to be ſo——

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me ſee thee a ſervant ſtill.

Oli. Why, this is a very midſummer-madneſs.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Madam, the young gentleman of the Duke Orſino's is return'd; I could hardly intreat him back; he attends your Ladyſhip's pleaſure.

Oli. I'll come to him. Good Maria, let this fellow be look'd to. Where's my uncle Toby? let ſome of my people have a ſpecial care of him; I would not have him miſcarry for half of my dowry. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Mal. Oh, oh! do you come near me now? no worſe man than Sir Toby to look to me! this concurs directly with the letter; ſhe ſends him on purpoſe that I may appear ſtubborn to him; for ſhe incites me to that in the letter. Caſt thy humble ſlough, ſays ſhe;—be oppoſite with a kinſman,——ſurly with ſervants,——let thy tongue tang with arguments of ſtate,—put thyſelf into the trick of ſingularity;——and conſequently ſets down the manner how; as a ſad face, a reverend carriage, a ſlow tongue, in the habit of ſome Sir of note, and ſo forth. I have lim'd her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! and when ſhe went away now, let this fellow be look'd to: Fellow! not Malvolio, not after my degree, but fellow. Why, every thing adheres together, that no dram of a ſcruple, no ſcruple of a ſcruple, no obſtacle, no incredulous or unſafe circumſtance—what can be ſaid? nothing that can be, can come between me and the full proſpect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this, and he is to be thanked.

SCENE IX. *Enter Sir Toby, Fabian, and Maria.*

Sir To. Which way is he, in the name of ſanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himſelf poſſeſs'd him, yet I'll ſpeak to him.

Fab. Here he is, here he is; how is't with you, Sir? how is't with you, man?

Mal. Go off; I diſcard you; let me enjoy my privacy: go off.

Mar. Lo, how hollow the fiend ſpeaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my Lady prays you to have a care of him.

Mal. Ah, ha! does ſhe ſo?

Sir To. Go to, go to; peace, peace, we muſt deal gently with him; let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? what! man, defy the devil; conſider, he's an enemy to mankind.

Mal. Do you know what you ſay?

Mar. La, you! if you ſpeak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart.——Pray God he be not bewitch'd.

Fab. Carry his water to th' wiſe woman.

Mar. Marry, and it ſhall be done to-morrow morning, if I live. My Lady would not loſe him for more than I'll ſay.

Mal. How, now, Miſtreſs?

Mar. O Lord!——

Sir To. Pr'ythee, hold thy peace; that is not the way: do you not ſee you move him? let me alone with him.

Fab. No way but gentleneſs, gently, gently; the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly us'd.

Sir To. Why, how now, my bawcock? how doſt thou, chuck?

Mal. Sir?——

Sir To. Ay, biddy, come with me. What! man, 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan. Hang him, foul collier.

Mar. Get him to ſay his prayers, good Sir Toby; get him to pray.

Mal. My prayers, minx!

Mar. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godlineſs.

Mal. Go hang yourſelves all: you are idle ſhallow things. I am not of your element; you ſhall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Is't poſſible?

Fab. If this were play'd upon a ſtage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

Sir To.

To. His very genius hath taken the infection of the
, man.
ir. Nay, purſue him now, leſt the device take air,
aint.
b. Why, we ſhall make him mad, indeed.
ir. The houſe will be the quieter.
To. Come, we'll have him in a dark room and
l. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad;
ay carry it thus for our pleaſure and his penance,
r very paſtime, tired out of breath, prompt us to
mercy on him; at which time we will bring the de-
o the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen.
:e, but ſee.

SCENE X. *Enter Sir Andrew.*

b. More matter for a May morning.
And. Here's the challenge, read it. I warrant there's
ır and pepper in't.
b. Is't ſo ſaucy?
And. Ay, is't? I warrant him: do but read.
To. Give me. [*Sir Toby reads.*
, *whatſoever thou art, thou art but a ſcurvy fellow.*
b. Good and valiant.
To. Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind why I
! *thee ſo; for I will ſhew thee no reaſon for't.*
b. A good note; that keeps you from the blow of
w.
To. Thou com'ſt to the Lady Olivia, and in my ſight
s *thee kindly; but thou lieſt in thy throat, that is not the*
I challenge thee for.
b. Very brief, and exceeding good ſenſe-leſs.
To. I will waylay thee going home, where if it be thy
to kill me———
b. Good.
To. Thou kill'ſt me like a rogue and a villain.
b. Still you keep o' th' windy ſide of the law: good.
To. Fare thee well, and God have mercy upon one of
ds: he may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is bet-
and ſo look to thyſelf. Thy friend as thou uſeſt him,
r ſworn enemy, ANDREW AGUE-CHEEK.

Sir To. If this letter move him not, his legs cannot: I'll give't him.

Mar. You may have very fit occaſion for't: he is now in ſome commerce with my Lady, and will by and by depart.

Sir To. Go, Sir Andrew, ſcout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-bailiff; ſo ſoon as ever thou ſeeſt him, draw; and, as thou draw'ſt, ſwear horribly; for it comes to paſs oft, that a terrible oath, with a ſwaggering accent ſharply twang'd off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itſelf would have earn'd him. Away.

Sir And. Nay, let me alone for ſwearing. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behaviour of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good capacity and breeding; his employment between his Lord and my niece confirms no leſs: therefore this letter, being ſo excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth; he will find that it comes from a clodpole. But, Sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; ſet upon Ague-cheek a notable report of valour; and drive the gentleman (as I know his youth will aptly receive it) into a moſt hideous opinion of his rage, ſkill, fury, and impetuoſity. This will ſo fright them both, that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

SCENE XI. *Enter Olivia and Viola.*

Fab. Here he comes with your niece; give them way, till he take leave, and preſently after him.

Sir To. I will meditate the while upon ſome horrid meſſage for a challenge. [*Exeunt.*

Oli. I've ſaid too much unto a heart of ſtone,
And laid mine honour too unchary out.
There's ſomething in me, that reproves my fault:
But ſuch a headſtrong potent fault it is,
That it but mocks reproof.

Vio. With the ſame 'haviour that your paſſion bears,
Goes on my maſter's grief.

Oli. Here, wear this jewel for me, 'tis my picture;
Refuſe it not, it hath no tongue to vex you;

And,

And, I beſeech you, come again to-morrow.
What ſhall you aſk of me that I'll deny,
That honour ſav'd may upon aſking give?

Vio. Nothing but this, your true love for my maſter.

Oli. How with mine honour may I give him that,
Which I have given to you?

Vio. I will acquit you.

Oli. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well.
A fiend like thee might bear my ſoul to hell. [*Exit.*

SCENE XII. *Enter Sir Toby and Fabian.*

Sir To. Gentleman, God ſave thee.

Vio. And you, Sir.

Sir To. That defence thou haſt, betake thee to't; of what nature the wrongs are thou haſt done him, I know not; but thy interpreter, full of deſpight, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end; diſmount thy tuck, be yare in thy preparation, for thy aſſailant is quick, ſkilful, and deadly.

Vio. You miſtake, Sir; I am ſure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

Sir To. You'll find it otherwiſe, I aſſure you; therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your oppoſite hath in him, what youth, ſtrength, ſkill, and wrath can furniſh man withal.

Vio. I pray you, Sir, what is he?

Sir To. He is Knight, dubb'd with unhack'd rapier, and on carpet conſideration; but he is a devil in private brawl; ſouls and bodies hath he divorc'd three; and his incenſement at this moment is ſo implacable, that ſatisfaction can be none but pangs of death and ſepulchre: hob, nob, is his word; give't, or take't.

Vio. I will return again into the houſe, and deſire ſome conduct of the Lady. I am no fighter. I have heard of ſome kind of men, that put quarrels purpoſely on others to taſte their valour: belike this is a man of that quirk.

Sir To. Sir, no; his indignation derives itſelf out of a very competent injury; therefore get you on, and give him his deſire. Back you ſhall not to the houſe, unleſs

you

you undertake that with me, which with as much ſafety you might anſwer him: therefore on, or ſtrip your ſword ſtark naked; for meddle you muſt, that's certain, or forſwear to wear iron about you.

Vio. This is as uncivil as ſtrange. I beſeech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the Knight what my offence to him is: it is ſomething of my negligence, nothing of my purpoſe.

Sir To. I will do ſo. Signior Fabian, ſtay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit Sir Toby.*

Vio. Pray you, Sir, do you know of this matter?

Fab. I know the Knight is incens'd againſt you, even to a mortal arbitriment; but nothing of the circumſtance more.

Vio. I beſeech you, what manner of man is he?

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promiſe to read him by his form, as you are like to find in the proof of his valour. He is indeed, Sir, the moſt ſkilful, bloody, and fatal oppoſite that you could poſſibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him, if I can.

Vio. I ſhall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with Sir Prieſt than Sir Knight: I care not who knows ſo much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.

Enter Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not ſeen ſuch a virago: I had a paſs with him, rapier, ſcabbard and all; and he gives me the ſtuck in with ſuch a mortal motion, that it is inevitable; and on the anſwer, he pays you as ſurely as your feet hit the ground they ſtep on. They ſay he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't, I'll not meddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can ſcarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't, an I thought he had been valiant, and ſo cunning in fence, I'd have ſeen him damn'd *ere I'd have* challeng'd him. Let him let the matter ſlip, *and I'll give* him my horſe, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion; ſtand here, make a good

good shew on't — This shall end without the perdition of souls; marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.
[*Aside.*

Enter Fabian, and Viola.

I have his horse to take up the quarrel; I have perswaded him the youth's a devil. [*To Fabian.*

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.

Sir To. There's no remedy, Sir; he will fight with you for's oath sake: marry, he had better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of; therefore draw for the supportance of his vow, he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. Pray God defend me! a little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy; the gentleman will for his honour's sake have one bout with you; he cannot by the duello avoid it; but he has promis'd me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on, to't. [*They draw.*

Sir And. Pray God he keep his oath!

SCENE XIV. *Enter Anthonio.*

Vio. I do assure you 'tis against my will.

Ant. Put up your sword; if this young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me;
If you offend him, I for him defy you. [*Drawing.*

Sir To. You, Sir? why, what are you?

Ant. One, Sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will.

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker, I am for you.
[*Draws.*

Enter Officers.

Fab. O good Sir Toby, hold; here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio. Pray, Sir, put your sword up, if you please.
[*To Sir Andrew.*

Sir And. Marry, will I, Sir; and for that I promis'd you,

you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you eaſily, and reins well.

1 *Off.* This is the man; do thy office.

2 *Off.* Antonio, I arreſt thee at the ſuit of Duke Orſino.

Ant. You do miſtake me, Sir.

1 *Off.* No, Sir, no jot: I know your favour well;
Though now you have no ſea-cap on your head.
Take him away: he knows I know him well.

Ant. I muſt obey. This comes with ſeeking you;
But there's no remedy. I ſhall anſwer it.
What will you do? now my neceſſity
Makes me to aſk you for my purſe. It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you,
Than what befals myſelf: you ſtand amaz'd,
But be of comfort.

2 *Off.* Come, Sir, away.

Ant. I muſt intreat of you ſome of that money.

Vio. What money, Sir?
For the fair kindneſs you have ſhew'd me here,
And part being prompted by your preſent trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you ſomething; my having is not much;
I'll make diviſion of my preſent with you:
Hold, there's half my coffer.

Ant. Will you deny me now?
Is't poſſible that my deſerts to you
Can lack perſuaſion? do not tempt my miſery,
Leſt that it make me ſo unſound a man,
As to upbraid you with thoſe kindneſſes
That I have done for you.

Vio. I know of none,
Nor know I you by voice, or any feature:
I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainneſs, babbling drunkenneſs,
Or any taint of vice, whoſe ſtrong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

Ant. Oh, heav'ns themſelves!———

2 *Off.* Come, Sir, I pray you, go.

Ant. Let me ſpeak a little. This youth that you ſee here,
I ſnatch'd one half out of the jaws of death;
Reliev'd him with ſuch ſanctity of love,
And to his image, which, methought, did promiſe

Moſt

Moſt venerable worth, did I devotion.

1 *Off.* What's that to us? the time goes by; away.

Ant. But oh, how vile an idol proves this god!
Thou haſt, Sebaſtian, done good feature ſhame.
In nature there's no blemiſh but the mind:
None can be call'd deform'd, but the unkind.
Virtue is beauty; but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks, o'erflouriſh'd by the devil.

1 *Off.* The man grows mad, away with him:
Come, come, Sir.

Ant. Lead me on. [*Exit Antonio with Officers.*

Vio. Methinks his words do from ſuch paſſion fly,
That he believes himſelf; ſo do not I:
Prove true, imagination, oh, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!

Sir To. Come hither, Knight: come hither, Fabian; we'll whiſper o'er a couplet or two of moſt ſage ſaws.

Vio. He nam'd Sebaſtian; I my brother know
Yet living in my glaſs; even ſuch, and ſo
In favour was my brother, and he went
Still in this faſhion, colour, ornament;
For him I imitate: oh, if it prove,
Tempeſts are kind, and ſalt waves freſh in love. [*Exit.*

Sir To. A very diſhoneſt paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare; his diſhoneſty appears in leaving his friend here in neceſſity, and denying him: and for his cowardſhip, aſk Fabian.

Fab. A coward, a moſt devout coward, religious in it.

Sir And. 'Slid, I'll after him again, and beat him.

Sir To. Do, cuff him ſoundly, but never draw thy ſword.

Sir And. An I do not,——— [*Exit Sir Andrew.*

Fab. Come, let's ſee the event.

Sir To. I dare lay any money, 'twill be nothing yet.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The ſtreet.

Enter Sebaſtian, and Clown.

Clo. WILL you make me believe that I am not ſent for you?

Seb. Go to, go to; thou art a fooliſh fellow. Let me be clear of thee.

Clo. Well held out, i'faith; no, I do not know you; nor I am not ſent to you by my Lady, to bid you come ſpeak with her; nor your name is not *Maſter Ceſario*; nor this is not my noſe neither; nothing that is ſo, is ſo.

Seb. I pr'ythee, vent thy folly ſome where elſe; thou know'ſt not me.

Clo. Vent my folly!—he has heard that word of ſome great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber the world will prove a cockney: I pry'thee now ungird thy ſtrangeneſs, and tell me what I ſhall vent to my Lady; ſhall I vent to her that thou art coming?

Seb. I pr'ythee, fooliſh Greek *, depart from me, there's money for thee. If you tarry longer, I ſhall give worſe payment.

Clo By my troth, thou haſt an open hand; theſe wiſe men that give fools money, get themſelves a good report after fourteen years purchaſe †.

Enter Sir Andrew, Sir Toby, and Fabian.

Sir And. Now, Sir, have I met you again? there's for you. [*Striking Sebaſtian.*

Seb. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there; are all the people mad? [*Beating Sir Andrew.*

Sir. To

* *Greek*, was as much as to ſay *bawd* or *pander*. He underſtood the Clown to be acting in that office. A bawdy-houſe was called *Corinth*, and the frequenters of it *Corinthians*; which words occur frequently in Shakeſpeare, eſpecially in *Timon of Athens*, *Henry* IV.

† *This ſeems* to carry a piece of ſatyr upon *monopolies*, the *crying grievance* of that time. The grants generally were for fourteen *years*; and the petitions being referred to a committee, it was *ſuſpected* that money gained favourable reports from thence.

Sir To. Hold, Sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the ouſe.

Clo. This will I tell my Lady ſtraight. I would not be ſome of your coats for two-pence. [*Exit Clown.*

Sir To. Come on, Sir; hold. [*Holding Sebaſtian.*

Sir And. Nay, let him alone, I'll go another way to ork with him; I'll have an action of battery againſt im, if there be any law in Illyria; though I ſtruck him rſt, yet it's no matter for that.

Seb. Let go thy hand.

Sir To. Come, Sir; I will not let you go. Come, y young ſoldier, put up your iron; you are well fleſh'd: ome on.

Seb. I will be free from thee. What wouldſt thou now? f thou dar'ſt tempt me further, draw thy ſword.

Sir To. What, what? nay, then, I muſt have an ounce r two of this malapert blood from you.

[*They draw and fight.*

SCENE II. *Enter Olivia.*

Oli. Hold, Toby; on thy life, I charge thee, hold.

Sir To. Madam?

Oli. Will it be ever thus? ungracious wretch,
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preach'd: out of my ſight!
Be not offended, dear Ceſario:———
Rudeſby, be gone! I pr'ythee, gentle friend,
[*Exeunt Sir Toby, and Sir Andrew.*
Let thy fair wiſdom, not thy paſſion, ſway
In this uncivil and unjuſt extent
Againſt thy peace. Go with me to my houſe,
And hear thou there, how many fruitleſs pranks
This ruffian hath botch'd up, that thou thereby
Mayſt ſmile at this: thou ſhalt not chuſe but go:
Do not deny; beſhrew his ſoul for me,
He ſtarted one poor heart of mine in thee.

Seb. What reliſh is in this? how runs the ſtream?
Or I am mad, or elſe this is a dream.
Let fancy ſtill my ſenſe in Lethe ſteep,
If it be thus to dream, ſtill let me ſleep.

Oli. Nay, come, I pray: 'would thou'dſt be rul'd by me.

Seb. Madam, I will.

Oli. O, ſay ſo, and ſo be! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *An apartment in Olivia's houſe.*

Enter Maria, and Clown.

Mar. Nay, I pr'ythee, put on this gown, and thi beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate do it quickly. I'll call Sir Toby the whilſt.

[*Exit Mari*

Clo. Well, I'll put it on, and I will diſſemble myſe in't: and I would I were the firſt that ever diſſembled ſuch a gown. I am not tall enough to become the fun tion well, nor lean enough to be thought a good ſtuden but to be ſaid an honeſt man, and a good houſe-keepe goes as fairly, as to ſay, a graceful man and a great ſch lar. The competitors enter.

Enter Sir Toby and Maria.

Sir To. Jove bleſs thee, Mr. Parſon.

Clo. Bonos dies, Sir Toby; "for as the old hermit "Prague, that never ſaw pen and ink, very wittily ſaid "a niece of King Gorboduck, that that is, is; ſo I "ing Mr. Parſon, am Mr. Parſon; for what is that, "that? and is, but is?"

Sir To. To him, Sir Topas.

Clo. What, hoa, I ſay,—peace in this priſon!

Sir To. The knave counterfeits well; a good knave [*Malvolio wit*

Mal. Who calls there?

Clo. Sir Topas the curate, who comes to viſit Ma lio the lunatic.

[*This, and what follows from the Clown, in a cou feit voice.*]

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, g my Lady.

Clo. Out, hyperbolical fiend, how vexeſt thou this n Talkeſt thou of nothing but ladies?

Sir To. Well, ſaid, Maſter Parſon.

Mal. Sir Topas, never was man thus wrong'd; good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad; they have laid me here in hideous darkneſs.

Clo. Fie, thou diſhoneſt Sathan; I call thee by the moſt modeſt terms; for I am one of thoſe gentle ones, that will uſe the devil himſelf with courteſy: ſay'ſt thou that houſe is dark?

Mal. As hell, Sir Topas.

Clo. Why, it hath bay windows tranſparent as barricadoes, and the clear ſtones towards the ſouth-north are as luſtrous as ebony; and yet complaineſt thou of obſtruction?

Mal. I am not mad, Sir Topas; I ſay to you, this houſe is dark.

Clo. Madman, thou erreſt; I ſay, there is no darkneſs but ignorance; in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

Mal. I ſay, this houſe is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I ſay, there was never man thus abuſed; I am no more mad than you are, make the trial of it in any conſtant queſtion.

Clo. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild-fowl?

Mal. That the ſoul of our grandam might happily inhabit a bird.

Clo. What think'ſt thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the ſoul, and no way approve of his opinion.

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou ſtill in darkneſs; thou ſhalt hold th' opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits; and fear to kill a woodcock, leſt thou diſpoſſeſs the ſoul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas, Sir Topas!——

Sir To. My moſt exquiſite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters *. [*This in his own voice.*

Mar. Thou might'ſt have done this without thy beard and gown; he ſees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'ſt him: I would we were all rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently deliver'd, I

* *A phraſe taken from the actor's ability of making the audience cry either with mirth or grief.*

would he were; for I am now ſo far in offence with my niece, that I cannot purſue with any ſafety this ſport to the upſhot. Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exit with Maria.*

SCENE IV.

Clo. Hey Robin, jolly Robin, tell me how my Lady does. [*Singing.*

Mal. Fool,———

Clo. My Lady is unkind, perdie.

Mal. Fool,———

Clo. Alas, why is ſhe ſo?

Mal. Fool, I ſay;———

Clo. She loves another——who calls, ha?

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deſerve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper; as I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Mr. Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, Sir, how fell you beſides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man ſo notoriouſly abus'd; I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well! then thou art mad, indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied me; keep me in darkneſs, ſend miniſters to me, aſſes, and do all they can to face me out of my wits.

Clo. Adviſe you what you ſay; the miniſter is here.—Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heav'ns reſtore; endeavour thyſelf to ſleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble. [*In a counterfeit voice.*]

Mal. Sir Topas,———

Clo. Maintain no words with him, good fellow. [*In the counterfeit voice.*

Who, I, Sir? not I, Sir. God b'wi'you, good Sir Topas———[*In his own voice.*]

Marry, amen. [*Counterfeit*]——I will, Sir, I will. [*In his own voice.*]

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I ſay.

Clo. Alas, Sir, be patient. What ſay you, Sir? I am ſhent for ſpeaking to you.

Mal.

Mal. Good fool, help me to ſome light, and ſome ıer; I tell thee, I am as well in my wits, as any man Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, Sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, ſome ink, pa-, and light; and convey what I ſet down to my Lady: ıall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of let-did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true, are you mad, indeed, or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me I am not: I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman, till I ſee his ins. I will fetch you light, and paper, and ink.

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the higheſt degree. r'ythee be gone.

Clo. I am gone, Sir, and anon, Sir, [*Singing.*
I'll be with you again
In a trice, like to the old vice,
Your need to ſuſtain:
Who with dagger of lath, in his rage, and his wrath,
Cries, Ah, ha! to the devil:
Like a mad lad, pare thy nails, dad,
Adieu good man drivel. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Changes to another apartment in Olivia's houſe.

Enter Sebaſtian.

'eb. This is the air, that is the glorious ſun;
s pearl ſhe gave me, I do feel't and ſee't.
d though 'tis wonder that enwarps me thus,
'tis not madneſs. Where's Antonio then?
)uld not find him at the Elephant;
there he was, and there I found this credit *,
ıt he did range the town to ſeek me out.
counſel now might do me golden ſervice;—
tho' my ſoul diſputes well with my ſenſe,
ıt this may be ſome error, but no madneſs;
doth this accident and flood of fortune
ar exceed all inſtance, all diſcourſe †,

* *Credit*, for account, information.
† *Inſtance*, for ſenſe; *diſcourſe*, for reaſon.

That I am ready to diſtruſt mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reaſon, that perſuades me
To any other truſt, but that I'm mad,
Or elſe the lady's mad; yet if 'twere ſo,
She could not ſway her houſe, command her followers,
Take, and give back affairs, and their diſpatch,
With ſuch a ſmooth, diſcreet, and ſtable bearing,
As I perceive ſhe does; there's ſomething in't
That is deceivable. But here ſhe comes.

Enter Olivia and Prieſt.

Oli. Blame not this haſte of mine: if you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by; there before him,
And underneath that conſecrated roof,
Plight me the full aſſurance of your faith;
That my moſt jealous and too doubtful ſoul
May live at peace. He ſhall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it ſhall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you ſay?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And having ſworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heav'ns ſo ſhine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The ſtreet.

Enter Clown, and Fabian.

Fab. NOW, as thou lov'ſt me, let me ſee his letter.

Clo. Good Mr. Fabian, grant me another requeſt.

Fab. Any thing.

Clo. Do not deſire to ſee this letter.

Fab. This is to give a dog, and in recompenſe deſire my dog again.

Enter

Enter Duke, Viola, Curio, and Lords.

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, Sir, we are ſome of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well; how doſt thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, Sir, the better for my foes, and the worſe for my friends.

Duke. Juſt the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, Sir, the worſe.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, Sir, they praiſe me, and make an aſs of me; now, my foes tell me plainly I am an aſs; ſo that by my foes, Sir, I profit in the knowledge of myſelf; and by my friends I am abuſed: ſo that concluſion to be aſked, is, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why, then the worſe for my friends, and the better for my foes.

Duke. Why, this is excellent.

Clo. By my troth, Sir, no, though it pleaſe you to be one of my friends.

Duke. Thou ſhalt not be the worſe for me, there's gold.

Clo. But that it would be double dealing, Sir, I would you could make it another.

Duke. O, you give me ill counſel.

Clo. Put your Grace in your pocket, Sir, for this once, and let your fleſh and blood obey it.

Duke. Well, I will be ſo much a ſinner to be a double-dealer: there's another.

Clo. Primo, ſecundo, tertio, is a good play; and the old ſaying is, the third pays for all: the triplex, Sir, is a good tripping meaſure; or the bells of St. Bennet, Sir, may put you in mind, one, two, three.

Duke. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw; if you will let your Lady know I am here to ſpeak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further.

Clo. Marry, Sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, Sir; but I would not have you to think, that my deſire of having is the ſin of covetouſneſs; but,

Kill what I love? (a ſavage jealouſy,
That ſometimes ſavours nobly.) But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance caſt my faith,
And that I partly know the inſtrument,
That ſcrews me from my true place in your favour;
Live you the marble-breaſted tyrant ſtill:
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heav'n, I ſwear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he ſits crowned in his maſter's ſpight.
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in miſchief.
I'll ſacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To ſpight a raven's heart within a dove. [*Duke going.*
Vio. And I moſt jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you reſt a thouſand deaths would die. [*following.*
Oli. Where goes Ceſario?
Vio. After him I love,
More than I love theſe eyes, more than my life;
More, by all mores, than e'er I ſhall love wife.
If I do feign, you witneſſes above
Puniſh my life, for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ay me, deteſted! how am I beguil'd?
Vio. Who does beguile you! who does do you wrong?
Oli. Haſt thou forgot thyſelf? Is it ſo long?
Call forth the holy father.
Duke. Come, away. [*To Viola.*
Oli. Whither, my Lord? Ceſario, huſband, ſtay.
Duke. Huſband?
Oli. Ay, huſband. Can he that deny?
Duke. Her huſband, ſirrah?
Vio. No, my Lord, not I.
Oli. Alas, it is the baſeneſs of thy fear,
That makes thee ſtrangle thy propriety.
Fear not, Ceſario, take thy fortunes up:
Be that thou know'ſt thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'ſt.

Enter Prieſt.

O welcome, father.
Father, I charge thee by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (tho' lately we intended
To keep in darkneſs, what occaſion now

Reveals

eveals before 'tis ripe) what thou doſt know
lath newly paſs'd between this youth and me.

Prieſt. A contract of eternal bond of love,
onfirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
ttеſted by the holy cloſe of lips,
trengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
nd all the ceremony of this compact
eal'd in my function, by my teſtimony:
ince when, my watch hath told me, tow'rd my grave
have travell'd but two hours.

Duke. O thou diſſembling cub! what wilt thou be,
When time hath ſow'd a grizzel on thy caſe?
Or will not elſe thy craft ſo quickly grow,
That thine own trip ſhall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her: but direct thy feet,
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

Vio. My Lord, I do proteſt———

Oli. O do not ſwear;
Hold little faith, tho' thou haſt too much fear!

SCENE IV. *Enter Sir Andrew, with his head broke.*

Sir And. For the love of God a ſurgeon, and ſend one preſently to Sir Toby.

Oli. What's the matter?

Sir And. H'as broke my head acroſs, and given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too: for the love of God, your help. I had rather than forty pound I were at home.

Oli. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

Sir And. The Duke's gentleman, one Ceſario; we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

Duke. My gentleman, Ceſario?

Sir And. Od's lifelings, here he is. You broke my head for nothing; and that that I did, I was ſet on to do't by Sir Toby.

Vio. Why do you ſpeak to me? I never hurt you.
You drew your ſword upon me without cauſe;
But I beſpake you fair, and hurt you not.

Enter Sir Toby, and the Clown.

Sir And. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have *hurt me. I think* you ſet nothing by a bloody coxcomb.

Here

Here comes Sir Toby halting, you ſhall hear more; but if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you other gates than he did.

Duke. How now, gentleman; how is't with you?

Sir To. That's all one, he has hurt me, and there's an end on't. Sot, didſt ſee Dick ſurgeon, ſot?

Clo. O he's drunk, Sir Toby, above an hour agone; his eyes were ſet at eight i' th' morning.

Sir To. Then he's a rogue, and a paſt-meaſure Painim. I hate a drunken rogue.

Oli. Away with him: who hath made this havock with them?

Sir And. I'll help you, Sir Toby, becauſe we'll be dreſs'd together.

Sir To. Will you help an aſs-head, and a coxcomb, and a knave, a thin-fac'd knave, a gull?

[*Exeunt Clo. To. and And.*

Oli. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be look'd to.

SCENE V. *Enter Sebaſtian.*

Seb. I am ſorry, Madam, I have hurt your kinſman:
But had it been the brother of my blood,
I muſt have done no leſs with wit and ſafety.
[*All ſtand in amaze.*
You throw a ſtrange regard on me, by which
I do perceive it hath offended you;
Pardon me, ſweet one, even for the vows
We made each other, but ſo late ago.

Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two perſons;
A nat'ral perſpective, that is, and is not!

Seb. Antonio, O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours rack'd and tortur'd me,
Since I have loſt thee!

Ant. Sebaſtian are you?

Seb. Fear'ſt thou that, Antonio!

Ant. How have you made diviſion of yourſelf?
An apple, cleft in two, is not more twin
Than theſe two creatures. Which is Sebaſtian?

Oli. Moſt wonderful!

Seb. Do I ſtand there! I never had a brother:
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and every where. I had a ſiſter,

Whom

Whom the blind waves and ſurges have devour'd.
For charity, what kin are you to me? [*To Viola.*
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Vio. Of Meſſaline; Sebaſtian was my father;
Such a Sebaſtian was my brother too:
So went he ſuited to his wat'ry tomb.
If ſpirits can aſſume both form and ſuit,
You come to fright us.
Seb. A ſpirit I am, indeed;
But am in that dimenſion groſsly clad,
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the reſt goes even,
I ſhould my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And ſay, "Thrice welcome, drowned Viola!"
Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.
Seb. And ſo had mine.
Vio. And dy'd that day, when Viola from her birth
Had number'd thirteen years.
Seb. O, that record is lively in my ſoul;
He finiſhed, indeed, his mortal act.
That day that made my ſiſter thirteen years.
Vio. If nothing lets to make us happy both,
But this my maſculine uſurp'd attire;
Do not embrace me, till each circumſtance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump,
That I am Viola; which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town
Where lie my maids' weeds; by whoſe gentle help
I was preſerv'd to ſerve this Noble Duke.
All the occurrence of my fortune ſince
Hath been between this Lady and this Lord.
Seb. So comes it, Lady, you have been miſtook:
[*To Olivia.*
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid,
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd;
You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.
Duke. Be not amaz'd: right noble is his blood:
If this be ſo, as yet the glaſs ſeems true,
I ſhall have ſhare in this moſt happy wreck.
Boy, *thou haſt ſaid to me a thouſand times,* [*To Vio.*
Thou never ſhouldſt love woman like to me.

Vio. And all thoſe ſayings will I over-ſwear,
And all thoſe ſwearings keep as true in ſoul,
As doth that orbed continent the fire,
That ſevers day from night.

Duke. Give me thy hand,
And let me ſee thee in thy woman's weeds.

Vio. The captain that did bring me firſt on ſhore,
Hath my maids' garments: he upon ſome action
Is now in durance, at Malvolio's ſuit,
A gentleman and follower of my Lady's.

Oli. He ſhall enlarge him: fetch Malvolio hither.
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They ſay, poor gentleman! he's much diſtract.

SCENE VI.

Enter the Clown with a letter, and Fabian.

A moſt extracting frenzy * of mine own
From my remembrance clearly baniſh'd his.
How does he, ſirrah?

Clo. Truly, Madam, he holds Belzebub at the ſtave's end, as well as a man in his caſe may do: h'as here writ a letter to you, I ſhould have given't you to-day morning. But as a madman's epiſtles are no goſpels, ſo it ſkills not much when they are deliver'd.

Oli. Open't, and read it.

Clo. Look then to be well edify'd, when the fool delivers the madman.——*By the Lord, Madam,*——

[*Reads.*

Oli. How now, art mad?

Clo. No, Madam; I do but read madneſs: an your Ladyſhip will have it as it ought to be, you muſt allow *vox.*

Oli. Pr'ythee read it i' thy right wits.

Clo. So I do, Madona; but to read his right wits, is to read thus: therefore perpend, my Princeſs, and give ear.

Oli. Read it you, ſirrah. [*To Fabian.*

Fab [*Reads.*] *By the Lord, Madam, you wrong me, and the world ſhall know it: though you have put me into* darkneſs,

* *i. e.* A frenzy that drew me away from every thing but its own object.

darkneſs, and given your drunken uncle rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my ſenſes as well as your Ladyſhip. I have your own letter that induced me to the ſemblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myſelf much right, or you much ſhame: think of me as you pleaſe. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and ſpeak out of my injury.

The madly us'd Malvolio.

Oli. Did he write this?

Clo. Ay, Madam.

Duke. This ſavours not much of diſtraction.

Oli. See him deliver'd, Fabian: bring him hither.
My Lord, ſo pleaſe you, theſe things further thought on,
To think me as well a ſiſter, as a wife;
One day ſhall crown th' alliance on't, ſo pleaſe you,
Here at my houſe, and at my proper coſt.

Duke. Madam, I am moſt apt t' embrace your offer.
Your maſter quits you; and for your ſervice done him,
So much againſt the metal of your ſex, [*To Viola.*
So far beneath your ſoft and tender breeding;
And ſince you call'd me maſter for ſo long,
Here is my hand you ſhall from this time be
Your maſter's miſtreſs.

Oli. A ſiſter,——you are ſhe.

SCENE VII. *Enter Malvolio.*

Duke. Is this the madman?

Oli. Ay, my Lord, this ſame. How now, Malvolio?

Mal. Madam, you have done me wrong, notorious

Oli. Have I, Malvolio? no. [wrong.

Mal. Lady, you have; pray you, peruſe that letter.
You muſt not now deny it is your hand.
Write from it if you can, in hand or phraſe;
Or ſay, 'tis not your ſeal, nor your invention;
You can ſay none of this. Well, grant it then;
And tell me in the modeſty of honour,
Why you have given me ſuch clear lights of favour,
Bade me come ſmiling and croſs-garter'd to you,
To put on yellow ſtockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby, and the lighter people:
And acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you ſuffer'd me to be impriſon'd,
Kept *in a dark houſe*, viſited by the prieſt,

And made the moſt notorious geck, and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on? tell me, why?
Oli. Alas, Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confeſs, much like the character:
But, out of queſtion, 'tis Maria's hand.
And now I do bethink me, it was ſhe
Firſt told me thou waſt mad; then cam'ſt thou ſmiling,
And in ſuch forms which here were preſuppos'd *
Upon thee in the letter: pr'ythee, be content;
This practice hath moſt ſhrewdly paſs'd upon thee:
But when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou ſhalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cauſe.
Fab. Good Madam, hear me ſpeak;
And let no quarrel, nor no brawl to come,
Taint the condition of this preſent hour,
Which I have wondered at. In hope it ſhall not,
Moſt freely I confeſs, myſelf and Sir Toby
Set this device againſt Malvolio here,
Upon ſome ſtubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceiv'd againſt him. Maria writ
The letter, at Sir Toby's great importance;
In recompence whereof he hath married her.
How with a ſportful malice it was follow'd,
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be juſtly weigh'd,
That have on both ſides paſs'd.
Oli. Alas, poor fool! how have they baffled thee!
Clo. Why, *ſome are born great, ſome atchieve greatneſs, and ſome have greatneſs thruſt upon them.* I was one, Sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, Sir; but that's all one: *—by the Lord, fool, I am not mad;* but do you remember, Madam,—*why laugh you at ſuch a barren raſcal! an you ſmile not, he's gagg'd:* and thus the whirl-gigg of time brings in his revenges.
Mal. I'll be reveng'd on the pack of you.
[*Exit.*
Oli. He hath been moſt notoriouſly abus'd.
Duke. Purſue him, and intreat him to a peace:
He hath not told us of the captain yet;
When

* *Preſuppos'd* for *impoſed.*

hen that is known, and golden time convents,
ſolemn combination ſhall be made
our dear ſouls. Mean time, ſweet ſiſter,
e will not part from hence.—Ceſario, come;
or ſo you ſhall be while you are a man;)
it when in other habits you are ſeen,
ſino's miſtreſs, and his fancy's queen. [*Exeunt.*

Clown ſings.

* *When that I was a little tiny boy,*
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain:
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.
But when I came to man's eſtate,
With hey, ho, &c.
'Gainſt knaves and thieves men ſhut their gate,
For the rain, &c.
But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, &c.
By ſwaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain, &c.
But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, &c.
With toſs-pots ſtill had drunken heads,
For the rain, &c.
A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, &c.
But that's all one, our play is done;
And we'll ſtrive to pleaſe you every day. [*Exit.*

* This poor ſtuff appears to be the players, not Shakeſpeare's.

THE

COMEDY OF ERRORS*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

SALINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*
ÆGEON, *a merchant of Syracuse.*
Antipholis of *Ephesus*, } *Twin-brothers, sons to Ægeon and Æmilia, but unknown to each other.*
Antipholis of *Syracuse*, }
Dromio of *Ephesus*, } *Twin-brothers, and slaves to the two Antipholis's.*
Dromio of *Syracuse*, }
Balthazar, *a merchant.*
Angelo, *a goldsmith.*
A Merchant, friend to Antipholis of Syracuse.
Dr. Pinch, *a schoolmaster, and a conjurer.*
Æmilia, *wife to Ægeon, an abbess at Ephesus.*
Adriana, *wife to Antipholis of Ephesus.*
Luciana, *sister to Adriana.*
Luce, *servant to Adriana.*
Jailor, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Ephesus.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The Duke's palace.

Enter the Duke of Ephesus, Ægeon, Jailor, and other Attendants.

Ægeon. PROCEED, Salinus, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of Syracuse, plead no more:
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity, and discord, which of late
Sprung from the rancrous outrage of your Duke,
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
(Who, wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods,)
Excludes all pity from our threat'ning looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars

'Twixt

* The plot take from the Menæchmi of Plautus.

'Twixt thy ſeditious countrymen and us,
It hath in ſolemn ſynods been decreed,
Both by the Syracuſans and ourſelves,
T' admit no traffic to our adverſe towns;
Nay, more, if any born at Epheſus
Be ſeen at Syracuſan marts and fairs;
Again, if any Syracuſan born
Come to the bay of Epheſus, he dies:
His goods confiſcate to the Duke's diſpoſe,
Unleſs a thouſand marks be levied
To quit the penalty, and ranſom him.
Thy ſubſtance, valu'd at the higheſt rate,
Cannot amount unto a hundred marks;
Therefore, by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ægeon. Yet this my comfort, when your words are done,
My woes end likewiſe with the evening-ſun.

Duke. Well, Syracuſan, ſay, in brief, the cauſe,
Why thou departed'ſt from thy native home;
And for what cauſe thou cam'ſt to Epheſus.

Ægeon. A heavier taſk could not have been impos'd,
Than I to ſpeak my grief unſpeakable:
Yet that the world may witneſs, that my end
Was wrought by nature *, not by vile offence,
I'll utter what my ſorrow gives me leave.
In Syracuſa was I born, and wed
Unto a woman, happy but for me;
And by me too, had not our hap been bad:
With her I liv'd in joy; our wealth increas'd,
By proſperous voyages I often made
To Epidamnum; till my factor's death,
And the great care of goods at random left,
Drew me from kind embracement of my ſpouſe;
From whom my abſence was not ſix months old,
Before herſelf (almoſt at fainting under
The pleaſing puniſhment that women bear)
Had made proviſion for her following me,
And ſoon, and ſafe, arrived where I was.
There ſhe had not been long, but ſhe became
A joyful mother of two goodly ſons;
And, which was ſtrange, the one ſo like the other,

* *i. e.* By a natural event, by the courſe of Providence.

As could not be diſtinguiſh'd but by names.
That very hour, and in the ſelf-ſame inn,
A poor mean woman was delivered
Of ſuch a burden, male twins both alike:
Thoſe (for the parents were exceeding poor)
I bought, and brought up to attend my ſons.
My wife, not meanly proud of two ſuch boys,
Made daily motions for our home-return:
Unwilling, I agreed: alas, too ſoon!
We came aboard.
A league from Epidamnum had we ſail'd,
Before the always wind-obeying deep
Gave any tragic inſtance of our harm;
But longer did we not retain much hope:
For what obſcured light the heav'ns did grant,
Did but convey unto our fearful minds
A doubtful warrant of immediate death;
Which tho' myſelf would gladly have embrac'd,
Yet the inceſſant weeping of my wife,
(Weeping before, for what ſhe ſaw muſt come,)
And piteous plainings of the pretty babes,
That mourn'd for faſhion, ignorant what to fear,
Forc'd me to ſeek delays for them and me.
And this it was; (for other means were none.)
The ſailors ſought for ſafety by our boat,
And left the ſhip, then ſinking-ripe, to us;
My wife, more careful for the elder born,
Had faſten'd him unto a ſmall ſpare maſt,
Such as ſeafaring men provide for ſtorms;
To him one of the other twins was bound,
Whilſt I had been like heedful of the other.
The children thus diſpos'd, my wife and I,
Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fix'd,
Faſten'd ourſelves at either end the maſt;
And floating ſtraight, obedient to the ſtream,
Were carry'd towards Corinth, as we thought.
At length the ſun, gazing upon the earth,
Diſpers'd thoſe vapours that offended us;
And, by the benefit of his wiſh'd light,
The ſeas wax'd calm; and we diſcover'd
Two ſhips from far making amain to us,
Of Corinth that, of Epidaurus this;

But ere they came—Oh, let me ſay no more!
Gather the ſequel by that went before.
Duke. Nay, forward, old man, do not break off ſo;
For we may pity, tho' not pardon thee.
Ægeon. Oh, had the gods done ſo, I had not now
Worthily term'd them mercileſs to us.
For ere the ſhips could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountered by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpleſs ſhip was ſplitted in the midſt:
So that, in this unjuſt divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to ſorrow for.
Her part, poor ſoul! ſeeming as burdened
With leſſer weight, but not with leſſer woe,
Was carry'd with more ſpeed before the wind,
And in our ſight they three were taken up
By fiſhermen of Corinth, as we thought.
At length, another ſhip had ſeiz'd on us;
And knowing whom it was their hap to ſave,
Gave helpful welcome to their ſhipwreck'd gueſts;
And would have reft the fiſhers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very ſlow of ſail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their courſe.—
Thus have you heard me ſever'd from my bliſs;
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell ſad ſtories of my own miſhaps.
Duke. And, for the ſakes of them thou ſorrow'ſt for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them, and thee, till now.
Ægeon. My youngeſt boy, and yet my eldeſt care,
At eighteen years, became inquiſitive
After his brother: and importun'd me,
That his attendant (for his caſe was like,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name)
Might bear him company in queſt of him:
Whom whilſt I labour'd of a love to ſee,
I hazarded the loſs of whom I lov'd.
Five ſummers have I ſpent in fartheſt Greece,
Roaming clean through the bounds of Aſia,
And coaſting homeward, came to Epheſus:
Hopeleſs to find, yet loath to leave unſought,

Or

Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here muſt end the ſtory of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapleſs Ægeon, whom the fates have mark'd
To bear th' extremity of dire miſhap:
Now, truſt me, were it not againſt our laws,
(Which princes, would they, may not diſannul;)
Againſt my crown, my oath, my dignity,
My ſoul ſhould ſue as advocate for thee.
But, tho' thou art adjudged to the death,
And paſſed ſentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great diſparagement;
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
I therefore, merchant, limit thee this day,
To ſeek thy life by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou haſt in Epheſus,
Beg thou, or borrow, to make up the ſum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die.
Jailor, take him to thy cuſtody.

[*Exeunt Duke, and train*

Jail. I will, my Lord.

Ægeon. Hopeleſs and helpleſs doth Ægeon wend,
But to procraſtinate his lifeleſs end.

[*Exeunt Ægeon, and Jailor.*

SCENE II. *Changes to the ſtreet.*

Enter Antipholis of Syracuſe, a Merchant, and Dromio.

Mer. Therefore give out, you are of Epidamnum,
Leſt that your goods too ſoon be confiſcate.
This very day, a Syracuſan merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And, not being able to buy out his life,
According to the ſtatute of the town,
Dies ere the weary ſun ſet in the weſt:
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. Go bear it to the Centaur, where we hoſt,
And ſtay there, Dromio, till I come to thee:
Within this hour it will be dinner-time;
Till that I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruſe the traders, gaze upon the buildings,

And

And then return, and sleep within mine inn;
For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
And go indeed, having so good a means.

[*Exit Dromio.*

Ant. A trusty villain, Sir, that very oft,
When I am dull with care and melancholy,
Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
What, will you walk with me about the town,
And then go to the inn, and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, Sir, to certain merchants,
Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
I crave your pardon. Soon at five o'clock,
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
And afterwards consort you till bed-time:
My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewell till then; I will go lose myself,
And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.

[*Exit Merchant.*

SCENE III.

Ant. He that commends me to my own content,
Commends me to the thing I cannot get,
I to the world am like a drop of water,
That in the ocean seeks another drop,
Who falling there to find his fellow forth,
Unseen inquisitive confounds himself:
So I, to find a mother and a brother,
In quest of them, unhappy, lose myself.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.
What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?

E. Dro. Return'd so soon? rather approach'd too late
The capon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock has strucken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek,
She is so hot, because the meat is cold;

The

The meat is cold, becauſe you come not home;
You come not home, becauſe you have no ſtomach:
You have no ſtomach, having broke your faſt;
But we, that know what 'tis to faſt and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. Stop in your wind, Sir; tell me this, I pray,
Where you have left the money that I gave you?

E. Dro. Oh,—ſixpence that I had a Wedneſday laſt,
To pay the ſaddler for my miſtreſs' crupper?
The ſaddler had it, Sir; I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a ſportive humour now;
Tell me and dally not, where is the money?
We being ſtrangers here, how dar'ſt thou truſt
So great a charge from thine own cuſtody?

E. Dro. I pray you, jeſt, Sir, as you ſit at dinner:
I from my miſtreſs come to you in poſt;
If I return, I ſhall be poſt indeed;
For ſhe will ſcore your fault upon my pate.
Methinks your maw, like mine, ſhould be your clock,
And ſtrike you home without a meſſenger.

Ant. Come, Dromio, come, theſe jeſts are out of ſeaſon;
Reſerve them till a merrier hour than this.
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

E. Dro. To me, Sir? why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. Come on, Sir Knave, have done your fooliſhneſs;
And tell me how thou haſt diſpos'd thy charge?

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your houſe, the Phœnix, Sir, to dinner;
My miſtreſs and her ſiſter ſtay for you.

Ant. Now, as I am a Chriſtian anſwer me,
In what ſafe place you have beſtow'd my money;
Or I ſhall break that merry ſconce of yours,
That ſtands on tricks when I am undiſpos'd:
Where are the thouſand marks thou hadſt of me?

E. Dro. I have ſome marks of yours upon my pate;
Some of my miſtreſs' marks upon my ſhoulders;
But not a thouſand marks between you both.——
If I ſhould pay your Worſhip thoſe again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. Thy miſtreſs' marks; what miſtreſs, ſlave, haſt thou?

E. Dro.

E. Dro. Your Worſhip's wife, my miſtreſs at the Phœnix;
ıe that doth faſt till you come home to dinner;
nd prays that you will hie you home to dinner.
Ant What wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
eing forbid? there take you that, Sir Knave.
E. Dro. What mean you, Sir, for God's ſake hold your hands;
ay, an you will not, Sir, I'll take my heels.
[*Exit Dromio.*

Ant. Upon my life, by ſome device or other,
he villain is o'er-wrought of all my money.
hey ſay, this town is full of cozenage;
s nimble jugglers that deceive the eye;
rug-working ſorcerers that change the mind;
ɔul-killing witches that deform the body;
iſguiſed cheaters, prating mountebanks,
nd many ſuch like libertines of ſin:
it prove ſo, I will be gone the ſooner.
ll to the Centaur, to go ſeek this ſlave:
greatly fear my money is not ſafe. [*Exit.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

The houſe of Antipholis of Epheſus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. NEITHER my huſband, nor the ſlave return'd,
hat in ſuch haſte I ſent to ſeek his maſter!
ıre Luciana, it is two o'clock.
Luc. Perhaps ſome merchant hath invited him,
.nd from the mart he's ſomewhere gone to dinner:
ood ſiſter, let us dine, and never fret.
: m[illegible] is maſter of his liberty:
'i[illegible] their maſter; and when they ſee time,
'hey'll go or come; if ſo, be patient, ſiſter.
Adr. Why ſhould their liberty than ours be more?
Luc. Becauſe their buſineſs ſtill lies out a-door.
Adr. Look, when I ſerve him ſo, he takes it ill.
Luc. Oh, know, he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but aſſes will be bridled ſo.

Luc. Why, head-ſtrong liberty is laſh'd with woe.
There's nothing ſituate under heav'n's eye,
But hath its bound in earth, in ſea, in ſky:
The beaſts, the fiſhes, and the winged fowls,
Are their males' ſubjects, and at their controuls.
Men more divine, the maſters of all theſe,
Lords of the wide world, and wide wat'ry ſeas,
Endu'd with intellectual ſenſe and ſoul,
Of more pre-eminence than fiſh and fowl,
Are maſters to their females, and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr. This ſervitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear ſome ſway.

Luc. Ere I learn love, I'll practiſe to obey.

Adr. How if your huſband ſtart ſome other where?

Luc. Till he come home again, I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel tho' ſhe pauſe;
They can be meek that have no other cauſe:
A wretched ſoul, bruis'd with adverſity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much, or more, we ſhould ourſelves complain.
So thou, that haſt no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpleſs patience would'ſt relieve me:
But if thou live to ſee like right bereft,
This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left.

Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to try;
Here comes your man, now is your huſband nigh.

SCENE II. *Enter Dromio of Epheſus.*

Adr. Say, is your tardy maſter now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witneſs.

Adr. Say, didſt thou ſpeak with him? know'ſt thou his mind?

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told me his mind upon mine ear. Beſhrew his hand, I ſcarce could underſtand it.

Luc. Spake he ſo doubtfully, thou could'ſt not feel his meaning?

E. Dro. Nay, he ſtruck ſo plainly, I could too well

feel his blows; and withal ſo doubtfully, that I could ſcarce underſtand them.

Adr. But ſay, I pr'ythee, is he coming home?
It ſeems he hath great care to pleaſe his wife.

E. Dro. Why, miſtreſs, ſure my maſter is horn-mad.

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain!

E. Dro. I mean not cuckold mad; but ſure he's ſtark
When I deſir'd him to come home to dinner, [mad:
He aſk'd me for a thouſand marks in gold:
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I; My gold, quoth he:
Your meat doth burn, quoth I? My gold, quoth he;
Will you come home, quoth I? My gold, quoth he;
Where is the thouſand marks I gave thee, villain?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd; My gold, quoth he;
My miſtreſs, Sir, quoth I; Hang up thy miſtreſs!
I know not thy miſtreſs; out on thy miſtreſs!

Luc. Quoth who?

E. Dro. Quoth my maſter:
I know, quoth he, no houſe, no wife, no miſtreſs;
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my ſhoulders;
For, in concluſion, he did beat me there.

Adr. Go back again, thou ſlave, and fetch him home.

E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home?
For God's ſake ſend ſome other meſſenger.

Adr. Back, ſlave, or I will break thy pate acroſs.

E. Dro. And he will bleſs that croſs with other beating:
Between you I ſhall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peaſant, fetch thy maſter home.

E. Dro. Am I ſo round with you as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you do ſpurn me thus?
You ſpurn me hence, and he will ſpurn me hither:
If I laſt in this ſervice, you muſt caſe me in leather.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face?

Adr. His company muſt do his minions grace,
Whilſt I at home ſtarve for a merry look.
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek? then, he hath waſted it.

Are my diſcourſes dull? barren my wit?
If voluble and ſharp diſcourſe be marr'd,
Unkindneſs blunts it, more than marble hard.
Do their gay veſtments his affections bait?
That's not my fault: he's maſter of my ſtate.
What ruins are in me, that can be found
By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground
Of my defeatures. My decayed fair
A ſunny look of his would ſoon repair.
But, too unruly dear, he breaks the pale,
And feeds from home; poor I am but his ſtale.
Luc. Self-harming jealouſy!—fie, beat it hence.
Adr. Unfeeling fools can with ſuch wrongs diſpenſe.
I know his eye doth homage other-where;
Or elſe what lets it, but he would be here?
Siſter, you know he promis'd me a chain;
Would that alone, alone, he would detain,
So he would keep fair quarter with his bed.
I ſee the jewel beſt enameled,
Will loſe his beauty; and the gold bides ſtill,
That others touch; yet often touching will
Wear gold: and ſo no man that hath a name,
But falſehood, and corruption, doth it ſhame.
Since that my beauty cannot pleaſe his eye,
I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.
Luc. How many fond fools ſerve mad jealouſy!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to the ſtreet.*

Enter Antipholis of Syracuſe.

Ant. The gold I gave to Dromio is laid up
Safe at the Centaur; and the heedful ſlave
Is wander'd forth in care to ſeek me out.
By computation, and mine hoſt's report,
I could not ſpeak with Dromio, ſince at firſt
I ſent him from the mart. See, here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuſe.

How now, Sir? is your merry humour alter'd?
As you love ſtrokes, ſo jeſt with me again.

You

You know no Centaur? you receiv'd no gold?
Your miſtreſs ſent to have me home to dinner?
Your houſe was at the Phœnix? waſt thou mad,
That thus ſo madly thou didſt anſwer me?

S. Dro. What anſwer, Sir? when ſpake I ſuch a word?

Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour ſince.

S. Dro. I did not ſee you ſince you ſent me hence,
Home to the Centaur, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. Villain, thou didſt deny the gold's receipt;
And told'ſt me of a miſtreſs, and a dinner;
For which I hope thou felt'ſt I was diſpleas'd.

S. Dro. I'm glad to ſee you in this merry vein:
What means this jeſt, I pray you, maſter, tell me?

Ant. Yea, doſt thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'ſt thou I jeſt? hold, take thou that, and that.
[*Beats Dro.*

S. Dro. Hold, Sir, for God's ſake, now your jeſt is earneſt;
Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. Becauſe that I familiarly ſometimes
Do uſe you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your ſaucineſs will jeſt upon my love,
And make a common of my ſerious hours.
When the ſun ſhines, let fooliſh gnats make ſport?
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams.
If you will jeſt with me, know my aſpect,
And faſhion your demeanour to my looks;
Or I will beat this method * in your ſconce †.

* *Method*, for inſtruction.

†———your ſconce.

S. Dro. Sconce, call you it? ſo you would leave battering, I had rather have it a head; an you uſe theſe blows long, I muſt get a ſconce for my head, and inſconce it too, or elſe I ſhall ſeek my wit in my ſhoulders. But, I pray, Sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Doſt thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing, Sir, but that I am beaten.

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, and wherefore; for, they ſay, every why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why, firſt, for flouting me; and when wherefore, for urging it the ſecond time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of ſeaſon.

Wher

SCENE V. *Enter Adriana and Luciana.*

Adr. Ay, ay, Antipholis, look ſtrange and frown,
Some other miſtreſs hath thy ſweet aſpects:
I am not Adriana, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, wouldſt vow,
'That never words were muſic to thine ear,
'That never object pleaſing in thine eye,
'That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
'That

When, in the why, and wherefore, is neither rhyme nor reaſon? Well, Sir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, Sir, for what?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, for this ſomething that you gave me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing for ſomething. But ſay, Sir, is it dinner-time?

S. Dro. No, Sir, I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time, Sir, what's that?

S. Dro. Baſting.

Ant. Well, Sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, Sir, I pray you eat none of it.

Ant. Your reaſon?

S. Dro. Leſt it make you choleric, and purchaſe me another dry-baſting.

Ant. Well, Sir, learn to jeſt in good time; there's a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durſt have deny'd that, before you were ſo choleric.

Ant. By what rule Sir!

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, by a rule as plain as the bald pate of father Time himſelf.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his hair, that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

S. Dro. Yes, to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the loſt hair of another man.

Ant. Why is Time ſuch a niggard of hair, being, as it is, ſo plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Becauſe it is a bleſſing that he beſtows on beaſts: and what he hath ſcanted men in hair, he hath given them i[n]

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair [than] wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of thoſe, but he hath the wit to loſe [his] hair.

Ant. Why, thou didſt conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the ſooner loſt; yet he loſeth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what reaſon?

S. Dro

'That never meat ſweet-ſavour'd in thy taſte,
'Unleſs I ſpake, or look'd, or touch'd or carv'd.'
How comes it now, my huſband, oh, how comes it,
That thou art thus eſtranged from thyſelf?
Thyſelf I call it, being ſtrange to me.
That, undividable, incorporate,
Am better than thy dear ſelf's better part.
Ah, do not tear away thyſelf from me:
For know, my love, as eaſy may'ſt thou fall
A drop of water in the breaking gulf,
And take unmingled thence that drop again,
Without addition or diminiſhing,
As take from me thyſelf, and not me too.
How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
Should'ſt thou but hear I were licentious?
And that this body conſecrate to thee,
By ruffian luſt ſhould be contaminate?
Would'ſt thou not ſpit at me, and ſpurn at me,
And hurl the name of huſband in my face,
And tear the ſtain'd ſkin of my harlot-brow,
And from my falſe hand cut the wedding-ring,
And break it with a deep divorcing vow?
I know thou can'ſt; and therefore ſee thou do it.
I am poſſeſs'd with an adulterate blot;
My blood is mingled with the grime of luſt:

For

S. Dro. For two, and found ones too.

Ant. Nay, not found, I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones then.

Ant. Nay, not ſure in a thing falſing.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one to ſave the money that he ſpends in trying; the other, that at dinner they ſhould not drop in his porridge.

Ant. You would all this time have prov'd there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry, and did, Sir; namely, no time to recover hair loſt by nature.

Ant. But your reaſon was not ſubſtantial, why there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himſelf is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. I knew 'twould be a bald concluſion: but, ſoft! who wafts us yonder?

SCENE, &c.

For if we two be one, and thou play falſe,
I do digeſt the poiſon of thy fleſh,
Being ſtrumpeted by thy contagion.
Keep then fair league, and truce with thy true bed;
I live diſtain'd, thou undiſhonoured.

Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not;
In Epheſus I am but two hours old,
As ſtrange unto your town as to your talk *.

Luc. Fie, brother! how the world is chang'd with you!
When were you wont to uſe my ſiſter thus?
She ſent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. By Dromio?

S. Dro. By me?

Adr. By thee; and thus thou didſt return from him,
That he did buffet thee; and in his blows
Deny'd my houſe for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you converſe, Sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the courſe and drift of your compact?

S. Dro. I, Sir, I never ſaw her till this time.

Ant. Villain, thou lieſt; for even her very words
Didſt thou deliver to me on the mart.

S. Dro. I never ſpoke with her in all my life.

Ant. How can ſhe thus then call us by our names,
Unleſs it be by inſpiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus groſsly with your ſlave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt †,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will faſten on this ſleeve of thine;
" Thou art an elm, my huſband, I a vine:
" Whoſe weakneſs, marry'd to thy ſtronger ſtate,
" Makes me with thy ſtrength to communicate;
" If aught poſſeſs thee from me, it is droſs,
" Uſurping ivy, briar, or idle moſs;
" Who all for want of pruning, with intruſion
" Infect thy ſap, and live on thy confuſion."

Ant.

*——as to your talk.
Who, every word by all my wit being ſcann'd,
Wants wit in all one word to underſtand.
Luc. Fie, brother, &c.

† *Exempt for eſtranged.*

Ant. To me ſhe ſpeaks; ſhe moves me for her theme;
What, was I marry'd to her in my dream?
Or ſleep I now, and think I hear all this?
What error drives our eyes and ears amiſs?
Until I know this ſure uncertainty,
I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy.
Luc. Dromio, go bid the ſervants ſpread for dinner *.
Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
To put the finger in the eye, and weep,
Whilſt man and maſter laugh my woes to ſcorn.
Come, Sir, to dinner; Dromio, keep the gate;
Huſband, I'll dine above with you to day,
And ſhrive you of a thouſand idle pranks;
Sirrah, if any aſk you for your maſter,
Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter;
Come, ſiſter; Dromio, play the porter well.
Ant. Am I in earth, in heaven, or in hell?
Sleeping or waking, mad or well adviſ'd?
Known unto theſe, and to myſelf diſguis'd?
I'll ſay as they ſay, and perſevere ſo;
And in this miſt at all adventures go.
S. Dro. Maſter, ſhall I be porter at the gate?
Adr. Ay, let none enter, leſt I break your pate.
Luc. Come, come, Antipholis, we dine too late.

Exeunt.

ACT

* ——ſpread for dinner.
S. Dro. Oh, for my beads! I croſs me for a ſinner.
This is the Fairy land: oh, ſpight of ſpights!
We talk with goblins, owls, and elviſh ſprights;
If we obey them not, this will enſue,
They'll ſuck our breath, and pinch us black and blue.
Luc. Why prat'ſt thou to thyſelf, and anſwer'ſt not?
S. Dro. I am transform'd, Maſter, am not I?
Ant. I think thou art in mind, and ſo am I.
S. Dro. Nay, Maſter, both in mind and in my ſhape.
Ant. Thou haſt thine own form.
S. Dro. No; I am an ape.
Luc. If thou art chang'd to aught, 'tis to an aſs.
S. Dro. 'Tis true; ſhe rides me, and I long for graſs.
'Tis ſo, I am an aſs; elſe it could never be,
But I ſhould know her, as well as ſhe knows me.
Adr. Come, come, &c.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſtreet before Antipholis's houſe.

Enter Antipholis of Epheſus, Dromio of Epheſus, Angelo, and Balthazar.

E. Ant. GOOD Signior Angelo, you muſt excuſe us;
My wife is ſhrewiſh when I keep not hours;
Say, that I linger'd with you at your ſhop
To ſee the making of her carkanet;
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain, that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him;
And charg'd him with a thouſand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and houſe:
Thou drunkard, thou, what didſt thou mean by this ‡?
I think thou art an aſs.

E. Dro. Marry, ſo it doth appear
By the wrongs I ſuffer, and the blows I bear;
I ſhould kick, being kick'd; and, being at that paſs,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an aſs.

E. Ant. Y'are ſad, Signior Balthazar. Pray God, our cheer
May anſwer my good-will, and your good welcome here †.
But

‡ ——— mean by this?
E. Dro. Say what you will, Sir; but I know what I know;
That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to ſhow:
If the ſkin were parchment, and the blows you gave were ink,
Your own hand-writing would tell you what I think.
E. Ant. I think, &c.

† ——— good welcome here.
Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, Sir, and your welcome dear.
E. Ant. Ah ſignior Balthazar, either at fleſh or fiſh,
A table-full of welcome makes ſcarce one dainty diſh.
Bal. Good meat, Sir, is common; that every churl affords.
E. Ant. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.
Bal. Small cheer and great welcome, makes a merry feaſt.
[illegible] and more ſparing gueſt:
[illegible] in good part;
[illegible] not with better heart.

But, but, &c.

ut, ſoft; my door is lock'd; go bid them let us in.
E. Dro. Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cicely, Gillian, Ginn!
S. Dro. [*Within.*] Mome, malt-horſe, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!
ither get thee from the door, or ſit down at the hatch:
oſt thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'ſt for ſuch ſtore,
hen one is one too many? go, get thee from the door †.
Adr.

†———get thee from the door.
E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my maſter ſtays in the ſtreet.
S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, leſt he catch cold on's feet.
E. Ant. Who talks within there? hoa, open the door.
S. Dro. Right, Sir; I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.
E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not dined to-day.
E. Dro. Nor to-day here you muſt not: come again when you may.
E. Ant. What art thou that keep'ſt me out from the houſe I owe?
S. Dro. The porter for this time, Sir, and my name is *Dromio.*
E. Dro. O villain, thou haſt ſtol'n both mine office and my name:
he one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame.
f thou had'ſt been Dromio to-day in my place.
hou would'ſt have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an aſs.
Luce. [*Within.*] What a coil is there, Dromio? who are thoſe at the gate?
E. Dro. Let my maſter in, Luce.
Luce. 'Faith, no; he comes too late;
nd ſo tell your maſter
E. Dro. O Lord, I muſt laugh;
ave at you with a proverb.—Shall I ſet in my ſtaff?
Luce. Have at you with another; that's when can you tell?
S. Dro. If thy name be call'd *Luce, Luce,* thou haſt anſwer'd him well.
E. Ant. Do you hear, you minion; you'll let us in, I trow?
Luce. I thought to have aſk'd you.
S. Dro. And you ſaid, No.
E. Dro. So, come, help, well ſtruck; there was blow for blow.
E. Ant. Thou baggage, let me in.
Luce. Can you tell for whoſe ſake?
E. Dro. Maſter, knock the door hard.
Luce. Let him knock till it ake.
E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.
Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of ſtocks in the town?
Adr. [Within.] Who is that, &c.

Adr. [*Within.*] Who is that at the door, that keeps all this noiſe?

S. Dro. By my troth, your town is troubled with unruly boys.

E. Ant. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.

Adr. Your wife, Sir Knave! go get you from the door *.

E. Ant. Go get thee gone, fetch me an iron-crow.

Bal. Have patience, Sir: Oh, let it not be ſo.
Herein you war againſt your reputation,
And draw within the compaſs of ſuſpect
Th' unviolated honour of your wife.
Once, this,—your long experience of her wiſdom,
Her ſober virtue, years and modeſty,
Plead on her part ſome cauſe to you unknown;
And doubt not, Sir, but ſhe will well excuſe,
Why at this time the doors are barr'd againſt you.
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let us to the Tyger all to dinner;
And about evening come yourſelf alone,

To

* *Adr.* ——— get you from the door.
E. Dro. If you went in pain, maſter, this *knave* would go ſore.
Ang. Here is neither cheer, Sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.
Bal. In Debating which was beſt, we ſhall have part with neither.
E. Dro. They ſtand at the door, maſter; bid them welcome hither.
E. Ant. There's ſomething in the wind that we cannot get in.
E. Dro. You would ſay ſo, maſter, if your garments were thin.
Your cake here is warm within: you ſtand here in the cold:
It would make a man mad as a buck to be ſo bought and ſold.
E. Ant. Go fetch me ſomething, I'll break ope the gate.
S. Dro. Break any thing here, and I'll break your knave's pate.
E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, Sir, and words are but wind;
Ay, and break it in your face, ſo he break it not behind.
S. Dro. It ſeems, thou wanteſt breaking; out upon thee, hind!
E. Dro. Here's too much, *out upon thee!* I pray thee let me in.
S. Dro. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fiſh have no fin.
E. Ant. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow.
E. Dro. A crow without feathers, maſter, mean you ſo?
For a fiſh without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, ſirrah, we'll pluck a crow together.
E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, &c.

To know the reaſon of this ſtrange reſtraint.
If by ſtrong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the ſtirring paſſage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that ſuppoſed by the common rout,
Againſt your yet ungalled eſtimation,
That may with foul intruſion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For ſlander lives upon ſucceſſion;
For ever hous'd, where it once gets poſſeſſion.

E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And, in deſpight of mirth, mean to be merry.
I know a wench of excellent diſcourſe,
Pretty and witty, wild, and yet too gentle;
There will we dine; this woman that I mean,
My wife (but, I proteſt, without deſert)
Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal;
To her will we to dinner. Get you home,
And fetch the chain; by this I know 'tis made;
Bring it, I pray you, to the Porcupine;
For there's the houſe: that chain will I beſtow
(Be it for nothing but to ſpight my wife)
Upon mine hoſteſs there. Good Sir, make haſte:
Since my own doors refuſe to entertain me,
I'll knock elſewhere, to ſee if they'll diſdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, ſome hour, Sir, hence.

E. Ant. Do ſo; this jeſt ſhall coſt me ſome expence.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The houſe of Antipholis of Epheſus.

Enter Luciana, with Antipholis of Syracuſe.

Luc. And may it be that you have quite forgot
A huſband's office? ſhall, Antipholis,
Ev'n in the ſpring of love, thy love-ſprings rot?
Shall love, in building, grow ſo ruinate?
If you did wed my ſiſter for her wealth,
Then for her wealth's ſake uſe her with more kindneſs;

Or if you like elſewhere, do it by ſtealth;
Muffle your falſe love with ſome ſhew of blindneſs;
Let not my ſiſter read it in your eye;
Be not thy tongue thy own ſhame's orator;
Look ſweet, ſpeak fair; become diſloyalty;
Apparel vice, like virtue's harbinger;
Bear a fair preſence, tho' your heart be tainted:
Teach ſin the carriage of a holy ſaint;
Be ſecret falſe: what need ſhe be acquainted?
What ſimple thief brags of his own attaint?
'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,
And let her read it in thy looks at board:
Shame hath a baſtard fame, well managed;
Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word:
Alas, poor women! make us but believe,
Being compact of credit, that you love us;
'Tho' others have the arm, ſhew us the ſleeve:
We in your motion turn, and you may move us.
Then, gentle brother, get you in again;
Comfort my ſiſter, chear her, call her wife;
'Tis holy ſport to be a little vain,
When the ſweet breath of flattery conquers ſtrife.
S. Ant. Sweet miſtreſs (what your name is elſe I know
Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine,) [not;
Leſs in your knowledge and your grace you ſhow not
Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.
Teach me, dear creature, how to think and ſpeak;
Lay open to my earthy groſs conceit,
Smother'd in errors, feeble, ſhallow, weak,
The folded meaning of your words' deceit;
Againſt my ſoul's pure truth why labour you,
To make it wander in an unknown field!
Are you a God? would you create me new?
Transform me then, and to your pow'r I'll yield.
But if that I am I, then well I know,
Your weeping ſiſter is no wife of mine;
Nor to her bed no homage do I owe;
Far more, far more, to you do I decline.
Oh, train me not, ſweet mermaid, with thy note,
To drown me in thy ſiſter's flood of tears;
Sing, Syren, for thyſelf, and I will doat;
Spread o'er the ſilver waves thy golden hairs,

And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lie:
And in that glorious ſuppoſition * think,
He gains by death, that hath ſuch means to die;
Let love, being light, be drowned if ſhe ſink.
Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reaſon ſo?
S. Ant. Not mad, but mated; how, I do not know.
Luc. It is a fault that ſpringeth from your eye.
S. Ant. For gazing on your beams, fair ſun, being by.
Luc. Gaze where you ſhould, and that will clear your ſight.
S. Ant. As good to wink, ſweet love, as look on night.
Luc. Why call you me love? call my ſiſter ſo.
S. Ant. Thy ſiſter's ſiſter.
Luc. That's my ſiſter.
S. Ant. No;
It is thyſelf, mine own ſelf's better part:
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my ſweet hope's aim,
My ſole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.
Luc. All this my ſiſter is, or elſe ſhould be.
S. Ant. Call thyſelf ſiſter, ſweet; for I mean thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life;
Thou haſt no huſband yet, nor I no wife.
Give me thy hand.
Luc. Oh, ſoft, Sir, hold you ſtill;
I'll fetch my ſiſter, to get her good-will.

[*Exit Luciana.*

SCENE III. *Enter Dromio of Syracuſe.*

S. Ant. Why, how now, Dromio, where run'ſt thou ſo faſt?

S. Dro. Do you know me, Sir? am I Dromio? am I your man? am I myſelf?

S. Ant. Thou art Dromio, thou art my man, thou art thyſelf.

S. Dro. I am an aſs, I am a woman's man, and beſides myſelf.

S. Ant. What woman's man? and how beſides thyſelf?

* *Suppoſition*, for the thing lain open.

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, beſides myſelf; I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

S. Ant. What claim lays ſhe to thee?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, ſuch a claim as you would lay to your horſe; and ſhe would have me as a beaſt: not that, I being a beaſt, ſhe would have me; but that ſhe, being a very beaſtly creature, lays claim to me.

S. Ant. What is ſhe?

S. Dro. A very reverend body; ay, ſuch a one as a man may not ſpeak of, without he ſay, Sir reverence: I have but lean luck in the match; and yet is ſhe a wondrous fat marriage.

S. Ant. How doſt thou mean, a fat marriage!

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, ſhe's the kitchen-wench, and all greaſe; and I know not what uſe to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light. I warrant her rags and the tallow in them, will burn a Lapland winter: if ſhe lives till Doomſday, ſhe'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

S. Ant. What complexion is ſhe of?

S. Dro. Swart like my ſhoe, but her face nothing like ſo clean kept; for why? ſhe ſweats, a man may go over ſhoes in the grime of it.

S. Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

S. Dro. No, Sir, 'tis in grain; Noah's flood could not do it.

S. Ant. What's her name?

S. Dro. Nell, Sir:—but her name and three quarters (that is, an ell and three quarters) will not meaſure her from hip to hip.

S. Ant. Then ſhe bears ſome breadth?

S. Dro. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip: ſhe is ſpherical, like a globe: I could find out countries in her.

S. Ant. In what part of her body ſtands Ireland?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, in her buttocks; I found it out by the bogs.

S. Ant. Where Scotland?

S. Dro. I found it out by the barrenneſs, hard in the *palm of her hand.*

S. Ant. Where France?

S. Dro.

S. Dro In her forehead; arm'd and reverted, making war againſt her heir *.——

S. Ant. Where England?

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could ind no whiteneſs in them; but I gueſs it ſtood in her chin, by the ſalt rheum that ran between France and it.

S. Ant. Where Spain?

S. Dro. 'Faith I ſaw it not, but I felt it hot in her breath.

S. Ant. Where America, the Indies?

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, upon her noſe, all o'er embelliſh'd with rubies, carbuncles, ſapphires; declining their rich aſpect to the hot breath of Spain, who ſent whole armadoes of carracts to be ballaſt at her noſe.

S. Ant. Where ſtood Belgia, the Netherlands?

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, I did not look ſo low. To conclude, this drudge of the devil, this diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me *Dromio*, ſwore I was aſſur'd to her, told me what privy marks I had about me, as the marks of my ſhoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I, amaz'd, ran from her as a witch. And, I think, if my breaſt had not been made of faith, and my heart of ſteel, ſhe had transform'd me to a curtal-dog, and made me turn i' th' wheel †.

S. Ant. Go, hie thee preſently; poſt to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from ſhore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart,
Where I will walk till you return to me;
If every one know us, and we know none,
'Tis time, I think, to trudge, pack and be gone.

S. Dro. As from a bear a man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here:

* Henry IV. of France. At that time the league was in arms againſt him.

† *Alluding to the ſuperſtition of the common people, that nothing could reſiſt a witch's power, of transforming men into animals but a great ſhare of faith.*

And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence:
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such inchanting presence and discourse,
Hath almost made me traitor to myself.
But lest myself be guilty of self-wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo, with a chain.

Ang. Master Antipholis,——

S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, Sir; lo, here is the chain;
I thought to have ta'en you at the Porcupine;
The chain, unfinish'd, made me stay thus long.

S. Ant. What is your will that I shall do with this?

Ang. What please yourself, Sir; I have made it for you.

S. Ant. Made it for me, Sir! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times, you have:
Go home with it, and please your wife withal;
And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,
And then receive my money for the chain.

S. Ant. I pray you, Sir, receive the money now;
For fear you ne'er see chain, nor money, more.

Ang. You are a merry man, Sir; fare you well.

[*Exit.*

S. Ant. What I should think of this, I cannot tell.
But this I think, there's no man is so vain,
That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.
I see a man here needs not live by gifts,
When in the streets he meets such golden shifts.
I'll to the mart, and there for Dromio stay;
If any ship put out, then straight away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The street.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

Mer. YOU know, since Pentecost the sum is due;
And since I have not much importun'd you;

Nor

Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
To Perſia, and want guilders for my voyage:
Therefore make preſent ſatisfaction,
Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Ev'n juſt the ſum that I do owe to you,
Is growing to me by Antipholis;
And, in the inſtant that I met with you,
He had of me a chain: at five o' clock
I ſhall receive the money for the ſame.
Pleaſe you but walk with me down to his houſe,
I will diſcharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antipholis of Epheſus, and Dromio of Epheſus, as from the courtezan's.

Off. That labour you may ſave: ſee, where he comes.

E. Ant. While I go to the goldſmith's houſe, go thou
And buy a rope's end; that will I beſtow
Among my wife and her confederates,
For locking me out of my doors by day.
But, ſoft; I ſee the goldſmith: get thee gone,
Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

E. Dro. I buy a thouſand pound a-year! I buy rope!
[*Exit Dromio.*

E. Ant. A man is well holp up, that truſts to you.
I promiſed your preſence, and the chain;
But neither chain nor goldſmith came to me.
Belike you thought our love would laſt too long
If it were chain'd together, therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmoſt carrat;
The fineneſs of the gold, the chargeful faſhion;
Which do amount to three odd ducats more
Than I ſtand debted to this gentleman.
I pray you, ſee him preſently diſcharg'd;
For he is bound to ſea, and ſtays but for it.

E. Ant. I am not furniſh'd with the preſent money;
Beſides, I have ſome buſineſs in the town.
Good Signior, take the ſtranger to my houſe,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Diſburſe the ſum on the receipt thereof;
Perchance I will be there as ſoon as you.

Ang. Then you will bring the chain to her yourſelf?
E. Ant. No: bear it with you, leſt I come not time enough.
Ang. Well, Sir, I will: have you the chain about you?
E. Ant. An if I have not, Sir, I hope you have;
Or elſe you may return without your money.
Ang. Nay, come, I pray you, Sir, give me the chain;
Both wind and tide ſtay for this gentleman;
And I, to blame, have held him here too long.
E. Ant. Good Lord, you uſe this dalliance to excuſe
Your breach of promiſe to the Porcupine:
I ſhould have chid you for not bringing it:
But, like a ſhrew, you firſt begin to brawl.
Mer. The hour ſteals on; I pray you, Sir, diſpatch.
Ang. You hear how he importunes me; the chain—
E. Ant. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your money.
Ang. Come, come, you know, I gave it you even now.
Or ſend the chain, or ſend me by ſome token.
E. Ant. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath.
Come, where's the chain? I pray you let me ſee it.
Mer. My buſineſs cannot brook this dalliance.
Good Sir, ſay, whe'r you'll anſwer me, or no;
If not, I'll leave him to the officer.
E. Ant. I anſwer you? why ſhould I anſwer you?
Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.
E. Ant. I owe you none till I receive the chain.
Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour ſince.
E. Ant. You gave me none; you wrong me much to ſay ſo.
Ang. You wrong me more, Sir, in denying it;
Conſider how it ſtands upon my credit.
Mer. Well, officer, arreſt him at thy ſuit.
Off. I do, and charge you in the Duke's name to obey me.
Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either conſent to pay the ſum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.
E. Ant. Conſent to pay for that I never had!
Arreſt me, fooliſh fellow, if thou dar'ſt.
Ant. Here is thy fee; arreſt him, officer;

I would not ſpare my brother in this caſe,
If he ſhould ſcorn me ſo apparently.
Off. I do arreſt you, Sir; you hear the ſuit.
E. Ant. I do obey thee, till I give thee bail.
But, ſirrah, you ſhall buy this ſport as dear
As all the metal in your ſhop will anſwer.
Ang. Sir, Sir, I ſhall have law in Epheſus,
To your notorious ſhame, I doubt it not.

SCENE II. *Enter Dromio of Syracuſe, from the bay.*

S. Dro. Maſter, there is a bark of Epidamnum,
That ſtays but till her owner comes aboard;
Then, Sir, ſhe bears away. Our fraughtage, Sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The oil, the balſamum, and aqua-vitæ.
The ſhip is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land; they ſtay for nought at all,
But for their owner, maſter and yourſelf.
E. Ant. How now, a madman! why, thou peeviſh ſheep,
What ſhip of Epidamnum ſtays for me?
S. Dro. A ſhip you ſent me to, to hire waftage.
E. Ant. Thou drunken ſlave, I ſent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpoſe, and what end.
S. Dro. You ſent me for a rope's end as ſoon:
You ſent me to the bay, Sir, for a bark.
E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leiſure,
And teach your ears to liſt me with more heed.
To Adriana, villain, hie thee ſtraight,
Give her this key; and tell her, in the deſk
That's cover'd o'er with Turkiſh tapeſtry,
There is a purſe of ducats, let her ſend it.
Tell her, I am arreſted in the ſtreet,
And that ſhall bail me; hie thee, ſlave; be gone.
On, officer, to priſon till it come. [*Exeunt.*
S. Dro. To Adriana! that is where we din'd,
Where Dowſabel did claim me for her huſband;
She is too big, I hope, for me to compaſs.
Thither I muſt, altho' againſt my will,
For ſervants *muſt* their maſters' minds fulfil. [Exit.

SCENE

SCENE III. *Changes to E. Antipholis's houſe.*

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ah, Luciana, did he tempt thee ſo?
Might'ſt thou perceive auſterely in his eye
That he did plead in earneſt, yea or no?
Look'd he or red or pale, or ſad or merrily?
What obſervation mad'ſt thou in this caſe,
Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face *?

Luc. Firſt he deny'd you had in him a right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none, the more my ſpight.

Luc. Then ſwore he that he was a ſtranger here.

Adr. And true he ſwore, though yet forſworn he were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr. And what ſaid he?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what perſuaſion did he tempt thy love?

Luc. With words that in an honeſt ſuit might move.
Firſt he did praiſe my beauty, then my ſpeech.

Adr. Did'ſt ſpeak him fair?

Luc. Have patience, I beſeech.

Adr. I cannot, nor I will not, hold me ſtill;
My tongue, though not my heart, ſhall have its will.
He is deformed, crooked, old, and ſere,
Ill-fac'd, worſe-body'd, ſhapeleſs every where;
Vicious, ungentle, fooliſh, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worſe in mind.

Luc. Who would be jealous then of ſuch a one?
No evil loſt is wail'd when it is gone.

Adr. Ah! but I think him better than I ſay,
And yet would he in others' eyes were worſe:
Far from her neſt the lapwing cries away;
My heart prays for him, tho' my tongue do curſe.

SCENE IV. *Enter Dromio of Syracuſe.*

S. Dro. Here, go; the deſk, the purſe; ſweet now, make haſte.

Luc. How haſt thou loſt thy breath?

S. Dro. By running faſt.

Adr.

* *Alluding* to thoſe meteors in the ſky which have the appearance of *lines* of armies meeting in the ſhock.

Adr. Where is thy maſter, Dromio? Is he well?

S. Dro. No, he's in Tartar Limbo, worſe than hell.
A devil in an everlaſting garment hath him,
One whoſe hard heart is button'd up with ſteel:
A fiend, a fury, pitileſs and rough,
A wolf, nay, worſe, a fellow all in buff;
A back friend, a ſhoulder-clapper, one that commands
The paſſages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands:
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well;
One that, before the judgment, carries poor ſouls to hell.

Adr. Why, man, what is the matter?

S. Dro. I do not know the matter; he is 'reſted on the caſe.

Ard. What, is he arreſted? tell me at whoſe ſuit.

S. Dro. I know not at whoſe ſuit he is arreſted, well; but he's in a ſuit of buff which he 'reſted him, that I can tell. Will you ſend him, Miſtreſs, redemption, the money in his deſk?

Adr. Go fetch it, ſiſter. This I wonder at,
[*Exit Luciana.*
That he, unknown to me, ſhould be in debt!
Tell me, was he arreſted on a bond?

S. Dro. Not on a bond, but on a ſtronger thing,
A chain, a chain; do you not hear it ring?

Adr. What, the chain?

S. Dro. No, no; the bell; 'tis time that I were gone *.

Enter

* ——————that I were gone.
It was two ere I left him, and now the clock ſtrikes one.
Adr. The hours come back! that I did never hear.
S. Dro. O yes, if any hour meet a ſerjeant, a' turns back for very fear.
Adr. As if time were in debt! how fondly doſt thou reaſon?
S. Dro. Time is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth, to ſeaſon.
Nay, he's a thief too: have you not heard men ſay,
That Time comes ſtealing on by night and day?
If Time be in debt and theft, and a ſerjeant in the way,
Hath he *not reaſon to* turn back an hour in a day?

Enter, &c.

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, Dromio; there's the money, bear it ſtraight,
And bring thy maſter home immediately.
Come, ſiſter, I am preſs'd down with conceit;
Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to the ſtreet.*

Enter Antipholis of Syracuſe.

S. Ant. There's not a man I meet but doth ſalute me,
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, ſome invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindneſſes;
Some offer me commodities to buy.
Ev'n now a tailor call'd me in his ſhop,
And ſhow'd me ſilks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took meaſure of my body.
Sure theſe are but imaginary wiles,
And Lapland ſorcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio of Syracuſe.

S. Dro. Maſter, here's the gold you ſent me for; what, have you got rid of the picture of old Adam new-apparell'd *?

S. Ant. What gold is this? what Adam doſt thou mean?

S. Dro. Not that Adam that kept the paradiſe, but that Adam that keeps the priſon; he that goes in the calves ſkin that was kill'd for the prodigal; he that came behind you, Sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forſake your liberty.

S. Ant. I underſtand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why, 'tis a plain caſe; he that went like a baſe-viol in a caſe of leather; the man, Sir, that, when gentlemen are tired, gives them a fob, and 'reſts them; he, Sir, that takes pity on decay'd men, and gives 'em ſuits of durance; he that ſets up his reſt

* *Alluding to the coat of ſkins made for Adam after the fall, and the leathern coat worn by the officer who made the arreſt.*

reſt * to do more exploits with his mace, than a Maurice pike †.

S. Ant. What! thou mean'ſt an officer?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, the ſerjeant of the band; he that brings any man to anſwer it that breaks his bond; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and ſaith, God give you good reſt!

S. Ant. Well, Sir, there reſt in your foolery.
Is there any ſhip puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why, Sir, I brought you word an hour ſince, that the bark Expedition puts forth to-night, and then were you hinder'd by the ſerjeant, to tarry for the hoy Delay. Here are the angels that you ſent for, to deliver you.

S. Ant. The fellow is diſtract, and ſo am I,
And here we wander in illuſions:
Some bleſſed power deliver us from hence!

SCENE VI *Enter a Courtezan.*

Cour. Well met, well met, Maſter Antipholis,
I ſee, Sir, you have found the goldſmith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

S. Ant. Satan, avoid! I charge thee, tempt me not ‡.

* *Sets up his reſt*, is a phraſe taken from military exerciſe. When gunpowder was firſt invented, its force was very weak compared to that in preſent uſe. This neceſſarily required fire-arms to be of an extraordinary length. As the artiſts improved the ſtrength of their powder, the ſoldiers proportionably ſhortened their arms and artillery; ſo that the cannon which Froiſſart tells us was once fifty feet long, was contracted to leſs than ten. This proportion likewiſe held in their muſkets; ſo that, till the middle of the laſt century, the muſketeers always ſupported their pieces, when they gave fire, with a *reſt* ſtuck before them into the ground, which they called *ſetting up their reſt*, and is here alluded to. There is another quibbling alluſion too to the ſerjeant's office of arreſting. Mr. Warburton.

† *i. e.* A pikeman of Prince Maurice's army. He was the greateſt General of that age, and the conductor of the low country wars againſt Spain, under whom all the Engliſh Gentry and Nobility were bred to the ſervice. Being frequently overborn with numbers, he became famous for his fine retreats in which a ſtand of pikes is of great ſervice. Hence the pikes of his army became famous for their military exploits.

‡ —— *tempt me not.*
S. Dro. Maſter, is this Miſtreſs Satan? ——

Cour. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my diamond the chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils aſk but the parings of one's nail, a ruſh, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut, a cherry-ſtone; but ſhe, more covetous, would have a chain. Maſter, be wiſe; and if you give it her, the devil will ſhake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cour. I pray you, Sir, my ring, or elſe the chain;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me ſo.

S. Ant. Avaunt, thou witch! come, Dromio, let us go †. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII. *Manet Courtezan.*

Cour. Now, out of doubt, Antipholis is mad;
Elſe would he never ſo demean himſelf.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the ſame he promis'd me a chain;
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reaſon that I gather he is mad,
(Beſides this preſent inſtance of his rage,)
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own door being ſhut againſt his entrance.
Belike his wife, acquainted with his fits,

On

S. Ant. It is the devil.

S. Dro. Nay, ſhe is worſe, ſhe's the devil's dam; and here ſhe comes in the habit of a light wench, and thereof comes that the wenches ſay, God dam me; that's as much as to ſay, God make me a light wench. It is written, they appear to men like angels of light; light is an effect of fire, and fire will burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn: come not near her.

Cour. Your man and you are marvellous merry, Sir. Will you go with me, we'll mend our dinner here?

S. Dro. Maſter, if you do expect ſpoon-meat, beſpeak a long ſpoon.

S. Ant. Why, Dromio?

S. Dro. Marry, he muſt have a long ſpoon that muſt eat with the devil.

S. Ant. Avoid then, fiend! what tell'ſt thou me of ſupping?
Thou art, as you are all, a ſorcereſs:
I conjure thee to leave me, and be gone.

Cour. Give me the ring, &c.

† ——— *let us go.*

S. Dro. Fly pride, ſays the peacock; Miſtreſs, that you know.

SCENE, &c. [Exeunt.

On purpoſe ſhut the doors againſt his way.
My way is now to hie home to his houſe,
And tell his wife, that, being lunatic,
He ruſh'd into my houſe, and took perforce
My ring away. This courſe I fitteſt chuſe;
For forty ducats is too much to loſe. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII. *Changes to the ſtreet.*

Enter Antipholis of Epheſus, with a Jailor.

E. Ant. Fear me not, man; I will not break away;
I'll give thee, ere I leave thee, ſo much money,
To warrant thee, as I am 'reſted for.
My wife is a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly truſt the meſſenger.
That I ſhould be attach'd in Epheſus,
I tell you 'twould ſound harſhly in her ears.——

Enter Dromio of Epheſus, with a rope's-end.

Here comes my man; I think he brings the money.
How now, Sir; have you that I ſent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that, I warrant you, will pay them all.

E. Ant. But where's the money?

E. Dro. Why, Sir, I gave the money for the rope.

E. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

E. Dro. I'll ſerve you, Sir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a rope's-end, Sir; and to that end am I return'd.

E. Ant. And to that end, Sir, I will welcome you.
[*Beats Dromio.*

Off. Good Sir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay 'tis for me to be patient; I am in adverſity.

Off. Good now, hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather perſuade him to hold his hands.

E. Ant. Thou whoreſon, ſenſeleſs villain!

E. Dro. I would I were ſenſeleſs, Sir, that I might not feel your blows.

E. Ant. Thou art ſenſible in nothing but blows, and ſo is an aſs.

E. Dro. I am an aſs, indeed; you may prove it by my long ears. I have ſerv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this inſtant, and have nothing at his hands for my ſervice but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I am warm, he cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it, when I ſleep; rais'd with it, when I ſit; driven out of doors with it, when I go from home; welcom'd home with it, when I return; nay, I bear it on my ſhoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and I think, when he hath lam'd me, I ſhall beg with it from door to door.

SCENE IX.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, and Pinch.

E. Ant. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. Miſtreſs, *reſpice finem*, reſpect your end; or rather the prophecy, like the parrot †, beware the rope's-end.——

E. Ant. Wilt thou ſtill talk? [*Beats Dromio.*

Cour. How ſay you now? is not your huſband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no leſs.
Good Doctor Pinch, you are a conjurer,
Eſtabliſh him in his true ſenſe again,
And I will pleaſe you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how ſharp he looks!

Cour. Mark, how he trembles in his ecſtaſy!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulſe.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield poſſeſſion to my holy prayers;
And to thy ſtate of darkneſs hie thee ſtraight,
I conjure thee by all the ſaints in heaven.

E. Ant. Peace, doating wizard, peace; I am not mad.

Adr. Oh that thou wert not, poor diſtreſſed ſoul!

E. Ant.

† *This alludes to people's teaching that bird unlucky words, with which when any paſſenger was offended, it was the ſtanding joke of the wiſe owner to ſay, Take heed, Sir, my parrot proph eſies.*

E. Ant. You minion, you, are theſe your cuſtomers?
Did this companion with the ſaffron face
Revel and feaſt it at my houſe to-day,
Whilſt upon me the guilty doors were ſhut,
And I deny'd to enter in my houſe?
Adr. O huſband, God doth know, you din'd at home,
Where 'would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from theſe ſlanders and this open ſhame!
E. Ant. Din'd I at home? thou villain what ſay'ſt thou?
E. Dro. Sir, ſooth to ſay, you did not dine at home.
E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I ſhut out?
E. Dro. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you ſhut out.
E. Ant. And did not ſhe herſelf revile me there?
E. Dro. *Sans* fable, ſhe herſelf revil'd you there.
E. Ant. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and ſcorn me?
E. Dro. *Certes*, ſhe did, the kitchen veſtal ſcorn'd you.
E. Ant. And did I not in rage depart from thence?
E. Dro. In verity, you did; my bones bear witneſs,
That ſince have felt the vigour of your rage.
Adr. Is't good to ſooth him in theſe contraries?
Pinch. It is no ſhame: the fellow finds his vein,
And, yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.
E. Ant. Thou haſt ſuborn'd the goldſmith to arreſt me.
Adr. Alas, I ſent you money to redeem you,
By Dromio here, who came in haſte for it.
E. Dro. Money by me? heart and good will you might,
But ſurely, Maſter, not a rag of money.
E. Ant. Went'ſt not thou to her for a purſe of ducats?
Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.
Luc. And I am witneſs with her, that ſhe did.
E. Dro. God and the rope-maker do bear me witneſs,
That I was ſent for nothing but a rope.
Pinch. Miſtreſs, both man and maſter are poſſeſs'd;
I know it by their pale and deadly looks;
They muſt be bound, and laid in ſome dark room.
E. Ant. Say, wherefore didſt thou lock me forth to-day,
And why doſt thou deny the bag of gold?
Adr. I did not, gentle huſband, lock thee forth.
E. Dro. And gentle maſter, I receiv'd no gold;

But I confeſs, Sir, that we were lock'd out.
Adr. Diſſembling vill ain, thou ſpeak'ſt falſe in both.
E. Ant. Diſſembling harlot, thou art falſe in all;
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathſome abject ſcorn of me:
But with theſe nails I'll pluck out thoſe falſe eyes,
That would behold in me this ſhameful ſport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him: he ſtrives.

Adr. Oh, bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.
Pinch. More company;—the fiend is ſtrong within him.
Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks!
E. Ant. What, will you murther me? thou jailor thou,
I am thy priſoner, wilt thou ſuffer them
To make a reſcue?
Off. Maſters: let him go;
He is my priſoner, and you ſhall not have him.
Pinch. Go, bind this man, for he is frantic too.
Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peeviſh officer?
Haſt thou delight to ſee a wretched man
Do outrage and diſpleaſure to himſelf?
Off. He is my priſoner; if I let him go,
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.
Adr. I will diſcharge thee ere I go from thee;
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,
[*They bind Antipholis and Dromio.*
And, knowing how the debt grows, I will pay it.
Good Maſter Doctor, ſee him ſafe convey'd
Home to my houſe. Oh, moſt unhappy day!
E. Ant. Oh, moſt unhappy ſtrumpet!
E. Dro. Maſter, I'm here enter'd in bond for you.
E. Ant. Out on thee, villain! wherefore doſt thou mad me!
E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good maſter; cry, the devil.——
Luc. God help, poor ſouls, how idly do they talk!
Adr. Go bear him hence; ſiſter, ſtay you with me.
[*Exeunt Pinch, Antipholis, and Dromio.*
Say now, whoſe ſuit is he arreſted at?

SCENE

SCENE X.

Manent Officer, Adriana, Luciana, and Courtezan.

Off. One Angelo, a goldſmith; do you know him?
Adr. I know the man; what is the ſum he owes?
Off. Two hundred ducats.
Adr. Say, how grows it due?
Off. Due for a chain your huſband had of him.
Adr. He did beſpeak a chain for me, but had it not.
Cour. When as your huſband all in rage to-day
Came to my houſe, and took away my ring,
(The ring I ſaw upon his finger now,)
Straight after did I meet him with a chain.
Adr. It may be ſo, but I did never ſee it.
Come, jailor, bring me where the goldſmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

SCENE XI.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuſe, with his rapier drawn, and Dromio of Syracuſe.

Luc. God, for thy mercy, they are looſe again.
Adr. And come with naked ſwords;
Let's call more help to have them bound again.
Off. Away, they'll kill us. [*They run out.*

Manent Antipholis, and Dromio.

S. Ant. I ſee, theſe witches are afraid of ſwords.
S. Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from you.
S. Ant. Come to the Centaur, fetch our ſtuff from thence:
I long that we were ſafe and ſound aboard.
S. Dro. 'Faith, ſtay here this night; they will ſurely do us no harm; you ſaw, they ſpake us fair, gave us gold; methinks, they are ſuch a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad fleſh that claims marriage of me,

me, I could find in my heart to ſtay here ſtill, and turn witch.

S. Ant. I will not ſtay to-night for all the town;
Therefore away, to get our ſtuff aboard. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A ſtreet, before a priory.

Enter the Merchant, and Angelo.

Ang. I AM ſorry, Sir, that I have hinder'd you;
But, I proteſt, he had the chain of me,
Tho' moſt diſhoneſtly he doth deny it.

Mer. How is the man eſteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverend reputation, Sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak ſoftly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholis and Dromio of Syracuſe.

Ang. 'Tis ſo; and that ſelf-chain about his neck,
Which he foreſwore moſt monſtrouſly to have.
Good Sir, draw near to me, I'll ſpeak to him.
Signior Antipholis, I wonder much
That you would put me to this ſhame and trouble;
And not without ſome ſcandal to yourſelf,
With circumſtance and oaths ſo to deny
This chain, which now you wear ſo openly:
Beſides the charge, the ſhame, impriſonment,
You have done wrong to this my honeſt friend;
Who, but for ſtaying on our controverſy,
Had hoiſted ſail, and put to ſea to-day.
This chain you had of me, can you deny it?

S. Ant. I think I had; I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, Sir; and forſwore it too.

S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it, or forſwear it?

Mer.

Mer. Theſe ears of mine, thou knoweſt, did hear thee:
Fie on thee, wretch! 'tis pity that thou liv'ſt
To walk where any honeſt men reſort.
S. Ant. Thou art a villain, to impeach me thus.
I'll prove mine honour and my honeſty
Againſt thee preſently, if thou dar'ſt ſtand.
Mer. I dare, and do defy thee for a villain.
[*They draw.*

SCENE II.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan, and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not, for God's ſake; he is mad;
Some get within him, take his ſword away:
Bind Dromio too, and bear them to my houſe.
S. Dro. Run, Maſter, run; for God's ſake, take a houſe;
This is ſome priory; in, or we are ſpoil'd.
[*Exeunt to the priory.*

Enter Lady Abbeſs.

Abb. Be quiet, people; wherefore throng you hither?
Adr. To fetch my poor diſtracted huſband hence;
Let us come in, that we may bind him faſt,
And bear him home for his recovery.
Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.
Mer. I'm ſorry now that I did draw on him.
Abb. How long hath this poſſeſſion held the man?
Adr. This week he hath been heavy, ſour, ſad,
And much different from the man he was:
But, till this afternoon, his paſſion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.
Abb. Hath he not loſt much wealth by wreck at ſea?
Bury'd ſome dear friend? hath not elſe his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?
A ſin, prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of theſe ſorrows is he ſubject to?
Adr. To none of theſe, except it be the laſt;
Namely, ſome love that drew him oft from home.
Abb. You ſhould for that have reprehended him.
Adr. Why, ſo I did.
Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr

Adr. As roughly as my modeſty would let me.
Abb. Haply, in private.
Adr. And in aſſemblies too.
Abb. Ay, but not enough.
Adr. It was the copy * of our conference.
In bed, he ſlept not for my urging it;
At board, he fed not for my urging it;
Alone, it was the ſubject of my theme:
In company, I often glanc'd at it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.
Abb. And therefore came it that the man was mad.
The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poiſon more deadly, than a mad dog's tooth.
It ſeems his ſleeps were hinder'd by thy railing;
And thereof comes it that his head is light.
Thou ſay'ſt, his meat was ſauc'd with thy upbraidings;
Unquiet meals make ill digeſtions;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever, but a fit of madneſs?
Thou ſay'ſt, his ſports were hinder'd by thy brawls.
'Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth enſue,
'But moody and dull melancholy,
[Kinſman to grim and comfortleſs deſpair †,]
'And at her heels a huge infectious troop
'Of pale diſtemperatures, and foes to life?'
In food, in ſport, and life-preſerving reſt,
To be diſturb'd, would mad or man or beaſt:
The conſequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have ſcar'd thy huſband from the uſe of wits.
Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himſelf rough, rude, and wildly;
Why bear you theſe rebukes, and anſwer not?
Adr. She did betray me to mine own reproof.
Good people, enter, and lay hold on him.
Abb. No, not a creature enter in my houſe.
Adr. Then, let your ſervants bring my huſband forth.
Abb. Neither; he took this place for ſanctuary,
And it ſhall privilege him from your hands;

Till

* *By copy here is to be underſtood abundance, fulneſs, as copia ſignifies in Latin.*

† *This line ſeems to be ſpurious.*

Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or loſe my labour in aſſaying it.
Adr. I will attend my huſband, be his nurſe,
Diet his ſickneſs, for it is my office;
And will have no attorney but myſelf;
And therefore let me have him home with me.
Abb. Be patient; for I will not let him ſtir.
Till I have us'd th' approved means I have,
With wholeſome ſyrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again:
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order;
Therefore depart, and leave him here with me.
Adr. I will not hence, and leave my huſband here;
And ill it doth beſeem your holineſs
To ſeparate the huſband and the wife.
Abb. Be quiet, and depart; thou ſhalt not have him.
Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.
[*Exit Abbeſs.*
Adr. Come, go; I will fall proſtrate at his feet,
And never riſe, until my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in perſon hither;
And take perforce my huſband from the Abbeſs.
Mer. By this, I think, the dial points at five:
Anon, I'm ſure, the Duke himſelf in perſon
Comes this way to the melancholy vale;
The place of death and ſorry execution,
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.
Ang. Upon what cauſe?
Mer. To ſee a reverend Syracuſan merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Againſt the laws and ſtatutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.
Ang. See, where they come; we will behold his death.
Luc. Kneel to the Duke, before he paſs the abbey.

SCENE III.

Enter the Duke, and Ægeon bare-headed; with the headſman, and other officers.

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly,

If any friend will pay the ſum for him,
He ſhall not die, ſo much we tender him.

Adr. Juſtice, moſt ſacred Duke, againſt the Abbeſs.

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady;
It cannot be that ſhe hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it pleaſe your Grace, Antipholis my huſband,
(Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters,) this ill day
A moſt outrageous fit of madneſs took him;
That deſp'rately he hurry'd through the ſtreet,
With him his bondman all as mad as he,
Doing diſpleaſure to the citizens,
By ruſhing in their houſes; bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and ſent him home,
Whilſt to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed:
Anon, I wot not by what ſtrong eſcape,
He broke from thoſe that had the guard of him:
And, with his mad attendant mad himſelf,
Each one with ireful paſſion, with drawn ſwords,
Met us again, and, madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away; till, raiſing of more aid,
We came again to bind them; then they fled
Into this abbey, whither we purſu'd them;
And here the Abbeſs ſhuts the gates on us,
And will not ſuffer us to fetch him out,
Nor ſend him forth, that we may bear him hence.
Therefore, moſt gracious Duke, with thy command,
Let him be brought forth, and born hence for help.

Duke. Long ſince thy huſband ſerv'd me in my wars,
And I to thee engag'd a prince's word,
When thou didſt make him maſter of thy bed,
To do him all the grace and good I could.
Go, ſome of you, knock at the abbey-gate;
And bid the Lady Abbeſs come to me.
I will determine this before I ſtir.

SCENE IV. *Enter a Meſſenger.*

Meſſ. O miſtreſs, miſtreſs, ſhift and ſave yourſelf;
My maſter and his man are both broke looſe,
Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the Doctor,

Whoſe

Whoſe beard they have ſing'd off with brands of fire;
And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair;
My maſter preaches patience to him, and the while
His man with ſciſſars nicks him like a fool:
And, ſure, unleſs you ſend ſome preſent help,
Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace, fool, thy maſter and his man are here,
And that is falſe thou doſt report to us.

Meſſ. Miſtreſs, upon my life, I tell you true;
I have not breath'd almoſt ſince I did ſee it.
He cries for you, and vows if he can take you,
To ſcotch your face, and to diſfigure you.

[*Cry within.*

Hark, hark, I hear him, miſtreſs; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come, ſtand by me, fear nothing: guard with halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my huſband; witneſs you,
That he is borne about inviſible!
Ev'n now we hous'd him in the abbey here,
And now he's there, paſt thought of human reaſon!

SCENE V.

Enter Antipholis and Dromio of Epheſus.

E. Ant. Juſtice, moſt gracious Duke, oh, grant me juſtice.
Even for the ſervice that long ſince I did thee,
When I beſtrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep ſcars to ſave thy life, even for the blood
That then I loſt for thee, now grant me juſtice.

Ægeon. Unleſs the fear of death doth make me doat,
I ſee my ſon Antipholis and Dromio.

E. Ant. Juſtice, ſweet Prince, againſt that woman there;
She whom thou gav'ſt to me to be my wife;
That hath abuſed and diſhonour'd me,
Ev'n in the ſtrength and height of injury.
Beyond imagination is the wrong,
That ſhe this day hath ſhameleſs thrown on me.

Duke. Diſcover how, and thou ſhalt find me juſt.

E. Ant. This day, great Duke, ſhe ſhut the doors upon me;
Whilſt ſhe with harlots feaſted in my houſe.
Duke. A grievous fault; ſay, woman, didſt thou ſo?
Adr. No, my good Lord: myſelf, he, and my ſiſter,
To-day did dine together: ſo befal my ſoul,
As this is falſe he burdens me withal!
Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor ſleep on night,
But ſhe tells to your Highneſs ſimple truth!
Ang. O perjur'd woman! they are both forſworn.
In this the madman juſtly chargeth them.
E. Ant. My Liege, I am adviſed what I ſay.
Neither diſturb'd with the effect of wine,
Nor, heady-raſh, provok'd with raging ire;
Albeit my wrongs might make one wiſer mad.
This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner;
That goldſmith there, were he not pack'd with her,
Could witneſs it; for he was with me then;
Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
Promiſing to bring it to the Porcupine,
Where Balthazar and I did dine together.
Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
I went to ſeek him; in the ſtreet I met him,
And in his company that gentleman.
There did this perjur'd goldſmith ſwear me down,
That I this day from him receiv'd the chain,
Which, God he knows, I ſaw not; for the which
He did arreſt me with an officer.
I did obey, and ſent my peaſant home
For certain ducats; he with none return'd.
Then fairly I beſpoke the officer,
To go in perſon with me to my houſe.
By th' way we met my wife, her ſiſter, and
A rabble more of vile confederates;
They brought one Pinch, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
'A mere anatomy, a mountebank,
'A thread bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,
'A needy, hollow-ey'd, ſharp-looking wretch,
'A living dead man.' This pernicious ſlave,
Forſooth, took on him as a conjurer;
And, gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulſe,
And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me,

Cries

Cries out, I was poſſeſs'd. Then all together
They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence;
And in a dark and dankiſh vault at home
There left me and my man, both bound together,
Till, gnawing with my teeth my bonds aſunder,
I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
Ran hither to your Grace; whom I beſeech
To give me ample ſatisfaction
For theſe deep ſhames and great indignities.

Ang. My Lord, in truth, thus far I witneſs with him;
That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he ſuch a chain of thee, or no?

Ang. He had, my Lord; and when he ran in here,
Theſe people ſaw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Beſides, I will be ſworn, theſe ears of mine
Heard you confeſs, you had the chain of him.
After you firſt forſwore it on the mart;
And thereupon I drew my ſword on you;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence I think you're come by miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within theſe abbey-walls,
Nor ever didſt thou draw thy ſword on me;
I never ſaw the chain, ſo help me heav'n!
And this is falſe you burden me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this?
I think you all have drunk of Circe's cup;
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been;
If he were mad, he would not plead ſo coldly:
You ſay, he din'd at home; the goldſmith here
Denies that ſaying. Sirrah, what ſay you?

E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there at the Porcupine.

Cour. He did, and from my finger ſnatch'd that ring.

E. Ant. 'Tis true, my Liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'ſt thou him enter at the abbey here?

Cour. As ſure, my Liege, as I do ſee your Grace.

Duke. Why, this is ſtrange; go call the Abbeſs hither:
I think you are all mated or ſtark mad.

[*Exit one to the Abbeſs.*

SCENE VI.

Ægeon. Moſt mighty Duke, vouchſafe me ſpeak a word:
Haply I ſee a friend will ſave my life,
And pay the ſum that may deliver me.
Duke. Speak freely, Syracuſan, what thou wilt.
Ægeon. Is not your name, Sir, call'd *Antipholis?*
And is not that your bondman Dromio?
E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bondman, Sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords;
Now am I Dromio, and his man unbound.
Ægeon. I am ſure you both of you remember me.
E. Dro. Ourſelves we do remember, Sir, by you;
For lately we were bound, as you are now.
You are not Pinch's patient, are you, Sir?
Ægeon. Why look you ſtrange on me? you know me well.
E. Ant. I never ſaw you in my life till now.
Ægeon. Oh! grief hath chang'd me ſince you ſaw me laſt;
And careful hours with Time's deformed hand
Have written ſtrange defeatures in my face:
But tell me yet, doſt thou not know my voice?
E. Ant. Neither.
Ægeon. Dromio, nor thou?
E. Dro. No, truſt me, Sir, nor I.
Ægeon. I am ſure thou doſt.
E. Dro. I, Sir; but I am ſure I do not: and whatſoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.
Ægeon. Not know my voice! Oh, Time's extremity!
Haſt thou ſo crack'd and ſplitted my poor tongue
In ſeven ſhort years, that here my only ſon
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
'Tho' now this grained face of mine be hid
'In ſap conſuming winter's drizled ſnow,
'And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
'Yet hath my night of life ſome memory;
'My waſting lamp ſome fading glimmer left,
'My dull deaf ears a little uſe to hear:
'All theſe bold wit[illegible] I cannot err,
'Tell me thou art m[illegible] Antipholis.'
E. Ant. I never ſaw my father in my life.
Ægeon. But ſeven years ſince, in Syracuſa bay,

Thou

Thou know'ſt, we parted; but, perhaps, my ſon,
Thou ſham'ſt t' acknowledge me in miſery.

E. Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witneſs with me that it is not ſo:
I ne'er ſaw Syracuſa in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, Syracuſan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholis,
During which time he ne'er ſaw Syracuſa:
I ſee, thy age and dangers make thee doat.

SCENE VII.

Enter the Abbeſs, with Antipholis Syracuſan, and Dromio Syracuſan.

Abb. Moſt mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd.
[*All gather to ſee him.*

Adr. I ſee two huſbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of theſe men is genius to the other;
And ſo of theſe which is the natural man,
And which the ſpirit? who decypher them?

S. Dro. I, Sir, am Dromio; command him away.

E. Dro. I, Sir, am Dromio; pray let me ſtay.

S. Ant. Ægeon, art thou not? or elſe his ghoſt?

S. Dro. O, my old maſter! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will looſe his bonds;
And gain a huſband by his liberty.
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'ſt the man,
That hadſt a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,
That bore thee at a burden two fair ſons?
Oh, if thou be'ſt the ſame Ægeon, ſpeak;
And ſpeak unto the ſame Æmilia.

Duke. Why, here begins this morning-ſtory right:
Theſe two Antipholis's, theſe two ſo like,
And thoſe two Dromio's, one in ſemblance;
Beſides her urging of her wreck at ſea,
These plainly are the parents to theſe children,
Which accidentally are met together.

Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia;
If thou art ſhe, tell me where is that ſon
That floated with thee on the fatal raft.

Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he and I,

And

And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fiſhermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my ſon from them,
And me they left with thoſe of Epidamnum.
What then became of them, I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you ſee me in.
Duke. Antipholis, thou cam'ſt from Corinth firſt,
S. Ant. No, Sir, not I: I came from Syracuſe.
Duke. Stay, ſtand apart; I know not which is which.
E. Ant. I came from Corinth, my moſt gracious Lord.
E. Dro. And I with him.
E. Ant. Brought to this town by that moſt famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your moſt renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
S. Ant. I, gentle miſtreſs.
Adr. And are you not my huſband?
E. Ant. No, I ſay *Nay* to that.
S. Ant. And ſo do I, yet ſhe did call me ſo:
And this fair gentlewoman, her ſiſter here,
Did call me brother. What I told you then,
I hope I ſhall have leiſure to make good,
If this be not a dream I ſee and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, Sir, which you had of me.
S. Ant. I think it be, Sir, I deny it not.
E. Ant. And you, Sir, for this chain arreſted me.
Ang. I think I did, Sir; I deny it not.
Adr. I ſent you money, Sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but, I think, he brought it not.
E. Dro. No, none by me.
S. Ant. This purſe of ducats I receiv'd from you,
And Dromio my man did bring them me;
I ſee, we ſtill did meet each other's man,
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,
And thereupon theſe errors all aroſe.
E. Ant. Theſe ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It ſhall not need, thy father hath his life.
Cour. Sir, I muſt have that diamond from you.
E. Ant. There, take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.
Abb. Renowned Duke, vouchſafe to take the pains
To go with us into the abbey here,

And hear at large diſcourſed all our fortunes;
And all that are aſſembled in this place,
That by this ſympathized one day's error
Have ſuffer'd wrong; go, keep us company,
And ye ſhall have full ſatisfaction.
Twenty-five years have I but gone in travel
Of you my ſons; nor, till this preſent hour,
My heavy burdens are delivered.
The Duke, my huſband, and my children both,
And you the calendars of their nativity,
Go to a goſſip's feaſt and gaude with me.
After ſo long grief ſuch nativity!

Duke. With all my heart, I'll goſſip at this feaſt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Manent the two Antipholis's, and two Dromio's.

S. Dro. Maſter, ſhall I fetch your ſtuff from ſhip-board?

E. Ant. Dromio, what ſtuff of mine haſt thou embark'd?

S. Dro. Your goods, that lay at hoſt, Sir, in the Centaur.

S. Ant. He ſpeaks to me; I am your maſter, Dromio.
Come, go with us, we'll look to that anon:
Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him.

[*Exeunt Antipholis S. and E.*

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your maſter's houſe,
That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner.
She now ſhall be my ſiſter, not my wife.

E. Dro. Methinks you are my glaſs, and not my brother.
I ſee by you I am a ſweet-fac'd youth:
Will you walk in to ſee their goſſiping?

S. Dro. Not I, Sir; you're my elder.

E. Dro. That's a queſtion.
How ſhall I try it?

S. Dro. We'll draw cuts for the ſenior.
Till then, lead thou firſt.

E. Dro. Nay, then thus—— [*Embracing.*
We came into the world, like brother and brother;
And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*

THE

THE WINTER'S TALE*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Leontes, *King of Sicilia.*
Polixenes, *King of Bithynia* †.
Mamillius, *young Prince of Sicilia.*
Florizel, *Prince of Bithynia.*
Camillo, Antigonus, Cleomenes, Dion, } *Sicilian Lords.*
Another Sicilian Lord.
Archidamus, *a Bithynian Lord.*
Rogero, *a Sicilian Gentleman.*
An attendant on the young Prince Mamillius.
Officers of a court of judicature.
Old shepherd, reputed father of Perdita.
Clown, his son.
A Mariner.
Gaoler.
Servant to the old shepherd.
Autolicus *a rogue.*
Time, a Chorus.

Hermione, *Queen to Leontes.*
Perdita, *daughter to Leontes and Hermione.*
Paulina, *wife to Antigonus.*
Æmilia, *attendant on the Queen.*
Two other Ladies.
Mopsa, Dorcas, } *shepherdesses.*
Satyrs for a dance, Shepherds, Shepherdesses, Guards, and Attendants.

SCENE, sometimes in Sicilia, sometimes in Bithynia.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An antichamber in Leontes's palace.

Enter Camillo and Archidamus.

Arch. IF you shall chance Camillo, to visit Bithynia on the like occasion wherein my services are now on foot; you shall see, as I have said, great difference betwixt our Bithynia and your Sicilia.

Cam.

* The plot taken from the old story-book of *Dorastus* and *Fawnia.*

† The country here called *Bithynia*, hath in former editions been printed *Bohemia*, an inland kingdom situated nearly in the centre of *Europe*; whereas many of the great incidents of the play turn upon *its being* a maritime country, of which Polixenes was the King.

The

Cam. I think this coming ſummer the King of Sicilia means to pay Bithynia the viſitation which he juſtly owes him.

Arch. Wherein our entertainment ſhall ſhame us, we will be juſtified in our loves; for, indeed,——

Cam. 'Beſeech you——

Hrch. Verily, I ſpeak it in the freedom of my knowledge; we cannot with ſuch magnificence——in ſo rare—— I know not what to ſay——we will give you ſleepy drinks, that your ſenſes (unintelligent of our inſufficience) may, tho' they cannot praiſe us, as little accuſe us.

Cam. You pay a great deal too dear for what's given freely.

Arch. Believe me, I ſpeak as my underſtanding inſtructs me, and as mine honeſty puts it to utterance.

Cam. Sicilia cannot ſhew himſelf over-kind to Bithynia; they were train'd together in their childhoods; and there rooted betwixt them then ſuch an affection, which cannot choſe but branch now. Since their more mature dignities and royal neceſſities made ſeparation of their ſociety, their encounters, tho' not perſonal, have been royally attornied with interchange of gifts, letters, loving embaſſies, that they have ſeem'd to be together, tho' abſent; ſhook hands, as over a vaſt; and embrac'd, as it were, from the ends of oppoſed winds. The heav'ns continue their loves!——

Arch. I think there is not in the world either malice or matter to alter it. You have an unſpeakable comfort of your young Prince Mamillius: it is a gentleman of the greateſt promiſe that ever came into my note.

Cam. I very well agree with you in the hopes of him: it is a gallant child; one that indeed phyſics the ſubject, makes

This is a blunder and an abſurdity of which Shakeſpeare, in juſtice, ought not to be thought capable; and as he hath turn'd quite anew the ſtory contain'd in the old paltry book of *Doraſtus* and *Fawnia*, changing moſt of the main circumſtances, and all the names of the perſons; it is probable he removed this impropriety, and placed the ſcene in *Bithynia*, which the ignorance and negligence of the firſt tranſcribers or printers might corrupt, and bring back again to *Bohemia*, by a leſs variation in the letters than they have been guilty of in numberleſs other places of this work.

makes old hearts freſh: they that went on crutches ere he was born, deſire yet their life to ſee him a man.

Arch. Would they elſe be content to die?

Cam. Yes, if there were no other excuſe why they ſhould deſire to live.

Arch. If the King had no ſon, they would deſire to live on crutches till he had one.

SCENE II. *Opens to the preſence.*

Enter Leontes, Hermione, Manillius, Polixenes, and attendants.

Pol. Nine changes of the watry ſtar hath been
(The ſhepherd's note †) ſince we have left our throne
Without a burthen: time as long again
Would be fill'd up, my brother, with our thanks;
And yet we ſhould, for perpetuity,
Go hence in debt: and therefore like a cypher,
Yet ſtanding in rich place, I multiply
With one *We thank you*, many thouſand's more
That go before it.

Leo. Stay your thanks a while,
And pay them when you part.

Pol. Sir, that's to-morrow:
I'm queſtion'd by my fears, of what may chance
Or breed upon our abſence; may there blow
No ſneaping winds at home, to make us ſay,
"This is put forth too truly." Beſides, I have ſtay'd
To tire your royalty.

Leo. We are tougher, brother,
Than you can put us to't.

Pol. No longer ſtay.

Leo. One ſev'n-night longer.

Pol. Very ſooth, to-morrow.

Leo. We'll part the time between's then: and in that
I'll no gainſaying.

Pol. Preſs me not, 'beſeech you, ſo;
There is no tongue that moves, none, none i' th' world,
So ſoon as yours, could win me: ſo it ſhould now,
Were there neceſſity in your requeſt, altho'
'Twere needful I deny'd it. My affairs

D

† *i. e.* I uſe the ſhepherd's reckoning.

Do even drag me homeward; which to hinder,
Were, in your love, a whip to me; my ſtay,
To you a charge and trouble: to ſave both,
Farewell, our brother.

Leo. Tongue-ty'd our Queen? ſpeak you.

Her. I had thought, Sir, to've held my peace, until
You'ad drawn oaths from him not to ſtay: you, Sir,
Charge him too coldly. Tell him, you are ſure,
All in Bithynia's well: this ſatisfaction
The bygone day proclaim'd; ſay this to him,
He's beat from his beſt ward.

Leo. Well ſaid, Hermione.

Her. To tell, he longs to ſee his ſon, were ſtrong;
But let him ſay ſo then, and let him go;
But let him ſwear ſo, and he ſhall not ſtay;
We'll thwack him hence with diſtaffs.
Yet of your royal preſence I'll adventure [*To Pol.*
The borrow of a week. When at Bithynia
You take my Lord, I'll give you my commiſſion,
To let him there a month, behind the geſt
Preſix'd for's parting: yet, good heed, Leontes,
I love thee not a jar o' th' clock behind
What lady ſhe her lord. You'll ſtay?

Pol. No, Madam.

Her. Nay, but you will?

Pol. I may not, verily.

Her. Verily?
You put me off with limber vows; but I,
Tho' you would ſeek t' unſphere the ſtars with oaths,
Should yet ſay, "Sir, no going: *verily*,
"You ſhall not go;" a Lady's *verily* is
As potent as a Lord's. Will you go yet?
Force me to keep you as a priſoner,
Not like a gueſt? ſo you ſhall pay your fees,
When you depart, and ſave your thanks. How ſay you?
My priſoner? or my gueſt? by your dread *verily*,
One of them you ſhall be.

Pol. Your gueſt then, Madam:
To be your priſoner, ſhould import offending;
Which is for me leſs eaſy to commit,
Than you to puniſh.

Her.

Her. Not your goaler then,
But your kind hoſteſs; come, I'll queſtion you
Of my Lord's tricks, and yours, when you were boys:
You were pretty lordings then?
Pol. We were, fair Queen,
Two lads, that thought there was no more behind,
But ſuch a day to-morrow as to-day,
And to be boy eternal.
Her. Was not my Lord
The verier wag o' th' two?
Hol. We were as twinn'd lambs, that did friſk i' th' ſun,
And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing; no, nor dream'd
That any did: had he purſu'd that life,
And our weak ſpirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With ſtronger blood, we ſhould have anſwer'd heaven
Boldly, *Not guilty;* th' impoſition clear'd,
Hereditary ours *.
Her. By this we gather
You have tript ſince.
Pol. O my moſt ſacred Lady,
Temptations have ſince then been born to's: for
In thoſe unfledg'd days was my wife a girl;
Your precious ſelf had not then croſs'd the eyes
Of my young play-fellow.
Her. Grace to boot!
Of this make no concluſion, leſt you ſay,
Your Queen and I are devils. Yet go on;
Th' offences we have made you do, we'll anſwer;
If you firſt ſinn'd with us, and that with us
You did continue fault; and that you ſlipt not,
With any but with us.
Leo. Is he won yet?
Her. He'll ſtay, my Lord.
Leo. At my requeſt he would not:
Hermione, my deareſt, thou ne'er ſpok'ſt
To better purpoſe.

Her.

* *i. e.* Setting aſide *original ſin;* abating the impoſition from the *offence of* our firſt parents, we might have boldly proteſted our *innocence to* heaven.

Her. Never?

Leon. Never but once.

Her. What? have I twice ſaid well? when was't before?
I pr'ythee tell me; cram's with praiſe, and make's
As fat as tame things: one good deed, dying tongueleſs,
Slaughters a thouſand, waiting upon that.
Our praiſes are our wages. You may ride's
With one ſoft kiſs a thouſand furlongs, ere
With ſpur we heat an acre, but to th' goal †.
My laſt good deed was to intreat his ſtay;
What was my firſt? it has an elder ſiſter,
Or I miſtake you: O, would her name were *Grace!*
But once before I ſpake to th' purpoſe? when?
Nay, let me have't; I long.

Leo. Why, that was when
Three crabbed months had ſowr'd themſelves to death,
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And clepe thyſelf my love; then didſt thou utter,
"I am yours for ever."

Her. 'Tis grace, indeed.
Why, lo you now; I've ſpoke to th' purpoſe twice;
The one for ever earn'd a royal huſband;
Th' other, for ſome while a friend.

Leo. Too hot, too hot——— [*Aſide.*
To mingle friendſhip far, is mingling bloods.
I have *tremor cordis* on me——my heart dances;
But not for joy——not joy——This entertainment
May a free face put on; derive a liberty
From heartineſs, from bounty, fertile boſom,
And well become the agent: 't may, I grant;
But to be padling palms, and pinching fingers,
As now they are, and making practis'd ſmiles,
As in a looking-glaſs—and then to ſigh, as 'twere
The mort o' th' deer ‡; Oh, that is entertainment
My boſom likes not, nor my brows.—Mamillius,
Art thou my boy?

Mam Ay, my good Lord.

† *i. e.* Good uſage will win us to any thing; but, with ill, we *op ſhort*, even there where both our intereſt and our inclination *would otherwiſe have* carried us.

‡ *A leſſon upon the horn at the death of the deer.*

Leo. I'fecks!
Why, that's my bawcock; what? has't ſmutch'd thy noſe?
They ſay, it's a copy out of mine. Come, Captain,
We muſt be neat; not neat, but cleanly, Captain;
[*Wipes the boy's face.*
And yet the ſteer, the heifer, and the calf,
Are all call'd *neat*. Still virginalling
[*Obſerving Polixenes and Hermione.*
Upon his palm?—How now, you wanton calf!
Art thou my calf?
Mam. Yes, if you will, my Lord.
Leo. Thou want'ſt a rough paſh, and the ſhoots that I have,
To be full like me.—Yet they ſay, we are
Almoſt as like as eggs: women ſay ſo,
That will ſay any thing; but they were falſe,
As o'er-dy'd blacks *, as winds, as waters; falſe
As dice are to be wiſh'd, by one that fixes
No bourne 'twixt his and mine; yet were it true
To ſay, this boy were like me. Come, Sir page,
Look on me with your welkin-eye, ſweet villain,
Moſt dear'ſt, my collop——can thy dam—may't be—
Imagination! thou doſt ſtab to th' centre.
Thou doſt make poſſible things not be ſo held,
Communicat'ſt with dreams——(how can this be?)
With what's unreal, thou co-active art,
And fellow'ſt nothing. Then 'tis very credent,
Thou may'ſt co-join with ſomething, and thou doſt,
And that beyond commiſſion; and I find it;
And that to the infection of my brains,
And hard'ning of my brows.
Pol. What means Sicilia?
Her. He ſomething ſeems unſettled.
Pol. How? my Lord?
Leo. What cheer? how is't with you, beſt brother?
Her. You look
As if you held a brow of much diſtraction.
Are not you mov'd, my Lord?
Leo. No, in good earneſt.

How

† *A Black dye* being uſed in too great quantity, doth not only make the cloth to rot upon which it is put, but the colour itſelf to fade and grow ruſty much the ſooner.

How ſometimes nature will betray its folly!
Its tenderneſs! and make itſelf a paſtime
To harder boſoms! looking on the lines
Of my boy's face, methoughts I did recoil
Twenty-three years, and ſaw myſelf unbreech'd,
In my green velvet coat; my dagger muzzled,
Leſt it ſhould bite its maſter; and ſo prove,
As ornaments oft do, too dangerous:
How like, methought, I then was to this kernel,
This ſquaſh, this gentleman. Mine honeſt friend,
Will you take eggs for money?

Mam. No, my Lord, I'll fight.

Leo. You will! why, happy man be's dole!——My brother,
Are you ſo fond of your young prince, as we
Do ſeem to be of ours?

Pol. If at home, Sir,
He's all my exerciſe, my mirth, my matter;
Now my ſworn friend, and then mine enemy;
My paraſite, my ſoldier, ſtateſman, all.
He makes a July's day ſhort as December:
And, with his varying childneſs, cures in me
Thoughts that ſhould thick my blood.

Leo. So ſtands this ſquire
Offic'd with me: we two will walk, my Lord,
And leave you to your graver ſteps. Hermione,
How thou lov'ſt us, ſhew in our brother's welcome.
Let what is dear in Sicily, be cheap.
Next to thyſelf, and my young rover, he's
Apparent to my heart.

Her. If you will ſeek us,
We are yours i' th' garden: ſhall's attend you there?

Leo. To your own bents diſpoſe you; you'll be found,
Be you beneath the ſky. I am angling now,
Tho' you perceive me not, how I give line;
Go to, go to. [*Aſide, obſerving Her.*
How ſhe holds up the neb! the bill to him!
And arms her with the boldneſs of a wife
[*Exeunt Polix. Her. and attendants.*
[*Manent Leo. Mam. and Cam.*
To her allowing huſband. Gone already,

Inch-thick, knee-deep; o'er head and ears, a forked one.
Go, play, boy, play—thy mother plays, and I
Play too; but ſo diſgrac'd a part, whoſe iſſue
Will hiſs me to my grave: contempt and clamour
Will be my knell. Go, play, boy, play—there have been,
Or I am much deceiv'd, cuckolds ere now;
And many a man there is, even at this preſent,
Now while I ſpeak this, holds his wife by th' arm,
That little thinks ſhe has been ſluic'd in's abſence;
And his pond fiſh'd by his next neighbour, by
Sir Smile his neighbour: nay, there's comfort in't,
Whiles other men have gates, and thoſe gates open'd,
As mine, againſt their will. Should all deſpair
That have revolted wives, the tenth of mankind
Would hang themſelves. Phyſic for't, there is none.
It is a bawdy planet, that will ſtrike
Where 'tis predominant; and 'tis powerful: think it*.
Many a thouſand of's have the diſeaſe, and feel't not.
How now, boy?

Mam. I am like you, they ſay.

Leo. Why, that's ſome comfort.
What! Camillo there?

Cam. Ay, my good Lord.

Leo. Go play, Mamillius——thou'rt an honeſt man.

[*Exit Mamillius.*

SCENE III.

Camillo, this Great Sir will yet ſtay longer.

Cam. You had much ado to make his anchor hold;
When you caſt out, it ſtill came home.

Leo. Didſt note it?

Cam. He would not ſtay at your petitions made;
His buſineſs more material.

Leo. Didſt perceive it?

They're

* ——think it.
From eaſt, weſt, north, and ſouth, be it concluded,
No barricado for a belly. Know't,
It will let in and out the enemy,
With bag and baggage.
Many a thouſand, &c.

They're here with me already; whiſp'ring, rounding †;
Sicilia is a ſo-forth; 'tis far gone,
When I ſhall guſt it laſt. How came't, Camillo,
That he did ſtay?

Cam. At the good Queen's intreaty.

Leo. At the Queen's be't: good, ſhould be pertinent;
But ſo it is, it is not. Was this taken
By any underſtanding pate but thine?
For thy conceit is ſoaking, will draw in
More than the common blocks; not noted, is't
But of the finer natures? by ſome ſeverals
Of head-piece extraordinary; lower meſſes,
Perchance, are to this buſineſs purblind? ſay.

Cam. Buſineſs, my Lord? I think moſt underſtand
Bithynia ſtays here longer.

Leo. Ha?

Cam. Stays here longer.

Leo. Ay, but why?

Cam. To ſatisfy your Highneſs, and th' intreaties
Of our moſt gracious miſtreſs.

Leo. Satisfy
Th' intreaties of your miſtreſs? ſatisfy?
Let that ſuffice. I've truſted thee, Camillo,
With all the things neareſt my heart; as well
My chamber-counſels, wherein, prieſt like, thou
Haſt cleans'd my boſom. I from thee departed
Thy penitent reform'd; but we have been
Deceiv'd in thy integrity; deceiv'd
In that which ſeems ſo.

Cam. Be it forbid, my Lord——

Leo. To bide upon't.——Thou art not honeſt; or,
If thou inclin'ſt that way, thou art a coward,
Which hoxes honeſty behind, reſtraining
From courſe requir'd: or elſe thou muſt be counted
A ſervant grafted in my ſerious truſt,
And therein negligent; or elſe a fool,
That ſeeſt a game play'd home, the rich ſtake drawn,
And tak'ſt it all for jeſt.

Cam. My gracious Lord,
I may be negligent, fooliſh, and fearful.
In every one of theſe no man is free,

† *i. e. Rounding in the ear;* a phraſe in uſe at that time.

But that his negligence, his folly, fear,
Amongſt the infinite doings of the world,
Sometime puts forth. In your affairs, my Lord,
If ever I were wilful negligent,
It was my folly: if induſtriouſly
I play'd the fool, it was my negligence,
Not weighing well the end: if ever fearful
To do a thing, where I the iſſue doubted,
Whereof the execution did cry out
Againſt the non-performance, 'twas a fear
Which oft infects the wiſeſt. Theſe, my Lord,
Are ſuch allow'd infirmities, that honeſty
Is never free of. But, 'beſeech your Grace,
Be plainer with me, let me know my treſpaſs
By its own viſage; if I then deny it,
'Tis none of mine.

Leo. Ha' not you ſeen, Camillo
(But that's paſt doubt you have; or your eye-glaſs
Is thicker than a cuckold's horns,) or heard,
(For to a viſion ſo apparent, rumour
Cannot be mute,) or thought, (for cogitation
Reſides not in that man that does not think it,)
My wife is ſlippery? if thou wilt, confeſs;
(Or elſe be impudently negative,
To have nor eyes, nor ears, nor thought,) then ſay,
My wife's a hobby-horſe, deſerves a name
As rank as any flax-wench, that puts to
Before her troth-plight: ſay't, and juſtify't.

Cam. I would not be a ſtander-by, to hear
My ſovereign Miſtreſs clouded ſo, without
My preſent vengeance taken; 'ſhrew my heart,
You never ſpoke what did become you leſs
Than this; which to reiterate, were ſin
As deep as that, tho' true.

Leo. Is whiſpering nothing?
Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noſes?
Kiſſing with inſide lip? ſtopping the career
Of laughter with a ſigh? (a note infallible
Of breaking honeſty;) horſing foot and foot?
Sculking in corners? wiſhing clocks more ſwift?
Hours, minutes? the noon, midnight, and all eyes
Blind with the pin and web, but theirs, theirs only,

That would, unſeen, be wicked? Is this nothing?
Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing.
The covering ſky is nothing, Bithynia nothing;
My wife is nothing; nor nothing have theſe nothings,
If this be nothing.

Cam. Good my Lord, be cur'd
Of this diſeas'd opinion, and betimes;
For 'tis moſt dangerous.

Leo. Say it be, 'tis true.

Cam. No, no, my Lord.

Leo. It is; you lie, you lie.
I ſay thou lieſt, Camillo; and I hate thee:
Pronounce thee a groſs lowt, a mindleſs ſlave,
Or elſe a hovering temporizer, that
Canſt with thine eyes at once ſee good and evil,
Inclining to them both: were my wife's liver
Infected as her life, ſhe would not live
The running of one glaſs.

Cam. Who does infect her?

Leo. Why he that wears her like his medal, hanging
About his neck; *Bithynia*,——who, if I
Had ſervants true about me, that bare eyes
To ſee alike mine honour, as their profits,
Their own particular thrifts, they would do that
Which ſhould undo more doing: I, and thou
His cup-bearer, (whom I from meaner form
Have bench'd, and rear'd to worſhip; who may'ſt ſee
Plainly, as heav'n ſees earth, and earth ſees heav'n,
How I am gall'd;) thou might'ſt be-ſpice a cup,
To give mine enemy a laſting wink;
Which draught to me were cordial.

Cam. Sir, my Lord,
I could do this, and that with no raſh potion.
But with a ling'ring dram that ſhould not work
Maliciouſly, like poiſon; but I cannot
Believe this crack to be in my dread Miſtreſs,
So ſovereignly being honourable.

Leo. I've lov'd thee.——Make't thy queſtion, and
Do'ſt think I am ſo muddy, ſo unſettled, [go rot:
To appoint myſelf in this vexation? Sully
The purity and whiteneſs of my ſheets,
(*Which to preſerve* is ſleep; which being ſpotted,

In

Is goads, thorns, nettles, tails of waſps:)
Give ſcandal to the blood o' th' Prince, my ſon,
Who, I do think, is mine, and love as mine,
Without ripe moving to't? would I do this!
Could man ſo blench?

Cam. I muſt believe you, Sir;
I do, and will fetch off Bithynia for't:
Provided, that, when he's remov'd, your Highneſs
Will take again your Queen, as yours at firſt,
Even for your ſon's ſake, and thereby for ſealing
The injury of tongues, in courts and kingdoms
Known and ally'd to yours.

Leo. Thou doſt adviſe me,
Even ſo as I mine own courſe have ſet down:
I'll give no blemiſh to her honour, none.

Cam. My Lord,
Go then; and with a countenance as clear
As friendſhip wears at feaſts, keep with Bithynia,
And with your Queen. I am his cup-bearer;
If from me he have wholeſome beveridge,
Account me not your ſervant.

Leo. This is all;
Do't, and thou haſt the one half of my heart;
Do't not, thou ſplit'ſt thine own.

Cam. I'll do't, my Lord.

Leo. I will ſeem friendly, as thou haſt adviſ'd me.
[*Exit.*

Cam. O miſerable Lady! but, for me,
What caſe ſtand I in? I muſt be the priſoner
Of good Polixenes, and my ground to do't
Is the obedience to a maſter; one,
Who, in rebellion with himſelf, will have
All that are his ſo too. To do this deed,
Promotion follows. If I could find example
Of thouſands, that had ſtruck anointed kings,
And flouriſh'd after, I'd not do't: but ſince
Nor braſs, nor ſtone, nor parchment, bears not one;
Let villany itſelf forſwear't. I muſt
Forſake the court; to do't or no, is certain
To me a break-neck. Happy ſtar reign now!
Here comes Bithynia.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Polixenes.

Pol. This is ſtrange! methinks
My favour here begins to warp. Not ſpeak?—
Good day, Camillo.
Cam. Hail, Moſt Royal Sir!
Pol. What is the news i'th' court?
Cam. None rare, my Lord.
Pol. The King hath on him ſuch a countenance,
As he had loſt ſome province, and a region
Lov'd as he loves himſelf: even now I met him
With cuſtomary compliment, when he,
Wafting his eyes to th' contrary, and falling
A lip of much contempt, ſpeeds from me, and
So leaves me to conſider what is breeding,
That changes thus his manners.
Cam. I dare not know, my Lord.
Pol. How, dare not? do not? do you know, and dare not?
Be intelligent to me, 'tis thereabouts:
For to yourſelf, what you do know, you muſt;
And cannot ſay, you dare not. Good Camillo,
Your chang'd complexions are to me a mirror,
Which ſhews me mine chang'd too; for I muſt be
A party in this alteration, finding
Myſelf thus alter'd with it.
Cam. There is a ſickneſs
Which puts ſome of us in diſtemper; but
I cannot name the diſeaſe, and it is caught
Of you that yet are well.
Pol. How! caught of me?
Make me not ſighted like the baſiliſk.
I've look'd on thouſands, who have ſped the better
By my regard, but kill'd none ſo. Camillo,
As you are certainly a gentleman,
Clerk-like experienc'd, (which no leſs adorns
Our gentry, than our parents' noble names,
In whoſe ſucceſs * we are gentle,) I beſeech you,
If you know aught which does behove my knowledge
Thereof

* *i. e.* Succeſſion.

Thereof to be inform'd, impriſon't not
In ignorant concealment.
Cam. I may not anſwer.
Pol. A ſickneſs caught of me, and yet I well?
I muſt be anſwer'd. Doſt thou hear, Camillo,
I conjure thee by all the parts of man,
Which honour does acknowledge, (whereof the leaſt
Is not this ſuit of mine,) that thou declare,
What incidency thou doſt gueſs of harm
Is creeping towards me; how far off, how near;
Which way to be prevented, if it be;
If not, how beſt to bear it.
Cam. Sir, I'll tell you.
Since I am charg'd in honour, and by him
That I think honourable; therefore mark my counſel;
Which muſt be ev'n as ſwiftly follow'd as
I mean to utter it; or both yourſelf and me
Cry loſt, and ſo good night.
Pol. On, good Camillo.
Cam. I am appointed him to murder you.
Pol. By whom, Camillo?
Cam. By the King.
Pol. For what?
Cam He thinks, nay, with all confidence he ſwears,
As he had ſeen't, or been an inſtrument
To vice you to't *, that you have touch'd his Queen
Forbiddenly.
Pol. Oh, then, my beſt blood turn
To an infected jelly, and my name
Be yok'd with his that did betray the beſt!
Turn then my freſheſt reputation to
A ſavour that may ſtrike the dulleſt noſtril
Where I arrive; and my approach be ſhunn'd,
Nay, hated too, worſe than the great'ſt infection
That e'er was heard or read!
Cam. Swear this though over
By each particular ſtar in heaven, and
By all their influences; you may as well
Forbid the ſea for to obey the moon,
As or by oath remove, or counſel ſhake,

The

* *i. e.* To draw, perſuade you. The character called the Vice *in the* old plays, was the Tempter to evil.

The fabric of his folly; whoſe foundation
Is pil'd upon his faith, and will continue
The ſtanding of his body.

Pol. How ſhould this grow?

Cam. I know not; but I'm ſure 'tis ſafer to
Avoid what's grown, than queſtion how 'tis born.
If therefore you dare truſt my honeſty,
That lies incloſed in this trunk, which you
Shall bear along impawn'd, away to-night;
Your followers I will whiſper to the buſineſs;
And will by twos and threes, at ſeveral poſterns,
Clear them o'th'city. For myſelf, I'll put
My fortunes to your ſervice, which are here
By this diſcovery loſt. Be not uncertain;
For, by the honour of my parents, I
Have utter'd truth; which if you ſeek to prove,
I dare not ſtand by; nor ſhall you be ſafer,
Than one condemned by the King's own mouth;
Thereon his execution ſworn.

Pol. I do believe thee:
I ſaw his heart in's face. Give me thy hand;
Be pilot to me, and thy places ſhall
Still neighbour mine. My ſhips are ready, and
My people did expect my hence departure
Two days ago.—This jealouſy
Is for a precious creature; as ſhe's rare,
Muſt it be great; and, as his perſon's mighty,
Muſt it be violent; and as he does conceive
He is diſhonour'd by a man which ever
Profeſs'd to him, why, his revenges muſt
In that be made more bitter. Fear o'er-ſhades me:
Good expedition be my friend, and comfort
The gracious Queen's; part of his theme, but nothing
Of his ill-ta'en ſuſpicion! Come, Camillo,
I will reſpect thee as a father, if
Thou bear'ſt my life off hence. Let us avoid.

Cam. It is in mine authority to command
The keys of all the poſterns: pleaſe your Highneſs
To take the urgent hour. Come, Sir, away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

The palace.

Enter Hermione, Mamillius, and Ladies.

Her. TAKE the boy to you; he ſo troubles me,
'Tis paſt enduring.

1 *Lady.* Come, my gracious Lord.
Shall I be your play-fellow?

Mam. No, I'll none of you.

1 *Lady.* Why, my ſweet Lord?

Mam. You'll kiſs me hard, and ſpeak to me as if
I were a baby ſtill; I love you better.

2 *Lady.* And why ſo, my Lord?

Mam. Not for becauſe
Your brows are blacker: yet black brows, they ſay,
Become ſome women beſt: ſo that there be not
Too much hair there, but in a ſemicircle,
Or a half-moon made with a pen.

2 *Lady.* Who taught you this?

Mam. I learn'd it out of womens' faces. pray now,
What colour be your eye-brows?

1 *Lady.* Blue, my Lord.

Mam. Nay, that's a mock: I've ſeen a lady's noſe
That has been blue, but not her eye-brows.

1 *Lady.* Hark ye,
The Queen your mother rounds apace: we ſhall
Preſent our ſervices to a fine new prince
One of theſe days; and then you'll wanton with us,
If we would have you.

2 *Lady.* She is ſpread of late
Into a goodly bulk, (good time encounter her!)

Her. What wiſdom ſtirs amongſt you? come, Sir, now
I am for you again. Pray you ſit by us,
And tell's a tale.

Mam. Merry, or ſad, ſhall't be?

Her. As merry you will.

Mam. A ſad tale' beſt for winter.
I have one of ſprights and goblins.

Her. Let's have that, good Sir.
Come on, ſit down. Come on, and do your beſt

To

To fright me with your ſprights: you're powerful at it.

Mam. There was a man———

Her. Nay, come, ſit down; then on.

Mam. Dwelt by a church-yard;——I will tell it ſoftly:
Yond crickets ſhall not hear it.

Her. Come on, then, and give't me in mine ear.

SCENE II.

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, and Lords.

Leo. Was he met there? his train? Camillo with him?

Lord. Behind the tuft of pines I met them; never
Saw I men ſcour ſo on their way: I ey'd them
Even to their ſhips.

Lord. How bleſs'd am I
In my juſt cenſure! in my true opinion!
Alack, for leſſer knowledge, how accurs'd
In being ſo bleſs'd! "There may be in the cup
"A ſpider ſteep'd, and one may drink; depart,
"And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
"Is not infected: but if one preſent
"Th' abhorr'd ingredient to his eye, make known
"How he hath drunk, he cracks his gorge, his ſides
"With violent hefts——I have drunk, and ſeen the
ſpider."———
Camillo was his help in this, his pander:
There is a plot againſt my life, my crown;
All's true that is miſtruſted: that falſe villain,
Whom I employ'd, was pre-employ'd by him:
He hath diſcover'd my deſign, and I
Remain a pinch'd thing *; yea, a very trick
For them to play at will. How came the poſterns
So eaſily open?

Lord. By his great authority,
Which often hath no leſs prevail'd than ſo
On your command.

Leo. I know't too well.
Give me the boy; I'm glad you did not nurſe him:

* *Alluding to the ſuperſtition of the vulgar concerning thoſe who were inchanted, and faſtened to the ſpot, by charms ſuperior to their own.*

Though he does bear ſome ſigns of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.——
Her. What is this? ſport?
Leo. Bear the boy hence, he ſhall not come about her;
Away with him, and let her ſport herſelf
With that ſhe's big with: for 'tis Polixenes
Has made thee ſwell thus.
Her. But I'd ſay, he had not;
And, I'll be ſworn, you would believe my ſaying,
Howe'er you lean to th' nayward.
Leo. You, my Lords,
Look on her, mark her well; be but about
To ſay, ſhe is a goodly lady, and
The juſtice of your hearts will thereto add,
'Tis pity ſhe's not honeſt, honourable:
Praiſe her but for this her without-door form,
(Which, on my faith, deſerves high ſpeech,) and ſtraight
The ſhrug, the hum, or ha,—(theſe petty brands,
That calumny doth uſe: oh, I am out,——
That mercy does; for calumny will ſear
Virtue itſelf;) theſe ſhrugs, theſe hums, and ha's,
When you have ſaid ſhe's goodly, come between,
Ere you can ſay ſhe's honeſt: but be't known,
From him, that has moſt cauſe to grieve it ſhould be,
She's an adult'reſs.
Her. Should a villain ſay ſo,
The moſt repleniſh'd villain in the world,
He were as much more villain: you, my Lord,
Do but miſtake.
Leo. You have miſtook, my Lady,
Polixenes for Leontes. O thou thing,
Which I'll not call a creature of thy place,
Leſt barbariſm, making me the precedent,
Should a like language uſe to all degrees;
And mannerly diſtinguiſhment leave out
Betwixt the prince and beggar——I have ſaid,
She's an adult'reſs; I have ſaid with whom:
More, ſhe's a traitor; and Camillo is
A federary with her; and one that knows
What ſhe ſhould ſhame to know herſelf,
But with her moſt vile principal, that ſhe's
A bed-ſwerver, even as bad as thoſe

That vulgars give bold'ſt titles; ay, and privy
To this their late eſcape.

Her. No, by my life,
Privy to none of this: how will this grieve you,
When you ſhall come to clearer knowledge, that
You thus have publiſh'd me? Gentle my Lord,
You ſcarce can right me throughly then, to ſay
You did miſtake.

Leo. No, if I miſtake
In theſe foundations which I build upon,
The centre is not big enough to bear
A ſchool-boy's top. Away with her to priſon:
He who ſhall ſpeak for her, is far off guilty,
But that he ſpeaks.

Her. There's ſome ill planet reigns;
I muſt be patient, till the heavens look
With an aſpect more favourable. Good my Lords,
I am not prone to weeping, as our ſex
Commonly are, the want of which vain dew,
Perchance, ſhall dry your pities; but I have
That honourable grief lodg'd here, which burns
Worſe than tears drown: 'beſeech you all, my Lords,
With thoughts ſo qualified as your charities
Shall beſt inſtruct you, meaſure me; and ſo
The King's will be perform'd!

Leo. Shall I be heard?——

Her. Who is't that goes with me? 'beſeech your Highneſs,
My women may be with me; for you ſee
My plight requires it. Do not weep, good fools,
There is no cauſe; when you ſhall know your miſtreſs
Has deſerv'd priſon, then abound in tears,
As I come out; this action I now go on,
Is for my better grace. Adieu, my Lord,
I never wiſh'd to ſee you ſorry; now,
I truſt, I ſhall. My women,—come, you've leave.

Leo. Go, do your bidding; hence.

[*Exit Queen guarded, and Ladies.*

Lord. 'Beſeech your Highneſs call the Queen again.

Ant. Be certain what you do, Sir, leſt your juſtice
Prove violence; in the which three great ones ſuffer,
Yourſelf, your Queen, your ſon.

Lord. For her, my Lord,

I dare my life lay down, and will do't, Sir,
Pleaſe you t' accept it, that the Queen is ſpotleſs
I' th' eyes of Heaven, and to you, I mean
In this which you accuſe her.
Ant. If it prove
She's otherwiſe, I'll keep my ſtable-ſtand * where
I lodge my wife, I'll go in couples with her:
Than when I feel, and ſee, no further truſt her;
For every inch of woman in the world,
Ay, every dram of woman's fleſh is falſe,
If ſhe be.
Leo. Hold your peaces.
Lord. Good my Lord,———
Ant. It is for you we ſpeak, not for ourſelves:
You are abus'd, and by ſome putter-on,
That will be damn'd for't; 'would I knew the villain,
I would land-dam him. Be ſhe honour-flaw'd,
I have three daughters; the eldeſt is eleven;
The ſecond and the third, nine, and ſome five;
If this prove true, they'll pay for't. By mine honour,
I'll geld 'em all: fourteen they ſhall not ſee,
To bring falſe generations; they are co-heirs,
And I had rather glib myſelf, than they
Should not produce fair iſſue.
Leo. Ceaſe; no more:
You ſmell this buſineſs with a ſenſe as cold
As is a dead man's noſe; I ſee't and feel't,
As you feel doing thus; and ſee withal
[*Laying hold of his arm.*
The inſtruments that feel.
Ant. If it be ſo,
We need no grave to bury honeſty;
There's not a grain of it, the face to ſweeten
Of the whole dungy earth.
Leo. What? lack I credit?
Lord. I had rather you did lack than I, my Lord,
Upon

* *Stable-ſtand* is a term of the foreſt-laws and ſignifies a place where a deer-ſtealer fixes his ſtand, and keeps watch for the purpoſe of killing deer as they paſs by. From the place it came to be applied alſo to the perſon, and any man taken in a foreſt in that ſituation, with a gun or bow in his hand, was preſumed to be an offender, and had the name of a *Stable-ſtand*.

Upon this ground; and more it would content me
To have her honour true, than your ſuſpicion;
Be blam'd for't how you might.

Leo. Why, what need we
Commune with you of this? but rather follow
Our forceful inſtigation? our prerogative
Calls not your counſels, but our natural goodneſs
Imparts this; which, if you (or ſtupified,
Or ſeeming ſo, in ſkill) cannot, or will not,
Reliſh a truth like us; inform yourſelves
We need no more of your advice; the matter,
The loſs, the gain, the ord'ring on't, is all
Properly ours.

Ant. And I wiſh, my Liege,
You had only in your ſilent judgment try'd it,
Without more overture.

Leo. How could that be?
Either thou art moſt ignorant by age.
Or thou wert born a fool. Camillo's flight,
Added to their familiarity,
(Which was as groſs as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd ſight only, nought for approbation *
But only ſeeing; all other circumſtances
Made up to th' deed,) doth puſh on this proceeding.
Yet for a greater confirmation,
(For in an act of this importance 'twere
Moſt piteous to be wild,) I have diſpatch'd in poſt,
To ſacred Delphos, to Apollo's temple,
Cleomenes and Dion, whom you know
Of ſtuff'd ſufficiency. Now, from the oracle
They will bring all: whoſe ſpiritual counſel had,
Shall ſtop, or ſpur me. Have I done well?

Lord. Well done, my Lord.

Leo. Tho' I am ſatisfy'd, and need no more
Than what I know, yet ſhall the oracle
Give reſt to th' minds of others; ſuch as he,
Whoſe ignorant credulity will not
Come up to th' truth. So have we thought it good
From our free perſon ſhe ſhould be confin'd,
Leſt that the treachery of the two fled hence
Be left her to perform. Come, follow us,

* *Approbation* here ſignifies proof.

We are to ſpeak in public: for this buſineſs
Will raiſe us all.
Ant. To laughter, as I take it, [*Aſide.*
If the good truth were known. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Changes to a priſon.*

Enter Paulina, and a Gentleman, with other attendants.

Paul. The keeper of the priſon, call to him.
[*Exit Gentleman.*
Let him have knowledge who I am. Good Lady,
No court in Europe is too good for thee;
What doſt thou then in priſon? Now, good Sir,
You know me, do you not?

Re-enter Gentleman, with the Goaler.

Goa. For a worthy Lady,
And one whom much I honour,
Paul. Pray you then
Conduct me to the Queen.
Goa. I may not, Madam;
To the contrary I have expreſs commandment.
Paul. Here's ado to lock up honeſty and honour from
Th' acceſs of gentle viſitors! Is't lawful, pray you,
To ſee her women? any of them? Æmilia?
Goa. So pleaſe you, Madam,
To put apart theſe your attendants, I
Shall bring Æmilia forth.
Paul. I pray you now, call her.
Withdraw yourſelves. [*Exeunt Gent. &c.*
Goa. And, Madam,
I muſt be preſent at your conference.
Paul. Well; be it ſo, pr'ythee.

Enter Æmilia.

Here's ſuch ado to make no ſtain a ſtain,
As paſſes colouring. Dear gentlewoman,
How fares our gracious Lady?
Æmil. As well as one ſo great and ſo forlorn
May hold together; on her frights and griefs,
(Which never tender lady hath borne greater,)

She

She is ſomething before her time deliver'd.
Paul. A boy?
Æmil. A daughter, and a goodly babe,
Luſty, and like to live: the Queen receives
Much comfort in't; ſays, My poor priſoner,
I'm innocent as you.
Paul. I dare be ſworn:
Theſe dangerous, unſafe lunes i' th' King! beſhrew them,
He muſt be told on't, and he ſhall; the office
Becomes a woman beſt. I'll tak't upon me.
If I prove honey-mouth, let my tongue bliſter,
And never to my red look'd anger be
The trumpet any more! Pray you, Æmilia,
Commend my beſt obedience to the Queen;
If ſhe dares truſt me with her little babe,
I'll ſhew't the King, and undertake to be
Her advocate to th' loud'ſt. We do not know
How he may ſoften at the ſight o' th' child.
The ſilence often of pure innocence
Perſuades, when ſpeaking fails.
Æmil. Moſt worthy Madam,
Your honour and your goodneſs is ſo evident,
That your free undertaking cannot miſs
A thriving iſſue: there is no lady living
So meet for this great errand. Pleaſe your Ladyſhip
To viſit the next room, I'll preſently
Acquaint the Queen of your moſt noble offer,
Who but to day hammer'd of this deſign;
But durſt not tempt a miniſter of honour,
Leſt ſhe ſhould be deny'd.
Paul. Tell her, Æmilia,
I'll uſe that tongue I have; if wit flow from't,
As boldneſs from my boſom, let't not be doubted
I ſhall do good.
Æmil. Now be you bleſs'd for it!
I'll to the Queen: pleaſe you, come ſomething nearer.
Goa. Madam, if it pleaſe the Queen to ſend the babe,
I know not what I ſhall incur to paſs it,
Having no warrant.
Paul. You need not fear it, Sir;
The child was priſoner to the womb, and is
By law and proceſs of great nature thence
Free'd

Free'd and infranchis'd; not a party to
The anger of the King, nor guilty of,
If any be, the treſpaſs of the Queen.
Goa. I do believe it.
Paul. Do not you fear; upon mine honour I
Will ſtand 'twixt you and danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to the palace.*

Enter Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, and other attendants.

Leo. Nor night, nor day, no reſt;——it is but weakneſs
To bear the matter thus: mere weakneſs, if
The cauſe were not in being: part o' th' cauſe,
She, the adult'reſs; for the harlot-king
Is quite beyond mine arm; out of the blank
And level of my brain; plot-proof; but ſhe
I can hook to me: ſay that ſhe were gone,
Given to the fire, a moiety of my reſt
Might come to me again. Who's there?

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. My Lord.
Leo. How does the boy?
Atten. He took good reſt to-night; 'tis hop'd
His ſickneſs is diſcharg'd.
Leo. To ſee his nobleneſs!
Conceiving the diſhonour of his mother,
He ſtraight declin'd, droop'd, took it deeply;
Faſten'd, and fix'd the ſhame on't in himſelf;
Threw off his ſpirit, his appetite, his ſleep,
And down right languiſh'd. Leave me ſolely, go,
[*Exit Attendant.*
See how he fares.—Fie, fie, no thought of him.——
The very thought of my revenges that way
Recoil upon me; in himſelf too mighty,
And in his parties, his alliance; let him be,
Until a time may ſerve. For preſent vengeance,
Take it on her. Camillo and Polixenes
Laugh at me; make their paſtime at my ſorrow.
They ſhould not laugh, if I could reach them; nor
She ſhall ſhe within my power.

SCENE

SCENE V. *Enter Paulina with a child.*

Lord. You muſt not enter.
Paul. Nay rather, good my Lords, be ſecond to me.
Fear you his tyrannous paſſion more, alas,
Than the Queen's life? a gracious innocent ſoul,
More free than he is jealous.
Ant. That's enough.
Atten. [*within.*] Madam, he hath not ſlept to-night; commanded
None ſhould come at him.
Paul. Not ſo hot, good Sir;
I come to bring him ſleep. 'Tis ſuch as you,
That creep like ſhadows by him, and do ſigh
At each his needleſs heavings; ſuch as you
Nouriſh the cauſe of his awaking. I
Do come with words, as medicinal as true,
Honeſt as either, to purge him of that humour,
That preſſes him from ſleep.
Leo. What noiſe there, ho?
Paul. No noiſe, my Lord, but needful conference,
About ſome goſſips for your Highneſs.
Leo. How?
Away with that audacious lady.——Antigonus,
I charg'd thee, that ſhe ſhould not come about me;
I knew ſhe would.
Ant. I told her ſo, my Lord,
On your diſpleaſure's peril and on mine,
She ſhould not viſit you.
Leo. What? can'ſt not rule her?
Paul. From all diſhoneſty he can; in this,
(Unleſs he take the courſe that you have done,
Commit me, for committing honour,) truſt it,
He ſhall not rule me.
Ant. Lo-you now, you hear,
When ſhe will take the rein, I let her run,
But ſhe'll not ſtumble.
Paul. Good my Liege, I come——
And I beſeech you, hear me, who profeſs
Myſelf your loyal ſervant, your phyſician,
Your moſt obedient counſeller; yet that dares

Leſs

Leſs appear ſo, in comforting your evils,
Than ſuch as moſt ſeem yours. I ſay, I come
From your good Queen.
Leo. Good Queen?
Paul. Good Queen, my Lord,
Good Queen, I ſay, good Queen;
And would by combat make her good, ſo were I
A man, on th' worſt about you.
Leo. Force her hence.
Paul. Let him that makes but trifles of his eyes,
Firſt hand me: on mine own accord I'll off;
But firſt I'll do my errand. The good Queen,
For ſhe is good, hath brought you forth a daughter,
Here 'tis; commends it to your bleſſing.
[*Laying down the child.*
Leo. Out!
A mankind witch! hence with her, out o'door:
A moſt intelligencing bawd!
Paul. Not ſo;
I am as ignorant in that, as you
In ſo entitling me; and no leſs honeſt
Than you are mad; which is enough, I'll warrant,
As this world goes, to paſs for honeſt.
Leo. Traitors!
Will you not puſh her out? give her the baſtard.
[*To Antigonus.*
Thou dotard, thou art woman-tyr'd; unroofted
By thy dame Partlet here. Take up the baſtard,
Take't up, I ſay; give't to thy croan.
Paul. For ever
Unvenerable be thy hands, if thou
Tak'ſt up the Princeſs, by that forced * baſeneſs
Which he has put upon't!
Leo. He dreads his wife.
Paul. So I would you did: then 'twere paſt all doubt,
You'd call your children yours.
Leo. A neſt of traitors!
Ant. I am none, by this good light.
Paul. Nor I; nor any
But one that's here; and that's himſelf. For he
The ſacred honour of himſelf, his Queen's,

His

* *Forced*, for unnatural.

His hopeful ſon's, his babe's, betrays to ſlander,
Whoſe ſting is ſharper than the ſword's; and will not
(For as the caſe now ſtands, it is a curſe
He cannot be compell'd to't) once remove
The root of his opinion, which is rotten,
As ever oak or ſtone was ſound.

Leo. A callat
Of boundleſs tongue, who late hath beat her huſband,
And now baits me!—This brat is none of mine;
It is the iſſue of Polixenes.
Hence with it, and together with the dam,
Commit them to the fire.

Paul. It is yours:
And, might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
So like you, 'tis the worſe. Behold, my Lords,
Altho' the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father; eye, noſe, lip,
The trick of's frown, his forehead, nay, the valley,
The pretty dimples of his chin, and cheek, his ſmiles,
The very mould and frame of hand, nail, finger.
And thou, good goddeſs Nature, which haſt made it
So like to him that got it, if thou haſt
The ordering of the mind too, 'mongſt all colours
No yellow in't; leſt ſhe ſuſpect, as he does,
Her children not her huſband's.

Leo. A groſs hag!
And, lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not ſtay her tongue.

Ant. Hang all the huſbands
That cannot do that feat, you'll leave yourſelf
Hardly one ſubject.

Leo. Once more, take her hence,

Paul. A moſt unworthy and unnatural Lord
Can do no more.

Leo. I'll ha' thee burnt.

Paul. I care not;
It is an heretic that makes the fire,
Not ſhe which burns in't. I'll not call you tyrant,
But this moſt cruel uſage of your Queen
(Not able to produce more accuſation
Than your own weak-hing'd fancy) ſomething ſavours
Of tyranny; and will ignoble make you,

Yea,

Yea, ſcandalous to the world.

Leo. On your allegiance,
Out of the chamber with her. Were I a tyrant,
Where were her life? ſhe durſt not call me ſo,
If ſhe did know me one. Away with her.

Paul. I pray you, do not puſh me, I'll be gone.
Look to your babe, my Lord, 'tis yours; Jove ſend her
A better guiding ſpirit! What need theſe hands?
You that are thus ſo tender o'er his follies,
Will never do him good, not one of you.
So, ſo: farewell, we are gone. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.

Leo. Thou, traitor, haſt ſet on thy wife to this.
My child? away with't. Even thou, thou that haſt
A heart ſo tender o'er it, take it hence,
And ſee it inſtantly conſumed with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up ſtraight:
Within this hour bring me word it is done,
And by good teſtimony, or I'll ſeize thy life,
With what thou elſe call'ſt thine: if thou refuſe,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, ſay ſo:
The baſtard brains with theſe my proper hands
Shall I daſh out: go take it to the fire,
For thou ſett'ſt on thy wife.

Ant. I did not, Sir;
Theſe Lords, my noble fellows, if they pleaſe,
Can clear me in't.

Lord. We can? my royal Liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leo. You're liars all.

Lords. 'Beſeech your Highneſs, give us better credit.
We've always truly ſerv'd you, and beſeech you
So to eſteem of us: and on our knees we beg,
(As recompence of our dear ſervices
Paſt and to come,) that you do change this purpoſe,
Which being ſo horrible, ſo bloody, muſt
Lead on to ſome foul iſſue. We all kneel——

Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows:
Shall I live on, to ſee this baſtard kneel,
And call me father? better burn it now,
Than curſe it then. But be it; let it live:

't ſhall not neither.—You, Sir, come you hither;
[*To Antigonus.*
You, that have been ſo tenderly officious
With Lady Margery, your widwife there,
To ſave this baſtard's life; (for 'tis a baſtard,
So ſure as this beard's grey,) what will you adventure
To ſave this brat's life?

Ant. Any thing, my Lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleneſs impoſe: at leaſt, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To ſave the innocent; any thing poſſible.

Leo. It ſhall be poſſible; ſwear by this ſword,
Thou wilt perform my bidding.

Ant. I will, my Lord.

Leo. Mark and perform it; ſeeſt thou? for the fail
Of any point in't ſhall not only be
Death to thyſelf, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife,
Whom for this time we pardon. We injoin thee,
As thou art liege-man to us, that thou carry
This female baſtard hence, and that thou bear it
To ſome remote and deſart place, quite out
Of our dominions, and that there thou leave it,
(Without more mercy,) to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by ſtrange fortune
It came to us, I do in juſtice charge thee,
On thy ſoul's peril, and thy body's torture,
That thou commend it ſtrangely to ſome place,
Where chance may nurſe or end it. Take it up.

Ant. I ſwear to do this; tho' a preſent death
Had been more merciful. Come on, poor babe;
Some powerful ſpirit inſtruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurſes! Wolves and bears, they ſay,
(Caſting their ſavageneſs aſide) have done
Like offices of pity. Sir, be proſperous
In more than this deed does require; and bleſſing,
Againſt this cruelty, fight on thy ſide!
Poor thing condemn'd to loſs.———
[*Exit, with the child.*

Leo. No; I'll not rear
Another's iſſue.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. Pleaſe your Highneſs, poſts,
From thoſe you ſent to th' oracle, are come
An hour ſince. Cleomenes and Dion,
Being well arriv'd from Delphos, are both landed,
Haſting to th' court.
Lord. So pleaſe you, Sir, their ſpeed
Hath been beyond account.
Leo. Twenty-three days
They have been abſent: this good ſpeed foretels,
The great Apollo ſuddenly will have
The truth of this appear. Prepare you, Lords.
Summon a ſeſſion, that we may arraign
Our moſt diſloyal Lady; for as ſhe hath
Been publicly accus'd, ſo ſhall ſhe have
A juſt and open trial. While ſhe lives,
My heart will be a burthen to me. Leave me,
And think upon my bidding. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

A part of Sicily, near the ſea-ſide.

Enter Cleomenes, and Dion.

Cleo. THE climate's delicate, the air moſt ſweet,
Fertile the iſle *, the temple much ſurpaſſing
The common praiſe it bears.
Dion. It ſhames report.
Foremoſt it caught me, the celeſtial habits,
(Methinks I ſo ſhould term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the ſacrifice—
How ceremonious, ſolemn, and unearthly
It was i' th' offering!
Cleo. But of all, the burſt

And

* But the temple of Apollo at Delphi was not in an iſland, but in Phocis, on the continent. Either Shakeſpeare, or his Editors, had their heads running on Delos, an iſland of the Cylades. If it was the Editor's blunder, then Shakeſpeare wrote,

Fertile the ſoil,——————

which is more elegant too, than the preſent reading. Mr. Warburton

And the ear-deaf'ning voice o' the' oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, ſo ſurpris'd my ſenſe,
That I was nothing.

Dion. If th' event o' th' journey
Prove as ſucceſsful to the Queen (O be't ſo!)
As it hath been to us, rare, pleaſant, ſpeedy,
The uſe is worſt the time on't.

Cleo. Great Apollo,
Turn all to th' beſt! theſe proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.

Dion. The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end the buſineſs; when the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine ſeal'd up,)
Shall the contents diſcover: ſomething rare
Even then will ruſh to knowledge. Go; freſh horſes:
And gracious be the iſſue! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Repreſents a court of Juſtice.*

Leontes, Lords, and Officers, appear properly ſeated.

Leo. This ſeſſion, (to our great grief we pronounce,)
Ev'n puſhes 'gainſt our heart. The party try'd,
The daughter of a King, our wife, and one
Of us too much belov'd;—let us be clear'd
Of being tyrannous, ſince we ſo openly
Proceed in juſtice, which ſhall have due courſe,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.
Produce the priſoner.——

Off. It is his Highneſs' pleaſure, that the Queen
Appear in perſon here in court. Silence!

Hermione is brought in, guarded: Paulina, and Ladies attending.

Leo. Read the indictment.

Off. Hermione, Queen to the worthy Leontes, King of Sicilia, thou art here accuſed and arraigned of high-treaſon, in committing adultery with Polixenes, King of Bithynia, and conſpiring with Camillo to take away the life of our Sovereign Lord the King, thy royal huſband; the pretence whereof being by circumſtances partly laid open, thou, Hermione, contrary to the faith and allegiance of a true ſubject,

didſt counſel and aid them, for their better ſafety, to fly away by night.

Her. Since what I am to ſay, muſt be but that
Which contradicts my accuſation; and
The teſtimony on my part no other
But what comes from myſelf; it ſhall ſcarce boot me
To ſay, Not guilty: mine integrity,
Being counted falſehood, ſhall, as I expreſs it,
Be ſo receiv'd. But thus, if powers divine
Behold our human actions, as they do,
I doubt not then, but innocence ſhall make
Falſe accuſation bluſh, "and tyranny
"Tremble at patience."——You, my Lord, beſt know,
Who leaſt will ſeem to do ſo, my paſt life
Hath been as continent, as chaſte, as true,
As I am now unhappy; which is more
Than hiſtory can pattern, tho' deviſ'd,
And play'd, to take ſpectators. For behold me
A fellow of the royal bed, which owe
A moiety of the throne, a great King's daughter,
The mother to a hopeful Prince, here ſtanding
To prate and talk for life and honour, 'fore
Who pleaſe to come and hear. For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief which I would ſpare; for honour,
'Tis a derivative from me to mine,
And only that I ſtand for. I appeal
To your own conſcience, Sir, before Polixenes
Came to your court, how I was in your grace,
How merited to be ſo; ſince he came,
With what encounter ſo uncurrent I
Have ſtrain'd t'appear thus; if one jot beyond
The bounds of honour, or in act or will
That way inclining, hard'ned be the hearts
Of all that hear me, and my near'ſt of kin
Cry, Fie, upon my grave!

Leo. I ne'er heard yet,
That any of thoſe bolder vices wanted
Leſs impudence to gainſay what they did,
Than to perform it firſt.

Her. That's true enough;
Tho' 'tis a ſaying, Sir, not due to me.

Leo. You will not own it.

Her. More than miſtreſs of,
What comes to me in name of fault, I muſt not
At all acknowledge. For Polixenes,
With whom I am accus'd, I do confeſs,
I lov'd him, as in honour he requir'd;
With ſuch a kind of love, as might become
A Lady like me; with a love, even ſuch,
So and no other, as yourſelf commanded:
Which not to have done, I think had been in me
Both diſobedience and ingratitude
To you, and towards your friend; whoſe love had ſpoke,
Even ſince it could ſpeak, from an infant, freely,
That it was yours. Now for conſpiracy,
I know not how it taſtes, tho' it be diſh'd
For me to try how; all I know of it,
Is, that Camillo was an honeſt man;
And why he left your court, the gods themſelves
Wotting no more than I, are ignorant.

Leo. You knew of his departure, as you know
What you have underta'en to do in's abſence.

Her. Sir,
You ſpeak a language that I underſtand not;
My life ſtands in the level of your dreams,
Which I'll lay down.

Leo. Your actions are my dreams.
You had a baſtard by Polixenes,
And I but dream'd it:——as you were paſt all ſhame,
(Thoſe of your fact are ſo,) ſo paſt all truth;
Which to deny, concerns more than avails: for as
Thy brat hath been caſt out, like to itſelf,
No father owning it, (which is, indeed,
More criminal in thee than it,) ſo thou
Shalt feel our juſtice; in whoſe eaſieſt paſſage
Look for no leſs than death.

Her. Sir, ſpare your threats;
The bug which you would fright me with, I ſeek:
To me can life be no commodity.
The crown and comfort of my life, your favour,
I do give loſt; for I do feel it gone,
But know not how it went. My ſecond joy,
The firſt-fruits of my body, from his preſence

I'm barr'd like one infectious. My third comfort,
(Starr'd moſt unluckily,) is from my breaſt
(The innocent milk in its moſt innocent mouth)
Hal'd out to murder; myſelf on every poſt
Proclaim'd a ſtrumpet with immodeſt hatred;
The child-bed privilege deny'd, which 'longs
To women of all faſhion: laſtly, hurried
Here to this place, i'th' open air, before
I have got ſtrength of limit. Now, my Liege,
Tell me what bleſſings I have here alive,
That I ſhould fear to die? therefore proceed:
But yet hear this; miſtake me not; no life,——
I prize it not a ſtraw; but for mine honour,
Which I would free, if I ſhall be condemn'd
Upon ſurmiſes, (all proofs ſleeping elſe,
But what your jealouſies awake,) I tell you,
'Tis rigour, and not law. Your honours all
I do refer me to the oracle:
Apollo be my judge.

SCENE III. *Enter Dion and Cleomenes.*

Lord. This your requeſt
Is altogether juſt; therefore bring forth,
And in Apollo's name, his oracle.

Her. The Emperor of Ruſſia was my father,
Oh that he were alive, and here beholding
His daughter's trial; that he did but ſee
The flatneſs of my miſery; yet with eyes
Of pity, not revenge!

Off. You here ſhall ſwear upon the ſword of juſtice,
That you, Cleomenes and Dion, have
Been both at Delphos, and from thence have brought
This ſeal'd-up oracle, and that ſince then
You have not dar'd to break the holy ſeal,
Nor read the ſecrets in't.

Cleo. Dion. All this we ſwear.

Leo. Break up the ſeals, and read.

Off. Hermione is chaſte, Polixenes blameleſs, Camillo true ſubject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, his innocent babe tru begotten: and the King ſhall live without an heir, if th which is loſt be not found.

L

Lords. Now, bleſſed be the great Apollo!
Her. Praiſed!
Leo. Haſt thou read truth?
Off. Ay, my Lord, even ſo as it is here ſet down.
Leo. There is no truth at all i' th' oracle;
The ſeſſion ſhall proceed; this is mere falſehood.

Enter Servant.

Ser. My Lord the King, the King,——
Leo. What is the buſineſs?
Ser. O Sir, I ſhall be hated to report it.
The Prince your ſon, with mere conceit and fear
Of the Queen's ſpeed, is gone.
Leo. How gone?
Ser. Is dead.
Leo. Apollo's angry, and the heav'ns themſelves
Do ſtrike at my injuſtice.——How now, there?
[*Her. faints.*
Paul. This news is mortal to the Queen: look down,
And ſee what death is doing.
Leo. Take her hence;
Her heart is but o'ercharg'd; ſhe will recover.
[*Exeunt Paulina and Ladies with Hermione.*

SCENE IV.

I have too much believ'd mine own ſuſpicion:
'Beſeech you, tenderly apply to her
Some remedies for life. Apollo, pardon
My great profaneneſs 'gainſt thine oracle!
I'll reconcile me to Polixenes,
New woo my Queen, recal the good Camillo,
Whom I proclaim a man of truth, of mercy.
For being tranſported by my jealouſies
To bloody thoughts and to revenge, I choſe
Camillo for the miniſter, to poiſon
My friend Polixenes; which had been done,
But that the good mind of Camillo tardied
My ſwift command; though I with death, and with
Reward, did threaten and encourage him,
Not doing it, and being done; he (moſt humane,
And fill'd with honour) to my kingly gueſt
Unclaſp'd my practice, quit his fortunes here,

Which

Which you knew great, and to the certain hazard
Of all uncertainties himſelf commended,
No richer than his honour: how he gliſters
Through my dark ruſt! and how his piety
Does my deeds make the blacker!

SCENE V. *Enter Paulina.*

Paul. Woe the while!
O cut my lace, leſt my heart, cracking it,
Break too.———
Lord. What fit is this, good Lady?
Paul. What ſtudied torments, tyrant, haſt for me?
What wheels? racks? fires? what flaying? boiling?
burning
In leads or oils? what old or newer torture
Muſt I receive? whoſe every word deſerves
To taſte of thy moſt worſt. Thy tyranny
Together working with thy jealouſies,
(Fancies too weak for boys, too green and idle
For girls of nine!) O think what they have done,
And then run mad indeed; ſtark mad, for all
Thy bygone fooleries were but ſpices of it.
That thou betray'dſt Polixenes, 'twas nothing;
That did but ſhew thee off, a fool, inconſtant,
And damnable ingrateful: nor was't much,
Thou would'ſt have poiſon'd good Camillo's honour,
To have him kill a King: poor treſpaſſes,
More monſtrous ſtanding by; whereof I reckon
The caſting forth to crows thy baby-daughter,
To be, or none, or little; though a devil
Would have ſhed water out of fire, ere don't:
Nor is't directly laid to thee the death
Of the young prince, whoſe honourable thoughts
(Thoughts high for one ſo tender) cleft the heart,
That could conceive a groſs and fooliſh fire
Blemiſh'd his gracious dam: this is not, no,
Laid to thy anſwer: but the laſt, O Lords,
When I have ſaid, cry, Woe! the Queen, the Queen,—
The ſweeteſt, deareſt, creature's dead; and vengeance for'
Not dropt down yet.
Lord. The higher powers forbid!

P

Paul. I ſay, ſhe's dead: I'll ſwear't: if word, nor oath,
Prevail not, go and ſee: if you can bring
Tincture or luſtre in her lip, her eye,
Heat outwardly, or breath within, I'll ſerve you
As I would do the gods. 'But, O thou tyrant!
'Do not repent theſe things; for they are heavier
'Than all thy woes can ſtir: therefore betake thee
'To nothing but deſpair. A thouſand knees,
'Ten thouſand years together, naked, faſting,
'Upon a barren mountain, and ſtill winter
'In ſtorm perpetual, could not move the gods
'To look that way thou wert.'

Leo. Go on, go on:
Thou canſt not ſpeak too much; I have deſerv'd
All tongues to talk their bittereſt.

Lord. Say no more;
Howe'er the buſineſs goes, you have made fault
I' th' boldneſs of your ſpeech.

Paul. I am ſorry for't.
All faults I make, when I ſhall come to know them,
I do repent: alas, I've ſhew'd too much
The raſhneſs of a woman; he is touch'd
To th' noble heart. What's gone, and what's paſt help,
Should be paſt grief. Do not receive affliction
At my petition, I beſeech you; rather
Let me be puniſh'd, that have minded you
Of what you ſhould forget. Now, good my Liege,
Sir, Royal Sir, forgive a fooliſh woman:
The love I bore your Queen—lo, fool again!——
I'll ſpeak of her no more, nor of your children:
I'll not remember you of my own Lord,
Who is loſt too. Take you your patience to you,
And I'll ſay nothing.

Leo. Thou didſt ſpeak but well,
When moſt the truth; which I receive much better
Than to be pitied of thee. Pr'ythee, bring me
To the dead bodies of my Queen and ſon;
One grave ſhall be for both. Upon them ſhall
The cauſes of their death appear unto
Our ſhame perpetual; once a day I'll viſit
The chapel where they lie, and tears, ſhed there,
Shall be my recreation. So long as nature

Will bear up with this exerciſe, ſo long
I daily vow to uſe it. Come, and lead me
To theſe ſorrows. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Changes to Bithynia. A deſart country; the ſea at a little diſtance.

Enter Antigonus with a child, and a Mariner.

Ant. Thou art perfect then, our ſhip hath touch'd upon
The deſerts of Bithynia?

Mar. Ay, my Lord; and fear,
We've landed in ill time: the ſkies look grimly,
And threaten preſent bluſters. In my conſcience,
The heav'ns with that we have in hand are angry,
And frown upon's.

Ant. Their ſacred wills be done! get thee aboard,
Look to thy bark, I'll not be long before
I call upon thee.

Mar. Make your beſt haſte, and go not
Too far i' th' land; 'tis like to be loud weather.
Beſides, this place is famous for the creatures
Of prey that keep upon't.

Ant. Go thou away.
I'll follow inſtantly.

Mar. I'm glad at heart
To be ſo rid o' th' buſineſs. [*Exit.*

Ant. Come, poor babe;
I have heard, but not believ'd, the ſpirits of the dead
May walk again; if ſuch thing be, thy mother
Appear'd to me laſt night; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one ſide, ſome another;
I never ſaw a veſſel of like ſorrow
So fill'd, and ſo becoming; in pure white robes,
Like very ſanctity, ſhe did approach
My cabin where I lay; thrice bow'd before me,
And, gaſping to begin ſome ſpeech, her eyes
Became two ſpouts; the fury ſpent, anon
Did this break from her. Good Antigonus,
Since fate, againſt thy better diſpoſition,

Hath

ı made thy perſon for the thrower-out
ıy poor babe, according to thine oath,
ːs remote enough are in Bithynia,
e weep, and leave it crying; and for the babe
unted loſt for ever and ever, *Perdita*,
ythee, call't. For this ungentle buſineſs,
ɔn thee by my Lord, thou ne'er ſhalt ſee
wife Paulina more.——And ſo, with ſhrieks,
melted into air. Affrighted much,
in time collect myſelf, and thought
was ſooth, and no ſlumber. Dreams are toys;
for this once, yea, ſuperſtitiouſly,
l be ſquar'd by this. I do believe
nione hath ſuffer'd death; and that
llo would, this being indeed the iſſue
ːing Polixenes, it ſhould here be laid,
ɛr for life or death, upon the earth
s right father. Bloſſom, ſpeed thee well!
[*Laying down the child.*
ːe lie, and there thy character: there theſe,
ːh may, if fortune pleaſe, both breed thee, pretty one,
ſtill reſt thine. The ſtorm begins;——Poor wretch,
for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
ɔſs, and what may follow. (Weep I cannot,
my heart bleeds: and moſt accurs'd am I
e by oath injoin'd to this.) Farewell!
day frowns more and more; thou art like to have
llaby too rough: I never ſaw
heav'ns ſo dim by day. A ſavage clamour!
may I get aboard! this is the chace;
gone for ever. [*Exit, purſued by a bear.*

SCENE VII. *Enter an old Shepherd.*

ep. "I would there were no age between ten and
ːee and twenty, or that youth would ſleep out the
ɬ: for there is nothing in the *between* but getting
nches with child, wronging the ancientry, ſtealing,
hting——hark you now!——would any but
ːſe boil'd brains of nineteen, and two and twenty,
nt this weather? They have ſcar'd away two of my
ſ *ſheep*, which I fear the wolf will ſooner find than
"the

" the maſter; if any where I have them, 'tis by the ſi
" ſide, brouzing of ivy. Good luck, an't be, thy wi
" What have we here? [*Taking up the child.*] Mer
" on's, a bearn! a very pretty bearn! a boy, or a chi
" I wonder! a pretty one, a very pretty one; ſure ſo
" 'ſcape: though I am not bookiſh, yet I can read wi
" ing gentlewoman in the 'ſcape. This has been ſo
" ſtair-work, ſome trunk-work, ſome behind door-work
they were warmer that got this, than the poor thing
here. I'll take it up for pity, yet I'll tarry till my
come: he hollow'd but even now. Whoa, ho-hoa!

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!———

Shep. What, art ſo near? if thou'lt ſee a thing to t
on when thou art dead and rotten, come hither. W
ail'ſt thou, man?

Clo. I have ſeen two ſuch ſights, by ſea and by la
but I am not to ſay it is a ſea; for it is now the ſk
betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thruſt a bodk
point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. " I would you did but ſee how it chafes, hov
" rages, how it takes up the ſhore; but that's not to
" point; oh, the moſt piteous cry of the poor ſouls, ſo
" times to ſee 'em, and not to ſee 'em: now the ſhip
" ring the moon with her main-maſt, and anon ſwallo
" with yeſt and froth, as you'd thruſt a cork into a h
" head. And then for the land-ſervice——to ſee h
" the bear tore out his ſhoulder-bone, how he cry'
" me for help, and ſaid, his name was *Antigonus*, a no
" man. But to make an end of the ſhip, to ſee how
" ſea flap-dragon'd it. But firſt, how the poor ſ
" roar'd, and the ſea mock'd them. And how the p
" gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him; both r
" ing louder than the ſea, or weather."

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now, I have not wink'd ſince I ſaw t
ſights; the men are not yet cold under water, nor
bear half din'd on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. 'Would I had been by to have help'd the old man.

Clo. I would you had been by the ſhip-ſide to have help'd her; there your charity would have lack'd footing.——— [*Aſide.*

Shep. Heavy matters, heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bleſs thyſelf; thou meet'ſt with things dying, I with things new-born. Here's a ſight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a ſquire's child! look thee here; take up, take up, boy, open't; ſo let's ſee: it was told me I ſhould be rich by the fairies. This is ſome changeling: open't; what's within, boy?

Clo. You're a mad old man; if the ſins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!———

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and will prove ſo. Up with it, keep it cloſe: home, home, the next way. We are lucky boy; and to be ſo ſtill, requires nothing but ſecrecy. Let my ſheep go: come, good boy, the next way home.

Clo. Go you the next way with your findings, I'll go ſee if the bear be gone from the gentleman; and how much he hath eaten: they are never curs'd but when they are hungry: if there be any of them left, I'll buy it.

Shep. That's a good deed. If thou may'ſt diſcern by that which is left of him what he is, fetch me to th' ſight of him.

Clo. Marry, will I; and you ſhall help to put him i' th' ground.

Shep. 'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do good deeds on't. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Time, as Chorus.

Time. I, that pleaſe ſome, try all, both joy and terror
Of good and bad, that make and unfold error;
Now take upon me, in the name of *Time*,
To uſe my wings. Impute it not a crime
To me, or my ſwift paſſage, that I ſlide
O'er ſixteen years, and leave the gulf untry'd
Of that wide gap; ſince it is in my power
To *o'erthrow* law, and in one ſelf-born hour

To plant and o'erwhelm cuſtom. Let me paſs
The ſame I am, ere ancient'ſt order was,
Or what is now receiv'd. I witneſs to
The times that brought them in; ſo ſhall I do
To th' freſheſt things now reigning, and make ſtale
The gliſtering of this preſent, as my tale
Now ſeems to it: your patience this allowing,
I turn my glaſs; and give my ſcene ſuch growing,
As you had ſlept between. Leontes leaving
Th' effects of his fond jealouſies, ſo grieving
That he ſhuts up himſelf; imagine me,
Gentle ſpectators, that I now may be
In fair Bithynia; and remember well,
I mention here a ſon o' th' King's whom *Florizel*
I now name to you; and with ſpeed ſo pace
To ſpeak of Perdita, now grown in grace
Equal with wond'ring. What of her enſues,
I liſt not propheſy. But let Time's news
Be known when 'tis brought forth. A ſhepherd's daughter,
And what to her adheres, which follows after,
Is th' argument of Time; of this allow,
If ever you have ſpent time worſe ere now:
If never, yet that Time himſelf doth ſay,
He wiſhes earneſtly you never may. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The court of Bithynia.

Enter Polixenes, and Camillo.

Pol. I PRAY thee, good Camillo, be no more importunate; 'tis a ſickneſs denying thee any thing, a death to grant this.

Cam. It is fifteen years ſince I ſaw my country; though I have for the moſt part been aired abroad, I deſire to lay my bones there. Beſides, the penitent King, my maſter, hath ſent for me; to whoſe feeling ſorrows I might be ſome allay, or I o'erween to think ſo, which is another ſpur to my departure.

Pol. As thou lov'ſt me, Camillo, wipe not out the reſt

reſt of thy ſervices by leaving me now; the need I have of thee, thine own goodneſs hath made: better not to have had thee, than thus to want thee. Thou having made me buſineſſes, which none, without thee, can ſufficiently manage, muſt either ſtay to execute them thyſelf, or take away with thee the very ſervices thou haſt done; which if I have not enough conſider'd, (as too much I cannot,) to be more thankful to thee ſhall be my ſtudy; and my profit therein, the reaping friendſhips. Of that fatal country Sicilia, pr'ythee, ſpeak no more; whoſe very naming puniſhes me with the remembrance of that penitent, as thou call'ſt him, and reconciled King my brother, whoſe loſs of his moſt precious Queen and children are even now to be afreſh lamented. Say to me, when ſaw'ſt thou the Prince Florizel my ſon? Kings are no leſs unhappy, their iſſue not being gracious, than they are in loſing them, when they have approved their virtues.

Cam. Sir, it is three days ſince I ſaw the Prince. What his happier affairs may be, are to me unknown: but I have (miſſing him) noted, he is of late much retired from court, and is leſs frequent to his princely exerciſes than formerly he hath appear'd.

Pol. I have conſider'd ſo much, Camillo, and with ſome care ſo far, that I have eyes under my ſervice, which look upon his removedneſs; from whom I have this intelligence, that he is ſeldom from the houſe of a moſt homely ſhepherd; a man, they ſay, that from very nothing, and beyond the imagination of his neighbours is grown to an unſpeakable eſtate.

Cam. I have heard, Sir, of ſuch a man, who hath a daughter of moſt rare note; the report of her is extended more than can be thought to begin from ſuch a cottage.

Pol. That's likewiſe a part of my intelligence; but, I fear, the angle that plucks our ſon thither. Thou ſhalt accompany us to the place, where we will (not appearing what we are) have ſome queſtion with the ſhepherd; from whoſe ſimplicity, I think it not uneaſy to get the cauſe of my ſon's reſort thither. Pr'ythee, be my preſent partner in this buſineſs, and lay aſide the thoughts of Sicilia.

Cam. I willingly obey your command.

Pol. My beſt Camillo—we muſt diſguiſe ourſelves.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to the Country.*

Enter Autolicus ſinging.

When daffodils begin to peer,
With, heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then come in the ſweet o' th' year;
'Fore the red blood reigns in the winter pale.
The white ſheet bleaching on the hedge,
With hey! the ſweet birds, O how they ſing!
Doth ſet my progging tooth on edge:
For a quart of ale is a diſh for a King.
The lark, that tirra-lyra chants,
With, hey! with, hey! the thruſh and the jay:
Are ſummer-ſongs for me and my aunts,
While we lie tumbling in the hay.

I have ſerved Prince Florizel, and in my time wore three-pile, but now I am out of ſervice.

But ſhall I go mourn for that, my dear?
The pale moon ſhines by night:
And when I wander here and there,
I then do go moſt right.
If tinkers may have leave to live,
And bear the ſow-ſkin budget;
Then my account I well may give,
And in the ſtocks avouch it.

My traffic is ſheets; when the kite builds, look to leſſer linen. My father nam'd me *Autolicus*, being litter'd under Mercury *, who, as I am, was likewiſe a ſnapper-up

* The alluſion, and the whole ſpeech is taken from Lucian; who appears to have been one of our poet's favourite authors, as may be collected from ſeveral places of his works. It is from his diſcourſe on judicial aſtrology, where Autolicus talks much in the ſame manner; and 'tis only on this account that he is called the ſon of Mercury by the ancients, namely, becauſe he was born under that planet. And as the infant was ſuppoſed by the aſtrologers to communicate of the nature of the ſtar which predominated, ſo Autolicus was a *thief*. *Mr. Warburton.*

conſider'd trifles: with die and drab I purchas'd ariſon; and my revenue is the ſilly * cheat. and knock, are too powerful on the high-way: and hanging are terrors to me: for the life , I ſleep out the thought of it.——A prize!

SCENE III. *Enter Clown.*

Let me ſee,—every eleven wether tods; every ls pound and odd ſhilling; fifteen hundred ſhorn, nes the wool to?
f the ſpringe hold, the cock's mine.—

[*Aſide.*

I cannot do't without compters. Let me ſee, n I to buy for our ſheep-ſhearing feaſt, three of ſugar, five pound of currants, rice———what ſiſter of mine do with rice? but my father hath r miſtreſs of the feaſt, and ſhe lays it on. She ade me four and twenty noſegays for the ſhearers; n ſong-men † all, and very good ones, but they t of them means and baſes; but one Puritan a-em, and he ſings pſalms to horn-pipes. I muſt ron to colour the warden-pies, mace——dates ne——that's out of my note: nutmegs, ſeven; two of ginger, but that I may beg; four pound s, and as many raiſins o'th' ſun.
Oh, that ever I was born!

[*Groveling on the ground.*

I' th' name of me———
Oh, help me, help me: pluck but off theſe rags, n death, death———
Alack, poor ſoul, thou haſt need of more rags to hee, rather than have theſe off.
Oh, Sir, the loathſomeneſs of them offends me, an the ſtripes I have receiv'd, which are mighty id millions.

* is uſed by the writers of our author's time, for ſimple, an; and in this the humour of the ſpeech conſiſts.
aning thoſe who ſing catches, which are generally in three

Clo. Alas, poor man! a million of beating may come to a great matter.

Aut. I am robb'd, Sir, and beaten; my money and apparel ta'en from me, and theſe deteſtable things put upon me.

Clo. What, by a horſeman, or a footman?

Aut. A footman, ſweet Sir, a footman.

Clo. Indeed, he ſhould be a footman, by the garments he hath left with thee; if this be a horſeman's coat, it hath ſeen very hot ſervice. Lend me thy hand, I'll help thee. Come, lend me thy hand.

[*Helping him up.*

Aut. Oh! good Sir, tenderly, oh!

Clo. Alas, poor ſoul.

Aut. O good Sir, ſoftly, good Sir: I fear, Sir, my ſhoulder-blade is out.

Clo. How now? canſt ſtand?

Aut. Softly, dear Sir; good Sir, ſoftly; you ha' done me a charitable office.

Clo. Doſt lack any money? I have a little money for thee.

Aut. No, good ſweet Sir; no, I beſeech you, Sir; I have a kinſman not paſt three quarters of a mile hence, unto whom I was going, I ſhall there have money, or any thing I want: offer me no money, I pray you; that kills my heart.

Clo. What manner of fellow was he that robb'd you?

Aut. "A fellow, Sir, that I have known to go about "with trol-my-dames *: I knew him once a ſervant of "the Prince; I cannot tell, good Sir, for which of his "virtues it was, but he was certainly whipp'd out of "court."

Clo. "His vices, you would ſay; there's no virtue "whipp'd out of the court; they cheriſh it to make it "ſtay there, and yet it will no more but abide."

Aut. Vices I would ſay, Sir. I know this man well; "he hath been ſince an ape-bearer, then a proceſs-"ſerver, a bailiff; then he compaſs'd a motion † of the "prodigal

* Trou-madame, French. The game of nine-holes.

† *i. e.* The *puppet-ſhew*, then called motions. A term frequently occurring in our author.

" prodigal ſon, and married a tinker's wife within a mile " where my land and living lies; and, having flown over " many knaviſh profeſſions, he ſettled only in a rogue;" ſome call him *Autolicus*.

Clo. Out upon him, prig! for my life, prig;——— he haunts wakes, fairs, and bear-baitings.

Aut. Very true, Sir; he, Sir, he; that's the rogue that put me into this apparel.

Clo. Not a more cowardly rogue in all Bithynia; if you had but look'd big, and ſpit at him, he'd have run.

Aut. I muſt confeſs to you, Sir, I am no fighter; I am falſe of heart that way, and that he knew, I warrant him.

Clo. How do you now?

Aut. Sweet Sir, much better than I was; I can ſtand and walk; I will even take my leave of you, and pace ſoftly towards my kinſman's.

Clo. Shall I bring thee on thy way?

Aut. No, good-fac'd Sir; no, ſweet Sir.

Clo. Then, farewell, I muſt go to buy ſpices for our ſheep-ſhearing. [*Exit.*

Aut. Proſper you, ſweet Sir! Your purſe is not hot enough to purchaſe your ſpice. I'll be with you at your ſheep-ſhearing too: if I make not this cheat bring out another, and the ſhearers prove ſheep, let me be unroll'd, and my name put into the book of virtue*!

SONG.

Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily hent the ſtyle-a.
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your ſad tires in a mile-a.

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

The proſpect of a ſhepherd's cote.

Enter Florizel and Perdita.

Flo. Theſe your unuſual weeds to each part of you

Do

* *Begging gipſies*, in the time of our author, were in gangs and companies, that had ſomething of the ſhew of an incorporated body.

Do give a life: no ſhepherdeſs, but Flora,
Peering in April's front. This your ſheep-ſhearing
Is as a meeting of the petty gods,
And you the Queen on't.

Per. Sir, my gracious Lord,
To chide at your extremes it not becomes me:
Oh pardon that I name them! your high ſelf,
The gracious mark o' th' land, you have obſcur'd
With a ſwain's wearing; and me, poor lowly maid,
Moſt goddeſs-like prank'd up. But that our feaſts
In every meſs have folly, and the feeders
Digeſt it with a cuſtom, I ſhould bluſh
To ſee you ſo attired; ſworn, I think,
To ſhew myſelf a glaſs.

Flo. I bleſs the time
When my good falcon made her flight acroſs
Thy father's ground.

Per. Now, Jove afford you cauſe!
To me the difference forges dread, your greatneſs
Hath not been us'd to fear; even now I tremble
To think your father, by ſome accident,
Should paſs this way, as you did: oh, the fates!
How would he look to ſee his work ſo noble,
Vilely bound up! what would he ſay! or how
Should I in theſe my borrow'd flaunts behold
The ſternneſs of his preſence!

Flo. Apprehend
Nothing but jollity: the gods themſelves,
Humbling their deities to love, have taken
The ſhapes of beaſts upon them. Jupiter
Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
A ram, and bleated; and the fire-rob'd God,
Golden Apollo, a poor humble ſwain,
As I ſeem now. Their transformations
Were never for a piece of beauty rarer,
Nor in a way ſo chaſte: ſince my deſires
Run not before mine honour, nor my luſts
Burn hotter than my faith.

Per. O but, dear Sir,
Your reſolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it muſt be, by th' power o' th' King.
One of theſe two muſt be neceſſities,

Which then will ſpeak, that you muſt change this purpoſe,
Or I my life.

Flo. Thou dareſt Perdita,
With theſe forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' th' feaſt. Or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's. For I cannot be
Mine own, nor any thing to any, if
I be not thine. To this I am moſt conſtant,
Though deſtiny ſay *No.* Be merry, (gentle,)
Strangle ſuch thoughts as theſe with any thing
That you behold the while. Your gueſts are coming:
Lift up your countenance, as 'twere the day
Of celebration of that nuptial, which
We two have ſworn ſhall come.

Per. O Lady Fortune,
Stand you auſpicious!

SCENE V.

Enter Shepherd, Clown, Mopſa, Dorcas, Servants; with Polixenes and Camillo diſguis'd.

Flo. See, your gueſts approach;
Addreſs yourſelf to entertain them ſprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. " Fie, daughter; when my old wife liv'd, upon
" This day ſhe was both pantler, butler, cook,
" Both dame and ſervant; welcom'd all, ſerv'd all;
" Would ſing her ſong, and dance her turn; now here
" At upper end o' th' table, now i' th' middle;
" On his ſhoulder, and his; her face o' fire
" With labour; and the thing ſhe took to quench it,
" She would to each one ſip." You are retired,
As if you were a feaſted one, and not
The hoſteſs of the meeting: pray you, bid
Theſe unknown friends to's welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your bluſhes, and preſent yourſelf,
That which you are, miſtreſs o' th' feaſt. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your ſheep-ſhearing,
As your good flock ſhall proſper.

Per. Sirs, welcome. [To Pol. and Cam.

It

It is my father's will I ſhould take on me
The hoſteſsſhip o' th' day; you're welcome, Sirs.
Give me thoſe flowers there, Dorcas—Reverend Sirs,
" For you there's roſemary and rue, theſe keep
" Seeming and ſavour all the winter long:
" Grace and remembrance be unto you both,
" And welcome to our ſhearing!"
Pol. Shepherdeſs,
(A fair one are you,) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.
Per. " Sir, the year growing ancient,
" Not yet on ſummer's death, nor on the birth
" Of trembling winter, the faireſt flowers o' th' ſeaſon
" Are our carnations, and ſtreak'd gilly-flowers,
" Which ſome call Nature's baſtards: of that kind
" Our ruſtic garden's barren, and I care not
" To get ſlips of them."
Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden,
Do you neglect them?
Per. " For I have heard it ſaid,
" There is an art, which in their piedneſs ſhares
" With great creating Nature."
Pol. Say, there be;
" Yet nature is made better by no mean,
" But nature makes that mean; ſo over that art,
" Which you ſay adds to nature, is an art
" That nature makes; you ſee, ſweet maid, we marry
" A gentle ſcyon to the wildeſt ſtock;
" And make conceive a bark of baſer kind
" By bud of nobler race. This is an art,
" Which does mend nature, change it rather; but
" The art itſelf is nature."
Per. So it is.
Pol. Then make your garden rich in gilly-flowers,
And do not call them baſtards.
Per. " I'll not put
" The dibble in earth, to ſet one ſlip of them:
" No more than, were I painted, I would wiſh
" This youth ſhould ſay, 'Twere well; and only thereſo
" Deſire to breed by me.—Here's flowers for you;
" Hot lavender, mints, ſavoury, marjoram,
" The marygold, that goes to bed with th' ſun,

" And with him riſes, weeping: theſe are flowers
" Of middle ſummer, and, I think, they are given
" To men of middle age." Y'are very welcome.
Cam. I ſhould leave grazing, were I of your flock,
And only live by gazing.
Per. " Out, alas!
" You'd be ſo lean, that blaſts of January
" Would blow you through and through. Now, my
" fairſt friend,
" I would I had ſome flowers o' th' ſpring, that might
" Become your time of day; and yours, and yours,
" That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
" Your maiden-heads growing: O Proſerpina,
" For the flowers now, that, frighted, thou let'ſt fall
" From Dis's waggon! daffodils,
" That come before the ſwallow dares, and take
" The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
" But ſweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
" Or Cytherea's breath; pale primroſes,
" That die unmarried, ere they can behold
" Bright Phœbus in his ſtrength, (a malady
" Moſt incident to maids;) gold oxlips, and
" The crown-imperial; lillies of all kinds,
" The flower-de-lis being one. O theſe I lack
" To make you garlands of, and, my ſweet friend,
" To ſtrow him o'er and o'er."
Flo. What? like a corſe?
Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on:
Not like a corſe; or if,——not to be buried
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers;
Methinks I play as I have ſeen them do
In Whitſund' paſtorals: ſure, this robe of mine
Does change my diſpoſition.
Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you ſpeak, (ſweet,)
I'd have you do it ever; when you ſing,
I'd have you buy and ſell ſo; ſo give alms;
Pray ſo; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
To ſing them too. When you do dance, I wiſh you
A wave o' th' ſea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move ſtill, ſtill ſo,
And own no other function. Each your doing,

So

So ſingular in each particular,
Crowns what you're doing in the preſent deeds,
That all your acts are Queens.

Per. O Doricles,
Your praiſes are too large; but that your youth,
And the true blood, which peeps forth fairly through it,
Do plainly give you out an unſtain'd ſhepherd;
With wiſdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the falſe way.

Flo. I think you have
As little ſkill to fear, as I have purpoſe
To put you to't. But, come; our dance, I pray;
Your hand, my Perdita; ſo turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Per. I'll ſwear for 'em.

Pol. "This is the prettieſt low-born laſs that ever
"Ran on the green ſward; nothing ſhe does, or ſeems,"
But ſmacks of ſomething greater than herſelf,
Too noble for this place.

Cam. He tells her ſomething,
That makes her blood look out: good ſooth, ſhe is
The Queen of curds and cream.

Clo. Come on, ſtrike up.

Dor. Mopſa muſt be your miſtreſs; marry, garlic to mend her kiſſing with ———

Mop. Now, in good time!

Clo. Not a word, a word; we ſtand upon our manners; come, ſtrike up.

Here a dance of ſhepherds and ſhepherdeſſes.

Pol. Pray, good ſhepherd, what fair ſwain is this
Who dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him *Doricles*, and he boaſts himſelf
To have a worthy breeding; but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it:
He looks like ſooth; he ſays he loves my daughter,
I think ſo too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll ſtand and read
As 'twere my daughter's eyes; and, to be plain,
I think there is not half a kiſs to chuſe
Who loves another beſt.

Pol. She dances featly.

Shep.

Shep. She does any thing, though I report it
That ſhould be ſilent; if young Doricles
Do light upon her, ſhe ſhall bring him that
Which he not dreams of.

SCENE VI. *Enter a Servant.*

Ser. O Maſter, if you did but hear the pedler at the door, you would never dance again after a tabor and pipe: no, the bag-pipe could not move you. He ſings ſeveral tunes faſter than you'll tell money; he utters them as he had eaten ballads, and all mens' ears grew to his tunes.

Clo. He could never come better: he ſhall come in: I love a ballad but even too well, if it be dolefull matter merrily ſet down; or a very pleaſant thing indeed, and ſung lamentably.

Ser. He hath ſongs for man, or woman, of all ſizes; no milliner can ſo fit his cuſtomers with gloves: he has the prettieſt love-ſongs for maids, ſo without bawdry, (which is ſtrange,) with ſuch delicate burthens of dildo's and fa-ding's: jump her, and thump her: and where ſome ſtretch-mouth'd raſcal would, as it were, mean miſchief, and break a foul gap into the matter, he makes the maid to anſwer, *Whoop, do me no harm, good man;* puts him off, ſlights him, with *Whoop, do me no harm, good man.*

Pol. This is a brave fellow.

Clo. Believe me, thou talkeſt of an admirable-conceited fellow; has he any unbraided wares?

Ser. He hath ribbons of all the colours i' th' rainbow; points, more than all the lawyers in Bithynia can learnedly handle, though they come to him by the groſs; inkles, caddiſſes, cambricks, lawns: why, he ſings them over, as they were gods and goddeſſes; you would think a ſmock were a ſhe-angel, he ſo chants to the ſleeve-band, and the work about the ſquare on't.

Clo. Pr'ythee bring him in; and let him approach, ſinging.

Per. Forewarn him that he uſe no ſcurrilous words in's tunes.

Clo. You have of theſe pedlers that have more in 'em *than you'd think, ſiſter.*

Per. Ay, good brother or go about to think.

Enter Autolicus ſinging.

Lawn as white as driven ſnow,
Cyprus black as e'er was crow;
Gloves as ſweet as damaſk roſes,
Maſks for faces and for noſes;
Bugle bracelets, necklace amber,
Perfume for a lady's chamber:
Golden quoifs, and ſtomachers,
For my lads to give their dears:
Pins, and poaking-ſticks of ſteel,
What maids lack from head to heel:
Come buy of me, come: come buy, come buy,
Buy, lads, or elſe your laſſes cry.
Come buy, &c.

Clo. If I were not in love with Mopſa, thou ſhould'ſt take no money of me; but being inthrall'd as I am, it will alſo be the bondage of certain ribbons and gloves.

Mop. I was promis'd them againſt the feaſt, but they come not too late now.

Dor. He hath promis'd you more than that, or there be liars.

Mop. He hath paid you all he promis'd you: 'may be he has paid you more; which will ſhame you to give him again.

Clo. Is there no manners left among maids? will they wear their plackets where they ſhould wear their faces! is there not milking-time, when you are going to bed, or kill-hole, to whiſtle of theſe ſecrets, but you muſt be tittle-tattling before all our gueſts? 'tis well they are whiſp'ring: clamour your tongues †, and not a word more.

Mop. I have done; come, you promis'd me a tawdry lace, and a pair of ſweet gloves.

Clo.

† *The* phraſe is taken from ringing. When bells are at the *height, in* order to ceaſe them, the repetition of the ſtroke becomes *much quicker* than before; this is called clamouring them.

Have I not told thee how I was cozen'd by the
ıd loſt all my money?

And, indeed, Sir, there are cozeners abroad,
re it behoves men to be wary.

Fear not thou, man, thou ſhalt loſe nothing here.

I hope ſo, Sir, for I have about me many par-
charge.

What haſt here? ballads?

. Pray now, buy ſome; I love a ballad in print,
e; for then we are ſure they are true.

Here's one to a very doleful tune, how a uſurer's
as brought to-bed with twenty money-bags at a
ı; and how ſhe long'd to eat adders' heads, and
arbonado'd.

. Is it true, think you?

Very true, and but a month old.

Bleſs me from marrying a uſurer!

Here's the midwife's name to't, one Miſtreſs
rter, and five or ſix honeſt wives that were preſent.
ıould I carry lies abroad?

. Pray you now, buy it.

Come on, lay it by; and let's firſt ſee more bal-
e'll buy the other things anon.

Here's another ballad, of a fiſh that appear'd
ıe coaſt, on Wedneſday the fourſcore of April, for-
ſand fathom above water, and ſung this ballad a-
he hard hearts of maids. It was thought ſhe was
ın and was turn'd into a cold fiſh, for ſhe would
hange fleſh with one that lov'd her. The ballad
pitiful, and as true.

. Is it true too, think you?

Five juſtices hands at it, and witneſſes more than
:k will hold.

Lay it by too: another.——

This is a merry ballad, but a very pretty one.

. Let's have ſome merry ones.

Why, this is a paſſing merry one, and goes to
e of *Two maids wooing a man;* there's ſcarce a
eſtward, but ſhe ſings it: 'tis in requeſt, I can
ı.

. We can both ſing it; if thou'lt bear a part, thou
ır, *'tis in three* parts.

Dor. We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut. I can bear my part; you muſt know, 'tis my occupation: have at it with you.

Aut. *Get you hence, for I muſt go,*
Where it fits not you to know.
Dor *Whither?*
Mop. *O whither?*
Dor. *Whither?*
Mop. *It becomes thy oath full well,*
Thou to me thy ſecrets tell.
Dor. *Me too, let me go thither.*
Mop. *Or thou goeſt to the grange, or mill.*
Dor. *If to either thou doſt ill.*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *What? neither?*
Aut. *Neither.*
Dor. *Thou haſt ſworn my love to be.*
Mop. *Thou haſt ſworn it more to me:*
Then whither goeſt? ſay, whither?

Clo. We'll have this ſong out anon by ourſelves! My father and the gentlemen are in ſad talk, and we'll not trouble them. Come, bring away thy pack after me. Wenches, I'll buy for you both. Pedler, let's have the firſt choice; follow me, girls.

Aut. And you ſhall pay well for 'em.

SONG.

Will you buy any tape, or lace for your cap,
My dainty duck, my dear-a?
And ſilk, and thread, any toys for your head
Of the new'ſt, and fin'ſt, fin'ſt wear-a?
Come to the pedler; money's a medler,
That doth utter all mens' ware-a.

[*Exeunt Clown, Autolicus, Dorcas, and Mopſa.*

SCENE VII. *Enter a Servant.*

Ser. Maſter, there are three carters, three ſheepherds, three neat-herds, and three ſwine-herds, that have

have made themſelves all men of hair †; they call themſelves *ſaltiers*; and they have a dance, which the wenches ſay is a gallymaufry of gambols, becauſe they art not in't: but they themſelves are o' th' mind, (if it be not too rough for ſome, that know little but bowling,) it will pleaſe plentifully.

Shep. Away! we'll none on't; here has been too much homely foolery already. I know, Sir, we weary you.

Pol. You weary thoſe that refreſh us: pray, let's ſee theſe four threes of herdſmen.

Ser. One three of them, by their own report, Sir, hath danc'd before the King; and not the worſt of the three but jumps twelve foot and a half by th' ſquare.

Shep. Leave your prating; ſince theſe good men are pleas'd, let them come in; but quickly now.

Here a dance of twelve ſatyrs.

Pol. O, father, you'll know more of that hereafter.
Is it not too far gone? 'tis time to part them;
He's ſimple, and tells much.——How now, fair ſhepherd?
Your heart is full of ſomething, that doth take
Your mind from feaſting. Sooth, when I was young,
And handed love, as you do, I was wont
To load my ſhe with knacks. I would have ranſack'd
The pedler's ſilken treaſury, and have pour'd it
To her acceptance; you have let him go,
And nothing marted with him. If your laſs
Interpretation ſhould abuſe, and call this
Your lack of love or bounty; you were ſtraited
For a reply, at leaſt, if you make care
Of happy holding her.

Flo. Old Sir, I know,
She prizes not ſuch trifles as theſe are.
The gifts ſhe looks from me, are pack'd and lock'd
Up in my heart, which I have given already,
But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my love
Before this ancient Sir; who, it ſhould ſeem,
Hath ſometime lov'd. I take thy hand, this hand,

† *i. e.* Nimble, that leap as if they rebounded. The phraſe is taken from *tennis-balls*, which were ſtuffed with hair.

As ſoft as dove's down, and as white as it,
Or Ethiopian's tooth, "or the fann'd ſnow
"That's bolted by the northern blaſt twice o'er."
Pol. What follows this?
How prettily the young ſwain ſeems to waſh
The hand was fair before! I've put you out;
But to your proteſtation: let me hear
What you profeſs.
Flo. Do, and be witneſs to't.
Pol. And this my neighbour too?
Flo. And he, and more
Than he, and men; the earth, and heav'ns, and all;
That were I crown'd the moſt imperial monarch
Thereof moſt worthy, were I the faireſt youth
That ever made eye ſwerve, had force and knowledge
More than was ever man's, I would not prize them
Without her love; for her employ them all;
Commend them, and condemn them, to her ſervice,
Or to their own perdition.
Pol. Fairly offer'd.
Cam. This ſhews a ſound affection.
Shep. But, my daughter,
Say you the like to him?
Per. I cannot ſpeak
So well, nothing ſo well, no, nor mean better.
By th' pattern of mine own thoughts I cut out
The purity of his.
Shep. Take hands, a bargain;
And, friends unknown, you ſhall bear witneſs to't.
I give my daughter to him, and will make
Her portion equal his.
Flo. O, that muſt be
I' th' virtue of your daughter; one being dead,
I ſhall have more than you can dream of yet,
Enough then for your wonder: but come on,
Contract us 'fore theſe witneſſes.
Shep. Come, your hand;
And, daughter, yours.
Pol. Soft, ſwain, a-while; 'beſeech you,
Have you a father?
Flo. I have; but what of him?
Pol. Knows he of this?

Flo. He neither does, nor ſhall.
Pol. Methinks a father
Is, at the nuptial of his ſon, a gueſt
That beſt becomes the table: 'pray you once more,
Is not your father grown incapable
Of reaſonable affairs? is he not ſtupid
With age, and alt'ring rheums? can he ſpeak? hear?
Know man from man? diſpute his own eſtate?
Lies he not bed-rid? and, again, does nothing,
But what he did being childiſh?
Flo. No, good Sir;
He has his health, and ampler ſtrength, indeed,
Than moſt have of his age.
Pol. By my white beard,
You offer him, if this be ſo, a wrong
Something unfilial. Reaſon, my ſon
Should chuſe himſelf a wife; but as good reaſon,
The father (all whoſe joy is nothing elſe
But fair poſterity) ſhould hold ſome counſel
In ſuch a buſineſs.
Flo. I yield all this;
But for ſome other reaſons, my grave Sir,
Which 'tis not fit you know, I not acquaint
My father of this buſineſs.
Pol. Let him know't.
Flo. He ſhall not.
Pol. Pr'ythee, let him.
Flo. No; he muſt not.
Shep. Let him, my ſon, he ſhall not need to grieve
At knowing of thy choice.
Flo. Come, come, he muſt not.
Mark our contract.
Pol. Mark your divorce, young Sir,
[*Diſcovering himſelf.*
Whom ſon I dare not call; thou art too baſe
To be acknowledg'd. Thou a ſceptre's heir,
That thus affect's a ſheep-hook! Thou old traitor,
I'm ſorry, that, by hanging thee, I can but
Shorten thy life one week. And thou, freſh piece
Of excellent witchcraft, who of force muſt know
The royal fool thou cop'ſt with——
Shep. O my heart!

Pol.

Pol. I'll have thy beauty ſcratch'd with briars, and made
More homely than thy ſtate. For thee, fond boy,
If I may ever know thou doſt but ſigh
That thou no more ſhall ſee his knack, as never
I mean thou ſhalt, we'll bar thee from ſucceſſion;
Not hold thee of our blood, no, not our kin,
Far' than Deucalion off: mark thou my words;
Follow us to the court. Thou churl, for this time,
Thou full of our diſpleaſure, yet we free thee
From the dead blow of it: and you, inchantment,
Worthy enough a herdſman; yea him too,
That makes himſelf, but for our honour therein,
Unworthy thee; if ever, henceforth, thou
Theſe rural latches to his entrance open,
Or hoop his body more with thy embraces,
I will deviſe a death as cruel for thee,
As thou art tender to it. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Per. Even here undone.
" I was not much afraid; for once or twice
" I was about to ſpeak, and tell him plainly,
" The ſelf-ſame ſun that ſhines upon his court,
" Hides not his viſage from our cottage, but
" Looks on alike."——Wilt pleaſe you, Sir, be gone?
[*To Florizel.*
I told you what would come of this. 'Beſeech you,
Of your own ſtate take care: this dream of mine,
" Being now awake, I'll queen it no inch farther,
" But milk my ewes, and weep."
Cam. Why, how now, father?
Speak ere thou dieſt.
Shep. I cannot ſpeak nor think,
Nor dare to know that which I know. O Sir,
[*To Florizel.*
" You have undone a man of fourſcore three,
" That thought to fill his grave in quiet; yea,
" To die upon the bed my father dy'd,
" To lie cloſe by his honeſt bones: but now
" *Some hangman* muſt put on my ſhrowd, and lay me
" Where

"Where no prieſt ſhovels in duſt." O curſed wretch!
[*To Perdita.*
That knew'ſt this was the Prince, and would'ſt adventure
To mingle faith with him. Undone, undone!
If I might die within this hour, I have liv'd
To die when I deſire. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Flo. Why look you ſo upon me?
I am but ſorry, not afraid; delay'd,
But nothing alter'd: what I was, I am;
More ſtraining on, for plucking back; not following
My leaſh unwillingly.
Cam. Gracious my Lord,
You know your father's temper; at this time
He will allow no ſpeech, (which I do gueſs,
You do not purpoſe to him;) and as hardly
Will he endure your ſight, as yet I fear,
Then, till the fury of his Highneſs ſettle,
Come not before him.
Flo. I not purpoſe it.
I think, Camillo———
Cam. Even he, my Lord.
Per. How often have I told you 'twould be thus?
How often ſaid, my dignity would laſt
But till 'twere known?
Flo. It cannot fail, but by
The violation of my faith; and then
Let nature cruſh the ſides o' th' earth together,
And mar the ſeeds within!——Lift up thy looks!——
From my ſucceſſion wipe me, father, I
Am heir to my affection.
Cam. Be advis'd.
Flo. I am; and by my fancy, if my reaſon
Will thereto be obedient, I have reaſon;
If not, my ſenſes better pleas'd with madneſs,
Do bid it welcome.
Cam. This is deſperate, Sir.
Flo. So call it; but it does fulfil my vow;
I needs muſt think it honeſty. Camillo,
Not for Bithynia, nor the pomp that may

Be

Be thereat glean'd; for all the ſun ſees, or
The cloſe earth wombs, or the profound ſeas hide
In unknown fathoms, will I break my oath
To this my fair belov'd: therefore, I pray you,
As you have ever been my father's friend,
When he ſhall miſs me, (as, in faith, I mean not
To ſee him any more,) caſt your good counſels
Upon his paſſion; let myſelf and fortune
Tug for the time to come. This you may know,
And ſo deliver. I am put to ſea
With her, whom here I cannot hold on ſhore;
And, moſt opportune to our need, I have
A veſſel rides faſt by, but not prepar'd
For this deſign. What courſe I mean to hold,
Shall nothing benefit your knowledge, nor
Concern me the reporting.

Cam. O my Lord,
I would your ſpirit were eaſier for advice,
Or ſtronger for your need.

Flo. Hark, Perdita——— [*To Camillo.*
I'll hear you by and by.

Cam. He's irremoveable,
Reſolv'd for flight: now were I happy, if
His going I could frame to ſerve my turn;
Save him from danger, do him love and honour;
Purchaſe the ſight again of dear Sicilia,
And that unhappy King, my maſter, whom
I ſo much thirſt to ſee. [*Aſide.*

Flo. Now, good Camillo,
I am ſo fraught with curious buſineſs, that
I leave out ceremony.

Cam. Sir, I think
You have heard of my poor ſervices, i'th'love
That I have borne your father.

Flo. Very nobly
Have you deſerv'd: it is my father's muſic
To ſpeak your deeds, not little of his care
To have them recompens'd, as thought on.

Cam Well; my Lord,
If you may pleaſe to think I love the King.
And through him what's neareſt to him, which is
Your gracious ſelf, embrace but my direction,

If your more ponderous and ſettled project
May ſuffer alteration; on mine honour
I'll point you where you ſhall have ſuch receiving
As ſhall become your Highneſs, where you may
Enjoy your miſtreſs; from the whom, I ſee,
There's no disjunction to be made, but by
(As heav'ns forefend!) your ruin. Marry her;
And with my beſt endeavours, in your abſence,
Your diſcontented father I'll ſtrive to qualify,
And bring him up to liking.

Flo. How, Camillo,
May this, almoſt a miracle, be done?
That I may call thee ſomething more than man,
And after that truſt to thee.

Cam. Have you thought on
A place whereto you'll go?

Flo. Not any yet.
But as th' unthought-on accident is guilty
Of what we wildly do, ſo we profeſs
Ourſelves to be the ſlaves of chance, and flies
Of every wind that blows.

Cam. Then liſt to me.
This follows, if you will not change your purpoſe,
But undergo this flight, make for Sicilia;
And there preſent yourſelf and your fair princeſs
(For ſo I ſee ſhe muſt be) 'fore Leontes:
She ſhall be habited as it becomes
The partner of your bed. Methinks I ſee
Leontes opening his free arms, and weeping
His welcomes forth: aſks thee, the ſon, forgiveneſs,
As 'twere i' th' father's perſon; kiſſes the hands
Of your freſh princeſs; o'er and o'er divides him,
'Twixt his unkindneſs and his kindneſs: th' one,
He chides to hell, and bids the other grow
Faſter than thought or time.

Flo. Worthy Camillo,
What colour for my viſitation ſhall I
Hold up before him?

Cam. Sent by the King your father
To greet him, and to give him comforts. Sir,
The manner of your bearing towards him, with
What you, as from your father, ſhall deliver,

Things

Things known betwixt us three, I'll write you down;
The which ſhall point you forth at every ſitting,
What you muſt ſay: that he ſhall not perceive,
But that you have your father's boſom there,
And ſpeak his very heart.

Flo. I am bound to you:
There is ſome ſap in this.

Cam. A courſe more promiſing
Than a wild dedication of yourſelves
To unpath'd waters, undream'd ſhores; moſt certain
To miſeries enough: no hope to help you,
But as you ſhake off one, to take another:
Nothing ſo certain as your anchors, who
Do their beſt office, if they can but ſtay you
Where you'll be loath to be: beſides, you know,
Proſperity's the very bond of love,
Whoſe freſh complexion and whoſe heart together
Affliction alters.

Per. One of theſe is true:
I think affliction may ſubdue the cheek,
But not take in the mind.

Cam. Yea, ſay you ſo?
There ſhall not at your father's houſe, theſe ſeven years,
Be born another ſuch.

Flo. My good Camillo,
She is as forward of her breeding, as
She is i' th' rear o' our birth.

Cam. I cannot ſay, 'tis pity
She lacks inſtructions, for ſhe ſeems a miſtreſs
To moſt that teach.

Per. Your pardon, Sir, for this:
I'll bluſh you thanks.

Flo. My prettieſt Perdita———
But, oh, the thorns we ſtand upon! Camillo,
Preſerver of my father, now of me;
The medicine of our houſe! how ſhall we do?
We are not furniſh'd like Bithynia's ſon,
Nor ſhall appear in Sicily———

Cam. My Lord,
Fear none of this; I think you know my fortunes
Do all lie there: it ſhall be ſo my care
To have you royally appointed, as if

The ſcene you play were mine. For inſtance, Sir,
That you may know you ſhall not want; one word.—
[*They talk aſide.*

SCENE X.

Enter Autolicus.

Aut. Ha, ha, what a fool Honeſty is! and Truſt, his ſworn brother, a very ſimple gentleman? I have ſold all my trumpery; not a counterfeit ſtone, not a ribbon, glaſs, pomander, brooch, table-book, ballad, knife, tape, glove, ſhoe-tie, bracelet, horn-ring to keep my pack from faſting: they throng who ſhould buy firſt, as if my trinkets had been hallowed, and brought a benediction to the buyer; by which means, I ſaw whoſe purſe was beſt in picture; and what I ſaw to my good uſe, I remember'd. My good Clown (who wants but ſomething to be a reaſonable man) grew ſo in love with the wenches ſong, that he would not ſtir his pettitoes till he had both tune and words; which ſo drew the reſt of the herd to me, that all their other ſenſes ſtuck in ears; you might have pinch'd a placket, it was ſenſeleſs; 'twas nothing to geld a cod-piece of a purſe; I would have filed keys off, that hung in chains: no hearing, no feeling, but my Sir's ſong, and admiring the nothing of it. So that in this time of lethargy, I pick'd and cut moſt of their feſtival purſes; and had not the old man come in with a whoo-bub againſt his daughter and the King's ſon, and ſcar'd my choughs from the chaff, I had not left a purſe alive in the whole army.

[*Camillo, Flor. and Perd. come forward.*

Cam. Nay; but my letters by this means being there,
So ſoon as you arrive, ſhall clear that doubt.

Flo. And thoſe that you'll procure from King Leontes.——

Cam. Shall ſatisfy your father.

Per. Happy be you!
All that you ſpeak ſhews fair.

Cam. Who have we here? [*Seeing Autol.*
We'll make an inſtrument of this; omit
Nothing may give us aid.

Aut. If they have overheard me now; why, hanging. [*Aside.*

Cam. How now, good fellow,
Why ſhak'ſt thou ſo? fear not, man,
Here's no harm intended to thee.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir.

Cam. Why, be ſo ſtill; here's no body will ſteal that from thee; yet for the outſide of thy poverty, we muſt make an exchange; therefore diſcaſe thee inſtantly, (thou muſt think there's neceſſity in't,) and change garments with this gentleman: tho' the penny-worth, on his ſide, be the worſt, yet hold thee, there's ſome boot.

Aut. I am a poor fellow, Sir.—(I know ye well enough.)

Cam. Nay, pr'ythee, diſpatch: the gentleman is half-flea'd already.

Aut. Are you in earneſt, Sir?—(I ſmell the trick on't.)——— [*Aside.*

Flo. Diſpatch, I pr'ythee.

Aut. Indeed I have had earneſt, but I cannot with conſcience take it.

Cam. Unbuckle, unbuckle.
Fortunate miſtreſs! (let my prophecy
Come home to ye;) you muſt retire yourſelf
Into ſome covert; take your ſweetheart's hat,
And pluck it o'er your brows: muffle your face,
Diſmantle you; and, as you can, diſliken
The truth of your own ſeeming; that you may
(For I do fear eyes over you) to ſhip-board
Get undeſcry'd.

Per. I ſee the play ſo lies,
That I muſt bear a part.

Cam. No remedy——
Have you done there?

Flo. Should I now meet my father,
He would not call me ſon.

Cam. Nay, you ſhall have no hat:
Come, Lady, come: farewell, my friend.

Aut. Adieu, Sir.

Flo. O Perdita, what have we twain forgot?
Pray you, a word.

Cam. What I do next, ſhall be to tell the King [*Aside.*

Of

Of this eſcape, and whither they are bound:
Wherein my hope is, I ſhall ſo prevail
To force him after; in whoſe company
I ſhall review Sicilia; for whoſe ſight
I have a woman's longing.
Flo. Fortune ſpeed us!
Thus we ſet on, Camillo, to th' ſea-ſide.
[*Exit Flor. with Per.*
Cam. The ſwifter ſpeed, the better. [*Exit.*

SCENE XI.

Aut. I underſtand the buſineſs, I heard it. To have an open ear, a quick eye, and a nimble hand, is neceſſary for a cut-purſe; a good noſe is requiſite alſo, to ſmell out work for th' other ſenſes. I ſee this is the time that the unjuſt man doth thrive. What an exchange had this been without boot? what a boot is here with this exchange? Sure the gods do this year connive at us, and we may do any thing *extempore*. The Prince himſelf is about a piece of iniquity; ſtealing away from his father, with his clog at his heels. If I thought it were not a piece of honeſty to acquaint the King withal, I would do't; I hold it the more knavery to conceal it; and therein am I conſtant to my profeſſion.

Enter Clown and Shepherd.

Aſide, aſide,—here's more matter for a hot brain; every lane's end, every ſhop, church, feſſion, hanging, yields a careful man work.

Clo. See, ſee, what a man you are now! there is no other way, but to tell the King ſhe's a changeling, and none of your fleſh and blood.

Shep. Nay, but hear me.

Clo. Nay, but hear me.

Shep. Go to then.

Clo. She being none of your fleſh and blood, your fleſh and blood has not offended the King; and ſo your fleſh and blood is not to be puniſh'd by him. Shew thoſe things you found about her, thoſe ſecret things, all but what ſhe has with her; this being done, let the law go whiſtle; I warrant you.

Shep. I will tell the King all, every word, yea, and his

his ſon's pranks too; "who, I may ſay, is no honeſt "man neither to his father, nor to me, to go about to "make me the King's brother-in-law."

Clo. "Indeed, brother-in-law was the fartheſt off you "could have been to him; and then your blood had been "the dearer by I know how much an ounce."

Aut. Very wiſely, puppies! [*Aſide.*

Shep. Well; let us to the King; there is that in this farthel will make him ſcratch his beard.

Aut. I know not what impediment this complaint may be to the flight of my maſter.

Clo. 'Pray heartily he be at the palace.

Aut. Though I am not naturally honeſt, I am ſo ſometimes by chance: let me pocket up my pedler's excrement*. How now, ruſtics, whither are you bound?

Shep. To th' palace, an it like your Worſhip.

Aut. Your affairs there, what, with whom, the condition of that farthel, the place of your dwelling, your names, your age, of what having, breeding, and any thing that is fitting for to be known, diſcover.

Clo. We are but plain fellows, Sir.

Aut. A lie; you are rough and hairy; let me have no lying: it becomes none but tradeſmen, and they often give us ſoldiers the lie; but we pay them for it with ſtamped coin, not ſtabbed ſteel; therefore they do give us the lie.

Clo. Your Worſhip had like to have given us one, if you had not taken yourſelf with the manner.

Shep. Are you a courtier, an like you, Sir?

Aut. Whether it like me or no, I am a courtier. Seeſt thou not the air of the court in theſe infoldings? hath not my gate in it the meaſure of the court? receives not thy noſe court-odour from me? reflect I not on thy baſeneſs, court-contempt? think'ſt thou, for that I inſinuate, or toze from thee thy buſineſs, I am therefore no courtier? I am courtier Cap-a-pè; and one that will either puſh on or pluck back thy buſineſs there; whereupon I command thee to open thy affair.

Shep. My buſineſs, Sir, is to the King.

Aut. What advocate haſt thou to him?

Shep.

* Meaning his falſe beard.

Shep. I know not, an't like you.

Clo. Advocate's the court-word for a pheaſant; ſay you have none.

Shep. None, Sir; I have no pheaſant-cock nor hen.

Aut. "How bleſs'd are we that are not ſimple men!
"Yet Nature might have made me as theſe are;
"Therefore I will not diſdain."

Clo. This cannot be but a great courtier.

Shep. His garments are rich, but he wears them not handſomely.

Clo. "He ſeems to be the more noble in being fantaſti-
"cal; a great man, I'll warrant; I know by the picking
"on's teeth."

Aut. The farthel there; what's i' th' farthel? Wherefore that box?

Shep. Sir, there lies ſuch ſecrets in this farthel and box, which none muſt know but the King; and which he ſhall know within this hour, if I may come to th' ſpeech of him.

Aut. Age, thou haſt loſt thy labour.

Shep. Why, Sir?

Aut. The King is not at the palace: he is gone aboard a new ſhip, to purge melancholy and air himſelf; for if thou be'ſt capable of things ſerious, thou muſt know the King is full of grief.

Shep. So 'tis ſaid, Sir, about his ſon that ſhould have married a ſhepherd's daughter.

Aut. If that ſhepherd be not in hand-faſt, let him fly; the curſes he ſhall have, the tortures he ſhall feel, will break the back of man, the heart of monſter.

Clo. Think you ſo, Sir?

Aut. Not he alone ſhall ſuffer what wit can make heavy, and vengeance bitter; but thoſe that are germane to him, though remov'd fifty times, ſhall all come under the hang-man; which though it be great pity, yet it is neceſſary. An old ſheep-whiſtling rogue, a ram-tender, to offer to have his daughter come into grace! Some ſay he ſhall be ſton'd; but that death is too ſoft for him, ſay I. Draw our throne into a ſheep-cote! all deaths are too few, the ſharpeſt too eaſy.

Clo. Has the old man e'er a ſon, Sir, do you hear, an't like you, Sir?

Aut. He has a ſon, who ſhall be flay'd alive, then 'nointed over with honey, ſet on the head of a waſp's neſt, then ſtand till he be three quarters and a dram dead; then recover'd again with aquavitæ, or ſome other hot infuſion; then, raw as he is, (and in the hotteſt day prognoſtication proclaims,) ſhall he be ſet againſt a brick-wall, the ſun looking with a ſouthward eye upon him, where he is to behold him, with flies blown to death. But what talk we of theſe traitorly raſcals, whoſe miſeries are to be ſmil'd at, their offences being ſo capital? Tell me (for you ſeem to be honeſt, plain men) what you have to the King; being ſomething gently conſider'd, I'll bring you where he is aboard, tender your perſons to his preſence, whiſper him in your behalf; and if it be in man beſides the King to effect your ſuits, here is a man ſhall do it.

Clo. He ſeems to be of great authority; cloſe with him, give him gold; "and though authority be a ſtub-"born bear, yet he is oft led by the noſe with gold;" ſhew the inſide of your purſe to the outſide of his hand, and no more ado. Remember, ſton'd, and flay'd alive.———

Shep. An't pleaſe you, Sir, to undertake the buſineſs for us, here is that gold I have; I'll make it as much more, and leave this young man in pawn till I bring it you.

Aut. After I have done what I promiſed?

Shep. Ay, Sir.

Aut. Well, give me the moiety. Are you a party in this buſineſs?

Clo. "In ſome ſort, Sir: but though my caſe be a pi-"tiful one, I hope I ſhall not be flay'd out of it."

Aut. Oh, that's the caſe of the ſhepherd's ſon; hang him, he'll be made an example.

Clo. Comfort, good comfort; we muſt to the King, and ſhew our ſtrange ſights; he muſt know 'tis none of your daughter, nor my ſiſter; we are gone elſe. Sir, I will give you as much as this old man does, when the buſineſs is perform'd; and remain, as he ſays, your pawn till it be brought you.

Aut. I will truſt you, walk before toward the ſea-ſide.

ſide, go on the right hand; I will but look upon the hedge, and follow you.

Clo. We are bleſs'd in this man, as I may ſay, even bleſs'd.

Shep. Let's before, as he bids us; he was provided to do us good. [*Exeunt Shep. and Clown.*

Ant. If I had a mind to be honeſt, I ſee Fortune would not ſuffer me; ſhe drops booties in my mouth. I am courted now with a double occaſion; gold, and a means to do the Prince my maſter good; which, who knows how that may turn back to my advancement? I will bring theſe two moles, theſe blind ones, aboard him; if he think it fit to ſhore them again, and that the complaint they have to the King concerns him nothing, let him call me rogue, for being ſo far officious; for I am proof againſt that title, and what ſhame elſe belongs to't: to him will I preſent them, there may be matter in it.

[*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Changes to Sicilia.

Enter Leontes, Cleomenes, Dion, Paulina, and Servants.

Cle. SIR, you have done enough, and have perform'd
A ſaint-like ſorrow: no fault could you make,
Which you have not redeem'd; indeed paid down
More penitence than done treſpaſs. At the laſt,
Do as the heavens have done, forget your evil;
With them, forgive yourſelf.

Leo. Whilſt I remember
Her and her virtues, I cannot forget
My blemiſhes in them, and ſo ſtill think of
The wrong I did myſelf; which was ſo much,
That heirleſs it hath made my kingdom, and
Deſtroy'd the ſweet'ſt companion that e'er man
Bred his hopes out of.

Paul. True, too true, my Lord:
If one by one you wedded all the world,
Or, from the all that are, took ſomething good,
To make a perfect woman, ſhe you kill'd.
Would be unparallel'd.

Leo. I think ſo. Kill'd?
Kill'd? ſhe I kill'd? I did ſo, but thou ſtrik'ſt me
Sorely, to ſay I did; it is as bitter
Upon thy tongue, as in my thought. Now, good now,
Say ſo but ſeldom.

Cle. Not at all, good Lady;
You might have ſpoke a thouſand things that would
Have done the time more benefit, and grac'd
Your kindneſs better.

Paul. You are one of thoſe
Would have him wed again.

Dion. If you would not ſo,
You pity not the ſtate, nor the remembrance
Of his moſt ſovereign name; conſider little,
What dangers by his Highneſs' fail of iſſue
May drop upon his kingdom, and devour
Incertain lookers on. What were more holy,
Than to rejoice the former Queen? This will.
What holier, than for royalty's repair,
For preſent comfort, and for future good,
To bleſs the bed of Majeſty again
With a ſweet fellow to't?

Paul. There is none worthy,
Reſpecting her that's gone. Beſides, the gods
Will have fulfill'd their ſecret purpoſes:
For has not the divine Apollo ſaid,
Is't not the tenor of his oracle,
That King Leontes ſhall not have an heir,
Till his loſt child be found; which, that it ſhall,
Is all as monſtrous to our human reaſon,
As my Antigonus to break his grave,
And come again to me; who, on my life,
Did periſh with the infant. 'Tis your counſel
My Lord ſhould to the heav'ns be contrary,
Oppoſe againſt their wills.—Care not for iſſue;
[*To the King.*
The crown will find an heir. Great Alexander
Left his to th' worthieſt; ſo his ſucceſſor
Was like to be the beſt.

Leo. Good Paulina,
Who haſt the memory of Hermione,
I know, in honour; O, that ever I

Had ſquar'd me to thy counſel! then, even now
I might have look'd upon my Queen's full eyes,
Have taken treaſure from her lips!
Paul. And left them
More rich, for what they yielded.
Leo. Thou ſpeak'ſt truth:
No more ſuch wives, therefore no wife; one worſe,
And better us'd, would make her ſainted ſpirit
Again poſſeſs her corpſe; and on this ſtage
(Where we offend her now) appear ſoul-vex'd,
And begin, Why to me?——
Paul. Had ſhe ſuch power,
She had juſt cauſe.
Leo. She had, and would incenſe me
To murder her I married.
Paul. I ſhould ſo.
Were I the ghoſt that walk'd, I'd bid you mark
Her eye, and tell me, for what dull part in't
You choſe her; then I'd ſhriek, that even your ears
Shou'd rift to hear me, and the words that follow'd
Should be, Remember mine.
Leo. Stars, ſtars,
And all eyes elſe, dead coals: fear thou no wife.
I'll have no wife, Paulina.
Paul. Will you ſwear
Never to marry, but by my free leave?
Leo. Never, Paulina; ſo be bleſs'd my ſpirit!
Paul. Then, good my Lords, bear witneſs to his oath.
Cleo. You tempt him over-much.
Paul. Unleſs another,
As like Hermione as is her picture,
Affront his eye.
Cleo. Good Madam, pray, have done.
Paul. Yet, if my Lord will marry; if you will, Sir;
No remedy, but you will; give me the office
To chuſe you a Queen; ſhe ſhall not be ſo young
As was your former; but ſhe ſhall be ſuch
As, walk'd your firſt Queen's ghoſt, it ſhould take joy
To ſee her in your arms.
Leo. My true Paulina,
We ſhall not marry till thou bid'ſt us.
Paul. That

Shall

Shall be when your firſt Queen's again in breath:
Never till then. . .

SCENE II. *Enter a Gentleman.*

Gent. One that gives out himſelf Prince Florizel,
Son of Polixenes, with his Princeſs (ſhe
The faireſt I have yet beheld,) deſires acceſs
To your high preſence.
Leo. What with him? he comes not
Like to his father's greatneſs; his approach,
So out of circumſtance and ſudden, tells us,
'Tis not a viſitation fram'd, but forc'd
By need and accident. What train?
Gent. But few,
And thoſe but mean.
Leo. His Princeſs, ſay you, with him?
Gent. Yes; the moſt peerleſs piece of earth, I think,
That e'er the ſun ſhone bright on.
Paul. Oh Hermione,
As every preſent time doth boaſt itſelf
Above a better gone; ſo muſt thy grave *
Give way to what's ſeen now. Sir, you yourſelf
Have ſaid, and writ ſo: but your writing now
Is colder than that theme; *ſhe had not been,*
Nor was ſhe to be equall'd; thus your verſe,
Flow'd with her beauty once; 'tis ſhrewdly ebb'd,
To ſay you've ſeen a better.
Gent. Pardon, Madam;
The one I have almoſt forgot, (your pardon;)
The other when ſhe has obtain'd your eye,
Will have your tongue too. This is a creature,
Would ſhe begin a ſect, might quench the zeal
Of all profeſſors elſe, make proſelytes
Of who ſhe but bid follow.
Paul. How? not women?
Gent. Women will love her, that ſhe is a woman
More worth than any man; men, that ſhe is
The rareſt of all women.
Leo. Go, Cleomenes;
[illegible]rſelf (aſſiſted with your honour'd friends)

Bring

* Grave for epitaph.

Bring them to our embracement. Still 'tis ſtrange
He thus ſhould ſteal upon us. [*Exit Cleo.*

Paul. Had our Prince
(Jewel of children) ſeen this hour, he had pair'd
Well with this Lord; there was not full a month
Between their births.

Leo. Pr'ythee, no more; ceaſe; thou know'ſt,
He dies to me again, when talk'd of: ſure,
When I ſhall ſee this gentleman, thy ſpeeches
Will bring me to conſider that which may
Unfurniſh me of reaſon. They are come.

SCENE III.

Enter Florizel, Perdita, Cleomenes, and others.

Your mother was moſt true to wedlock, Prince,
For ſhe did print your royal father off
Conceiving you. Were I but twenty-one,
Your father's image is ſo hit in you,
His very air, that I ſhould call you brother,
As I did him, and ſpeak of ſomething wildly
By us perform'd before. Moſt dearly welcome,
As your fair Princeſs, goddeſs!—Oh! alas!
I loſt a couple, that 'twixt heav'n and earth
Might thus have ſtood begetting wonder, as
You gracious couple do; and then I loſt
(All mine own folly!) the ſociety,
Amity too of your brave father, whom
(Tho' bearing miſery) I deſire my life
Once more to look on.

Flo. Sir, by his command
Have I here touch'd Sicilia, and from him
Give you all greetings that a King (at friend)
Can ſend his brother; and but infirmity,
Which waits upon worn times, hath ſomething ſeiz'd
His wiſh'd ability, he had himſelf
The lands and waters 'twixt your throne and his
Meaſur'd, to look upon you; whom he loves,
He bade me ſay ſo, more than all the ſceptres,
And thoſe that bear them living.

Leo. Oh, my brother!
Good gentleman, the wrongs I have done thee ſtir

Afreſh

Afreſh within me; and theſe thy offices,
So rarely kind, are as interpreters
Of my behind-hand ſlackneſs. Welcome hither,
As is th' ſpring to th' earth. And hath he too
Expos'd this paragon to th' fearful uſage
(At leaſt, ungentle) of the dreadful Neptune,
To greet a man not worth her pains, much leſs
Th' adventure of her perſon?

Flo. Good my Lord,
She came from Libya.

Leo. Where the warlike Smalus,
That noble honour'd Lord, is fear'd and lov'd?

Flo. Moſt Royal Sir,
From thence; from him, whoſe daughter
His tears proclaim'd his parting with her: thence
(A proſperous ſouth-wind friendly) we have croſs'd,
To execute the charge my father gave me,
For viſiting your Highneſs; my beſt train
I have from your Sicilian ſhores diſmiſs'd,
Who for Bythinia bend, to ſignify
Not only my ſucceſs in Libya, Sir,
But my arrival, and my wife's, in ſafety
Here where we are.

Leo. The bleſſed gods
Purge all infection from our air, whilſt you
Do climate here! You have a holy father,
A graceful gentleman, againſt whoſe perſon,
So ſacred as it is, I have done ſin;
For which the heavens, taking angry note,
Have left me iſſueleſs; and your father's bleſs'd,
As he from heaven merits it, with you,
Worthy his goodneſs. What might I have been,
Might I a ſon and daughter now have look'd on,
Such goodly things as you!

SCENE IV. *Enter a Lord.*

Lord. Moſt Noble Sir,
That which I ſhall report, will bear no credit,
Were not the proof ſo high. Pleaſe you, great Sir,
Bithynia greets you from himſelf, by me;
Deſires you to attach his ſon, who has
His dignity and duty both caſt off,

Fled from his father, from his hopes, and with
A ſhepherd's daughter.
Leo. Where's Bithynia? ſpeak.
Lord. Here in your city. I now came from him.
I ſpeak amazedly, and it becomes
My marvel, and my meſſage: to your court
Whilſt he was haſt'ning, in the chace, it ſeems,
Of this fair couple, meets he on the way
The father of this ſeeming lady, and
Her brother, having both their country quitted
With this young Prince.
Flo. Camillo has betray'd me;
Whoſe honour and whoſe honeſty till now
Endur'd all weathers.
Lord. Lay't ſo to his charge;
He's with the King your father.
Leo. Who? Camillo?
Lord. Camillo, Sir, I ſpake with him; who now
Has theſe poor men in queſtion. Never ſaw I
Wretches ſo quake; they kneel, they kiſs the earth,
Forſwear themſelves as often as they ſpeak.
Bithynia ſtops his ears, and threatens them
With divers deaths in death.
Per. Oh, my poor father!
The heav'n ſets ſpies upon us, will not have
Our contract celebrated.
Leo. You are marry'd?
Flo. We are not, Sir, nor are we like to be;
The ſtars, I ſee, will kiſs the valleys firſt;
The odds for high and low's alike.
Leo. My Lord,
Is this the daughter of a King?
Flo. She is,
When once ſhe is my wife.
Leo. That once, I ſee, by your good-father's ſpeed,
Will come on very ſlowly. I am ſorry
(Moſt ſorry) you have broken from his liking;
Where you were ty'd in duty; and as ſorry,
Your choice is not ſo rich in birth as beauty,
That you might well enjoy her.
Flo. Dear, look up;
Though Fortune, viſible an enemy,

Should chaſe us, with my father; power no jot
Hath ſhe to change our loves. 'Beſeech you, Sir,
Remember, ſince you ow'd no more to time
Than I do now; with thought of ſuch affections,
Step forth mine advocate; at your requeſt,
My father will grant precious things, as trifles.

Leo. Would he do ſo, I'd beg your precious miſtreſ
Which he counts but a trifle.

Paul. Sir, my Liege,
Your eye hath too much youth in't; not a month
'Fore your Queen dy'd, ſhe was more worth ſuch gaz
Than what you look on now.

Leo. I thought of her,
Even in theſe looks I made.—But your petition
[*To Flor*
Is yet unanſwer'd; I will to your father;
Your honour not o'erthrown by your deſires,
I'm friend to them and you; upon which errand
I now go toward him, therefore follow me,
And mark what way I make: come, good my Lord.
[*Exe*

SCENE V. *Near the Court in Sicilia.*

Enter Autolicus, and a Gentleman.

Aut. 'Beſeech you, Sir, were you preſent at this
tion?

1 *Gent.* I was by at the opening of the farthel, heard
old ſhepherd deliver the manner how he found it; wh
upon, after a little amazedneſs, we were all commar
out of the chamber: only this, methought, I heard
ſhepherd ſay, he found the child.

Aut. I would moſt gladly know the iſſue of it.

1 *Gent.* I make a broken delivery of the buſineſs;
the changes I perceived in the King and Camillo, w
very notes of admiration; they ſeem'd almoſt, with ſta
on one another, to tear the caſes of their eyes. T
was ſpeech in their dumbneſs, language in their very
ture; they look'd as they had heard of a world ranſo
or one deſtroy'd; a notable paſſion of wonder appear'
them; but the wiſeſt beholder, that knew no more
S

ſeeing, could not ſay if th' importance were joy or ſorrow; but in the extremity of the one it muſt needs be.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes a gentleman that haply knows more. The news, Rogero?

2 *Gent.* Nothing but bonfires: the oracle is fulfill'd; the King's daughter is found; ſuch a deal of wonder is broken out within this hour, that ballad-makers cannot be able to expreſs it.

Enter another Gentleman.

Here comes the Lady Paulina's ſteward, he can deliver you more. How goes it now, Sir? this news, which is call'd true, is ſo like an old tale, that the verity of it is in ſtrong ſuſpicion. Has the King found his heir?

3 *Gent.* Moſt true, if ever truth were pregnant by circumſtance. That which you hear, you'll ſwear you ſee, there's ſuch unity in the proofs. The mantle of Queen Hermione—her jewel about the neck of it—the letters of Antigonus found with it, which they know to be his character,—the majeſty of the creature, in reſemblance of the mother,—the affection of nobleneſs, which nature ſhews above her breeding,—and many other evidences proclaim her with all certainty to be the King's daughter. Did you ſee the meeting of the two Kings?

2 *Gent.* No.

3 *Gent.* Then have you loſt a ſight, which was to be ſeen, cannot be ſpoken of. There might you have beheld one joy crown another, ſo and in ſuch manner, that it ſeem'd, ſorrow wept to take leave of them, for their joy waded in tears. There was caſting up of eyes, holding up of hands, with countenance of ſuch diſtraction, that they were to be known by garment, not by favour. Our King being ready to leap out of himſelf, for joy of his found daughter; as if that joy were now become a loſs, cries, Oh, thy mother, thy mother! then aſks Bithynia forgiveneſs; then embraces his ſon-in-law; then again worries he his daughter, with clipping her. Now he *thanks the old ſhepherd*, who ſtands by, "like a weather-

" beaten conduit of many Kings' reigns." I never heard of ſuch another encounter, which lames report to follow it, and undoes deſcription to do it.

2 *Gent.* What, pray you, became of Antigonus, that carry'd hence the child?

3 *Gent.* Like an old tale ſtill, which will have matters to rehearſe, tho' credit be aſleep, and not an ear open; he was torn to pieces with a bear: this avouches the ſhepherd's ſon, who has not only his innocence, which ſeems much to juſtify him, but a handkerchief and rings of his, that Paulina knows.

1 *Gent.* What became of his bark and his followers?

3 *Gent.* Wreck'd the ſame inſtant of their maſter's death, and in the view of the ſhepherd; ſo that all the inſtruments which aided to expoſe the child, were even then loſt, when it was found. But oh, the noble combat, that 'twixt joy and ſorrow was fought in Paulina! She had one eye declin'd for the loſs of her huſband, another elevated that the oracle was fulfill'd. She lifted the Princeſs from the earth, and ſo locks her in embraeing, as if ſhe would pin her to her heart, that ſhe might no more be in danger of loſing.

1 *Gent.* The dignity of this act was worth the audience of Kings and Princes; for by ſuch was it acted.

3 *Gent.* One of the prettieſt touches of all, and that which angled for mine eyes, was, when at the relation of the Queen's death, with the manner how ſhe came to it, bravely confeſs'd and lamented by the King, how attentiveneſs wounded his daughter; till, from one ſign of dolour to another, ſhe did, with an *Alas!* I would fain ſay, bleed tears; for I am ſure my heart wept blood. Who was moſt marble, there changed colour; ſome ſwooned, all ſorrowed; if all the world could have ſeen't, the woe had been univerſal.

1 *Gent.* Are they returned to the court?

3 *Gent.* No. The Princes hearing of her mother's ſtatue, which is in the keeping of Paulina; a piece many years in doing, and now newly perform'd by that rare Italian maſter Julio Romano; who, had he himſelf eternity, and could put breath into his work, would be-

guile

guile Nature of her cuſtom, ſo perfectly he is her ape; he ſo near to Hermione hath done Hermione, that they ſay, one would ſpeak to her, and ſtand in hope of anſwer: thither with all greedineſs of affection are they gone, and there they intend to ſup.

2 *Gent.* I thought ſhe had ſome great matter there in hand; for ſhe hath privately twice or thrice a-day, ever ſince the death of Hermione, viſited that removed houſe. Shall we thither, and with our company piece the rejoicing?

1 *Gent.* Who would be thence, that has the benefit of acceſs? every wink of an eye, ſome new grace will be born; our abſence makes us unthrifty to our knowledge. Let's along. [*Exeunt.*

Aut. Now, had I not the daſh of my former life in me, would preferment drop on my head. I brought the old man and his ſon aboard the Prince; told him, I heard them talk of a farthel, and I know not what: but he at that time, overfond of the ſhepherd's daughter (ſo he then took her to be,) who began to be much ſea-ſick, and himſelf little better, extremity of weather continuing, this myſtery remained undiſcovered. But 'tis all one to me; for had I been the finder out of this ſecret, it would not have reliſh'd among my other diſcredits.

SCENE VI. *Enter Shepherd and Clown.*

Here come thoſe I have done good to againſt my will, and already appearing in the bloſſoms of their fortune.

Shep. Come, boy, I am paſt more children; but thy ſons and daughters will be all gentlemen born.

Clo. "You are well met, Sir. You denied to fight "with me this other day, becauſe I was no gentleman "born: ſee you theſe clothes? ſay, you ſee them not, "and think me ſtill no gentleman born. You were beſt "ſay, theſe robes are not gentleman born. Give me the "lie; do, and try whether I am not now a gentleman "born."

Aut. I know you are now, Sir, a gentleman born.

Clo. Ay, and have been ſo any time theſe four hours.

Shep. And ſo have I, boy.

Clo. So you have: but I was a gentleman born before my father; for the King's ſon took me by the hand, and call'd me brother; and then the two Kings call'd my father brother; and then the Prince my brother, and the Princeſs my ſiſter, call'd my father, father, and ſo we wept; "and there was the firſt gentleman-like tears that "ever we ſhed."

Shep. We may live, ſon, to ſhed many more.

Clo. Ay, or elſe 'twere hard luck, being in ſo preposterous eſtate as we are.

Aut. I humbly beſeech you, Sir, to pardon me all the faults I have committed to your Worſhip, and to give me your good report to the Prince, my maſter.

Shep. Pr'ythee, ſon, do; for we muſt be gentle, now we are gentlemen.

Clo. Thou wilt amend thy life?

Aut. Ay, an it like your good Worſhip.

Clo. Give me thy hand; I will ſwear to the Prince, thou art as honeſt a true fellow as any is in Bithynia.

Shep. You may ſay it, but not ſwear it.

Clo. Not ſwear it, now I am a gentleman? let boors and franklins ſay it, I'll ſwear it.

Shep. How if it be falſe, ſon?

Clo. If it be ne'er ſo falſe, a true gentleman may ſwear it in the behalf of his friend: and I'll ſwear to the Prince, thou art a tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt not be drunk; but I know, thou art no tall fellow of thy hands, and that thou wilt be drunk; but I'll ſwear it; and I would thou would'ſt be a tall fellow of thy hands.

Aut. I will prove ſo, Sir, to my power.

Clo. Ay, by any means prove a tall fellow; if I do not wonder how thou dar'ſt venture to be drunk; not being a tall fellow, truſt me not. Hark, the Kings and the Princes, our kindred, are going to ſee the Queen's picture. Come, follow us; we'll be thy good maſters.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE VII. *Changes to Paulina's houſe.*

Enter Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords and Attendants.

Leo. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee!
Paul. What, ſovereign Sir,
I did not well, I meant well; all my ſervices
You have paid home. But that you have vouchſaf'd,
With your crown'd brother, and theſe your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor houſe to viſit;
It is a ſurplus of your grace, which never
My life may laſt to anſwer.
Leo. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble; but we came
To ſee the ſtatue of our Queen. Your gallery
Have we paſs'd through, not without much content,
In many ſingularities; but we ſaw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The ſtatue of her mother.
Paul. As ſhe liv'd peerleſs,
So her dead likeneſs, I do well believe,
Excells whatever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lovely apart. But here it is; prepare
To ſee the life as lively mock'd, as ever
Still ſleep mock'd death; behold, and ſay, 'tis well.
[*Paulina draws a curtain, and diſcovers Hermione ſtanding like a ſtatue.*
I like your ſilence, it the more ſhews off
Your wonder; but yet ſpeak, firſt you, my Liege,
Comes it not ſomething near?
Leo. Her natural poſture!
Chide me, dear ſtone, that I may ſay, indeed,
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art ſhe,
In thy not chiding; for ſhe was as tender
As infancy and grace. But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not ſo much wrinkled, nothing
So aged as this ſeems.
Pol. Oh, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence,

Which

Which lets go by ſome ſixteen years; and makes her
As ſhe liv'd now.

Leo. As now ſhe might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my ſoul. Oh thus ſhe ſtood;
Even with ſuch life of Majeſty, (warm life,
As now it coldly ſtands,) when firſt I woo'd her.
I am aſham'd; does not the ſtone rebuke me,
For being more ſtone than it? Oh, royal piece!
There's magic in thy Majeſty, which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From my admiring daughter took the ſpirits,
Standing like ſtone with thee.

Per. And give me leave,
And do not ſay 'tis ſuperſtition, that
I kneel, and then implore her bleſſing.—Lady,
Dear Queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours to kiſs.

Paul. O, patience;——
The ſtatue is but newly fix'd; the colour's
Not dry.

Cam. My Lord, your ſorrow was too ſore laid on,
Which ſixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many ſummers dry: ſcarce any joy
Did ever ſo long live; no ſorrow,
But kill'd itſelf much ſooner.

Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him that was the cauſe of this, have power
To take off ſo much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himſelf.

Paul. Indeed, my Lord,
If I had thought the ſight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the ſtone is mine,)
I'd not have ſhew'd it.

Leo. Do not draw the curtain.

Paul. No longer ſhall you gaze on't, leſt your fancy
May think anon it move.

Leo. Let be, let be;
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already——
What was he that did make it? ſee, my Lord,
Would you not deem it breath'd, and that thoſe veins
Did verily bear blood?

Pol. Maſterly done!
The very life ſeems warm upon her lip.
Leo. The fiſſure of her eye has motion in't,
As we were mock'd with art.
Paul. I'll draw the curtain.
My Lord's almoſt ſo far tranſported, that
He'll think anon it lives,
Leo. O ſweet Paulina,
Make me to think ſo twenty years together:
No ſettled ſenſes of the world can match
The pleaſure of that madneſs. Let't alone.
Paul. I'm ſorry, Sir, I have thus far ſtirr'd you; but I could afflict you further.
Leo. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction hath a taſte as ſweet
As any cordial comfort. Still methinks
There is an air comes from her. What fine chizzel
Could ever yet cut breath! Let no man mock me,
For I will kiſs her.
Paul. Good my Lord, forbear;
The ruddineſs upon her lip is wet:
You'll mar it, if you kiſs it; ſtain your own
With oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?
Leo. No, not theſe twenty years.
Per. So long could I
Stand by a looker-on.
Paul. Either forbear,
Quit preſently the chapel, or reſolve you
For more amazement: if you can behold it,
I'll make the ſtatue move indeed; deſcend,
And take you by the hand. But then you'll think,
Which I proteſt againſt, I am aſſiſted
By wicked powers.
Leo. What you can make her do,
I am content to look on; what to ſpeak,
I am content to hear: for 'tis as eaſy
To make her ſpeak as move.
Paul. It is requir'd,
You do awake your faith; then, all ſtand ſtill:
And thoſe that think it is unlawful buſineſs
I am about, let them depart.
Leo. Proceed;

No foot ſhall ſtir.

Paul. Muſic; awake her: ſtrike; [*Muſic*

'Tis time, deſcend; be ſtone no more; approach,
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your grave up: ſtir; nay, come away:
Bequeath to death your numbneſs; for from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive ſhe ſtirs;

[*Hermione comes down*

Start not; her actions ſhall be holy, as,
You hear, my ſpell is lawful: do not ſhun her,
Until you ſee her die again, for then
You kill her double. Nay, preſent your hand:
When ſhe was young, you woo'd her; now in age,
Is ſhe become the ſuitor.

Leo. Oh, ſhe's warm! [*Embracing her*

If this be magic, let it be an art
Lawful as eating.

Pol. She embraces him.

Cam. She hangs about his neck;
If ſhe pertain to life, let her ſpeak too.

Pol. Ay, and make it manifeſt where ſhe has liv'd,
Or how ſtol'n from the dead.

Paul. That ſhe is living,
Were it but told you, ſhould be hooted at
Like an old tale; but it appears ſhe lives,
Though yet ſhe ſpeak not. Mark a little while.
Pleaſe you to interpoſe, fair Madam, kneel,
And pray your mother's bleſſing: turn, good Lady;
Our Perdita is found.

[*Preſenting Perdita, who kneels to Her.*

Her. You gods, look down,
And from your ſacred vials pour your graces
Upon my daughter's head: tell me, mine own,
Where haſt thou been preſerv'd? where liv'd? how found
Thy father's court? for thou ſhalt hear, that I,
Knowing by Paulina that the oracle
Gave hope thou waſt in being, have preſerv'd
Myſelf to ſee the iſſue.

Paul. There's time enough for that;
Leſt they deſire, upon this puſh, to trouble
Your joys with like relation. Go together,
You precious winners all, your exultation

Par

Partake to every one: " I, an old turtle,
" Will wing me to ſome wither'd bough, and there
" My mate, that's never to be found again,
" Lament till I am loſt."

Leo. O peace, Paulina:
Thou ſhouldſt a huſband take by my conſent,
As I by thine a wife. This is a match,
And made between's by vows. Thou haſt found mine;
But how, is to be queſtion'd; for I ſaw her,
As I thought, dead; and have, in vain, ſaid many
A prayer upon her grave. I'll not ſeek far
(For him, I partly know his mind) to find thee
An honourable huſband, Come, Camillo,
And take her by the hand; whoſe worth and honeſty
Is richly noted; and here juſtified
By us, a pair of Kings. Let's from this place.
What? look upon my brother: both your pardons,
That e'er I put between your holy looks [*To Her.*
My ill ſuſpicion: this your ſon-in-law,
And ſon unto the King——whom heav'ns directing,
Is troth-plight to your daughter. Good Paulina,
Lead us from hence, where we may leiſurely
Each one demand, and anſwer to his part
Perform'd in this wide gap of time, ſince firſt
We were diſſever'd. Haſtily lead away.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

THE

THE

LIFE AND DEATH

OF

KING JOHN*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

King John.
Prince Henry, *ſon to the King.*
Arthur, *Duke of Bretagne, and nephew to the King.*
Pembroke, Eſſex, Saliſbury, Hubert, Bigot, *Engliſh Lords.*
Philip Faulconbridge, *baſtard ſon to Richard I.*
Robert Faulconbridge, *ſuppoſed brother to the baſtard.*
James Gurney, *ſervant to the Lady Faulconbridge.*
Peter *of Pomfret, a prophet.*
Philip, *King of France.*
Lewis, *the Dauphin.*
Archduke of Auſtria.
Cardinal Pandulpho, *the Pope's Legate.*
Melun, *a French Lord.*
Chatillon, *Ambaſſador from France to King John.*
Elinor, *Queen-mother of England.*
Conſtance, *mother to Arthur.*
Blanch, *daughter to Alphonſo King of Caſtile, and niece to K. John.*
Lady Faulconbridge, *mother to the baſtard and Robert Faulconbridge.*
Citizens of Angiers, Heralds, Executioners, Meſſengers, Soldiers, and other Attendants.

The SCENE, ſometimes in England, and ſometimes in France.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The court of England.

Enter King John, Queen Elinor, Pembroke, Eſſex, and Saliſbury, with Chatillon.

K. John. NOW, ſay Chatillon, what would France with us?

Chat. Thus, after greeting, ſpeaks the King of France,

* *The troubleſome reign of King John* was written in two parts by W. Shakeſpeare and W. Rowley, and printed 1611. But the preſent play is entirely different, and infinitely ſuperior to it. Mr. Pope.

In my behaviour, to the Majeſty,
The borrow'd Majeſty of England here.
Eli. A ſtrange beginning; borrow'd Majeſty!
K. John. Silence, good mother; hear the embaſſy.
Chat. Philip of France, in right and true behalf
Of thy deceaſed brother Geffrey's ſon,
Arthur Plantagenet, lays lawful claim
To this fair iſland and the territories;
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;
Deſiring thee to lay aſide the ſword,
Which ſways uſurpingly theſe ſeveral titles,
And put the ſame into young Arthur's hand,
Thy nephew, and right-royal ſovereign
K. John. What follows if we diſallow of this?
Chat. The proud controul of fierce and bloody war,
T' inforce theſe rights ſo forcibly with-held.
K. John. Here have we war for war, and blood for blood,
Controulment for controulment; ſo anſwer France.
Chat. Then take my King's defiance from my mouth,
The fartheſt limit of my embaſſy.
K. John. Bear mine to him, and ſo depart in peace.
Be thou as lightning in the eyes of France;
For ere thou canſt report, I will be there,
The thunder of my cannon ſhall be heard.
So, hence! be thou the trumpet of our wrath,
And ſullen preſage of your own decay.
An honourable conduct let him have;
Pembroke, look to't; farewell Chatillon.
[*Exeunt Chat. and Pem.*
Eli. What now, my ſon, have I not ever ſaid,
How that ambitious Conſtance would not ceaſe,
Till ſhe had kindled France and all the world,
Upon the right and party of her ſon?
This might have been prevented, and made whole
With very eaſy arguments of love;
Which now the manage of two kingdoms muſt
With fearful bloody iſſue arbitrate.
K. John. Our ſtrong poſſeſſion, and our right for us—
Eli. Your ſtrong poſſeſſion much more than your right,
Or elſe it muſt go wrong with you and me;

So much my conſcience whiſpers in your ear,
Which none but heav'n, and you, and I ſhall hear.
Eſſex. My Liege, here is the ſtrangeſt controverſy
Come from the country to be judg'd by you,
That e'er I heard: ſhall I produce the men?
K. John. Let them approach.
Our abbies and our priories ſhall pay
This expedition's charge.——What men are you?

SCENE II.

Enter Robert Faulconbridge, and Philip his brother, the baſtard.

Phil. Your faithful ſubject, I, a gentleman
Born in Northamptonſhire, and eldeſt ſon,
As I ſuppoſe, to Robert Faulconbridge,
A ſoldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-lion knighted in the field.
K. John. What art thou?
Robert. The ſon and heir to that ſame Faulconbridge.
K. John. Is that the elder, and art thou the heir?
You came not of one mother, then, it ſeems.
Phil. Moſt certain of one mother, mighty King,
That is well known; and, as I think, one father:
But, for the certain knowledge of that truth,
put you o'er to heav'n, and to my mother;
Of that I doubt, as all mens' children may.
Eli. Out on thee, rude man! thou doſt ſhame thy mother,
And wound her honour with this diffidence.
Phil. I, Madam? no, I have no reaſon for it;
That is my brother's plea, and none of mine;
The which if he can prove, he pops me out
At leaſt from fair five hundred pound a-year.
Heav'n guard my mother's honour, and my land!
K. John. A good blunt fellow; why, being younger born,
Doth he lay-claim to thine inheritance?
Phil. I know not why, except to get my land;
But once he ſlander'd me with baſtardy:
But whether I be true begot or no,
That ſtill I lay upon my mother's head;

But that I am as well begot, my Liege,
(Fair fall the bones that took the pains for me!)
Compare our faces, and be judge yourſelf.
If old Sir Robert did beget us both,
And were our father, and his ſon like him;
O old Sir Robert, father, on my knee
I give heav'n thanks I was not like to thee.

K. John. Why, what a mad-cap hath heav'n lent us here?

Eli. He hath a trick of Cœur-de-lion's face,
The accent of his tongue affecteth him:
Do you not read ſome tokens of my ſon
In the large compoſition of this man?

K. John. Mine eye hath well examined his parts,
And finds them perfect Richard. Sirrah, ſpeak,
What doth move you to claim your brother's land?

Phil. Becauſe he hath a half-face like my father,
With that half-face would he have all my land?
A half-fac'd groat, five hundred pound a-year!

Rob. My gracious Liege, when that my father liv'd,
Your brother did employ my father much?

Phil. Well, Sir, by this you cannot get my land.
Your tale muſt be, how he employ'd my mother.

Rob. And once diſpatch'd him in an embaſſy
To Germany; there with the Emperor
To treat of high affairs touching that time:
Th' advantage of his abſence took the King,
And in the mean time ſojourn'd at my father's;
Where, how he did prevail, I ſhame to ſpeak:
But truth is truth; large lengths of ſeas and ſhores
Between my father and my mother lay,
(As I have heard my father ſpeak himſelf,)
When this ſame luſty gentleman was got.
Upon his death-bed he by will bequeath'd
His lands to me; and took it on his death,
That this, my mother's ſon, was none of his;
And if he were, he came into the world
Full fourteen weeks before the courſe of time.
Then, good my Liege, let me have what is mine,
My father's land, as was my father's will.

K. John. Sirrah, your brother is legitimate;
Your father's wife did after wedlock bear him:

And if ſhe did play falſe, the fault was hers;
Which fault lies on the hazard of all huſbands
That marry wives. Tell me, how if my brother,
Who, as you ſay, took pains to get this ſon,
Had of your father claim'd this ſon for his?
In ſooth, good friend, your father might have kept
This calf, bred from his cow, from all the world.
In ſooth he might. Then, if he were my brother's,
My brother might not claim him; nor your father,
Being none of his, refuſe him. This concludes,
My mother's ſon did get your father's heir,
Your father's heir muſt have your father's land.

Rob. Shall then my father's will be of no force
To diſpoſſeſs that child which is not his?

Phil. Of no more force to diſpoſſeſs me, Sir,
Than was his will to get me, as I think.

Eli. Whether hadſt thou rather be a Faulconbridge,
And, like thy brother, to enjoy thy land;
Or the reputed ſon of Cœur-de-lion,
Lord of the preſence *, and no land beſide?

Phil. Madam, and if my brother had my ſhape,
And I had his, Sir Robert his, like him;
And if my legs were two ſuch riding rods,
My arms ſuch eel-ſkins ſtuff'd; my face ſo thin,
That in mine ear I durſt not ſtick a roſe †,
Leſt men ſhould ſay, "Look, where three farthings goes ‡!
"And to his ſhape were heir to all this land;"
'Would I might never ſtir from off this place,
I'd give it ev'ry foot to have this face.

I

* *i. e.* Prince of the blood.

†. The ſticking roſes about them, was then all the court-faſhion.

‡. We muſt obſerve, to explain this alluſion, that Q. Eliſabeth was the firſt, and indeed the only princeſs, who coined in England three-half-pence and three-farthing pieces. She at one and the ſame time coined ſhillings, ſix-pences, groats, three-pences, two-pences, three-halfpence, pence, three-farthings, and halfpence. And theſe pieces all had her head, and were *alternately* with the *roſe* behind, and without the *roſe*. The ſhilling, groat, two-pence, penny, and halfpenny, had it not. The other intermediate coins, *viz the* ſix-pence three-pence, three halfpence, and three-farthings, *had the roſe.* Mr. Theobald.

I would not be Sir Nobbe * in any caſe.
Eli. I like thee well; wilt thou forſake thy fortune,
Bequeath thy land to him, and follow me?
I am a ſoldier, and now bound to France.
Phil. Brother, take you my land, I'll take my chance;
Your face hath got five hundred pound a-year,
Yet ſell your face for five-pence, and 'tis dear.
Madam, I'll follow you unto the death.
Eli. Nay, I would have you go before me thither.
Phil. Our country-manners give our betters way.
K. John. What is thy name?
Phil. *Philip*, my Liege, ſo is my name begun:
Philip, good old Sir Robert's wife's eldeſt ſon.
K. John. From henceforth bear his name, whoſe form thou bear'ſt.
Kneel thou down *Philip*, but riſe up more great:
Ariſe *Sir Richard*, and *Plantagenet*.
Phil. Brother by th' mother's ſide, give me your hand:
My father gave me honour, your's gave land.
Now bleſſed be the hour, by night or day,
When I was got, Sir Robert was away!
Eli. The very ſpirit of Plantagenet!
I am thy grandam; Richard, call me ſo.
Phil. Madam, by chance, but not by truth; what though?
Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or elſe o'er the hatch.
Who dares not ſtir by day, muſt walk by night,
And have is have, however men do catch:
Near or far off, well won is ſtill well ſhot;
And I am I, howe'er I was begot.
K. John. Go, Faulconbridge, now haſt thou thy deſire;
A landleſs knight makes thee a landed 'ſquire.
Come, Madam, and come, Richard; we muſt ſpeed
For France, for France; for it is more than need.
Phil. Brother, adieu; good fortune come to thee,
For thou waſt got i' th' way of honeſty.

[*Exeunt all but Philip.*

* A nick-name, in contempt of Sir *Robert*.

SCENE III.

A foot of honour better than I was,
But many a many a foot of land the worſe!
Well, now can I make any Joan a lady.
" Good-den, Sir Richard,—Godamercy, fellow?
" And if his name be *George*, I'll call him *Peter*;
" For new made honour doth forget mens' names,
" 'Tis too reſpective and unſociable
" For your converſing. Now your traveller,
" He and his tooth-pick at my Worſhip's meſs;
" And when my knightly ſtomach is ſuffic'd,
" Why then I ſuck my teeth, and catechiſe
" My picked * man of countries;——My dear Sir,
" (Thus leaning on mine elbow, I begin,)
" I ſhall beſeech you,——that is queſtion now;
" And then comes anſwer like an A B C-book.
" O Sir, ſays anſwer, at your beſt command,
" At your employment, at your ſervice, Sir.——
" No Sir, ſays queſtion, I, ſweet Sir, at yours.—
" And ſo ere anſwer knows what queſtion would,
" Serving in dialogue of compliment;
" And talking of the Alps and Apennines,
" The Pyrenean and the river Po;
" It draws towards ſupper in concluſion, ſo.
" But this is worſhipful ſociety,"
And fits the mounting ſpirit like myſelf:
For he is but a baſtard to the time,
That doth not ſmack of obſervation;
[And ſo am I, whether I ſmack or no; †]
And not alone in habit and deviee,
Exterior form, outward accoutrement;
But from the inward motion to deliver
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet poiſon for the age's tooth;
Which tho' I will not practiſe to deceive,
Yet, to avoid deceit, I mean to learn;
For it ſhall ſtrew the footſteps of my riſing.
But who comes in ſuch haſte in riding-robes?
What woman-poſt is this? hath ſhe no huſband;
That will take pains to blow a horn before her?

* *i. e.* Formally bearded.
† A nonſenſical line of the players.

O me! it is my mother. Now, good Lady,
What brings you here to court ſo haſtily?

SCENE IV.

Enter Lady Faulconbridge, and James Gurney.

Lady. Where is that ſlave, thy brother, where is he,
That holds in chace mine honour up and down?

Phil. My brother Robert, old Sir Robert's ſon,
Colbrand the giant, that ſame mighty man,
Is it Sir Robert's ſon that you ſeek ſo?

Lady. Sir Robert's ſon; ay, thou unreverend boy,
Sir Robert's ſon: why ſcorn'ſt thou at Sir Robert?
He is Sir Robert's ſon, and ſo art thou.

Phil. James Gurney, wilt thou give us leave a while?

Gur. Good leave, good Philip.

Phil. Philip!—— ſpare me, James;
There's toys abroad; anon I'll tell thee more.

[*Exit James.*

Madam, I was not old Sir Robert's ſon;
Sir Robert might have eat his part in me
Upon Good-Friday, and ne'er broke his faſt.
Sir Robert could do well; marry, confeſs!
Could he get me? Sir Robert could not do it;
We know his handy-work; therefore, good mother,
To whom am I beholden for theſe limbs?
Sir Robert never holpe to make this leg.

Lady. Haſt thou conſpir'd with thy brother too,
That, for thine own gain, ſhould'ſt defend mine honour?
What means this ſcorn, thou moſt untoward knave?

Phil. Knight, knight, good mother—Baſiliſco-like *.
What! I am dubb'd; I have it on my ſhoulder.
But, mother, I am not Sir Robert's ſon;
I have diſclaim'd Sir Robert, and my land;
Legitimation, name, and all is gone.

Then,

* The words allude to an expreſſion in an old ſtoliſh play, then the common butt of ridicule, called *Solimon and Perſeda*. But the beauty of the paſſage conſiſts in his alluding at the ſame time, to his big boriginal. His father, Richard I. was ſurnamed Cœur-de-lion; *and the Cor Leonis*, a fixed ſtar of the firſt magnitude, in the breaſt of a lion, *is called Baſiliſco*. Mr. Warburton.

Then, good my mother, let me know my father;
Some proper man, I hope; who was it, mother?
Lady. Hast thou deny'd thyself a Faulconbridge?
Bast. As faithfully as I deny the devil.
Lady. King Richard Cœur-de-lion was thy father;
By long and vehement suit I was seduc'd
To make room for him in my husband's bed.
Heav'n lay not my transgression to my charge!
Thou art the issue of my dear offence,
Which was so strongly urg'd past my defence.
Bast. Now, by this light, were I to get again,
Madam, I would not wish a better father.
Some sins do bear their privilege on earth,
And so doth yours; your fault was not your folly;
Needs must you lay your heart at his dispose,
Subjected tribute to commanding love;
Against whose fury, and unmatched force,
The awless lion could not wage the fight;
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hands.
He that perforce robs lions of their hearts,
May easily win a woman's. Ay, my mother,
With all my heart, I thank thee for my father.
Who lives and dares but say, thou didst not well
When I was got, I'll send his soul to hell.
Come, Lady, I will shew thee to my kin,
And they shall say, when Richard me begot,
If thou hadst said him *Nay*, it had been sin;
Who says it was, he lies; I say 'twas not. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before the walls of Angiers in France.

Enter Philip King of France, Lewis the Dauphin, the Archduke of Austria, Constance, and Arthur.

Lewis. BEFORE Angiers well met, brave Austria
Arthur! that great forerunner of thy blood,
Richard, that robb'd the lion of his heart,
And fought the holy wars in Palestine,
By this brave Duke came early to his grave:
And for amends to his posterity,
At our importance hither is he come,

To

To ſpread his colours, boy, in thy behalf;
And to rebuke the uſurpation
Of thy unnatural uncle, Engliſh John.
Embrace him, love him, give him welcome hither.

Arth. God ſhall forgive you Cœur-de-lion's death,
The rather that you give his offspring life;
Shadowing their right under your wings of war.
I give you welcome with a pow'rleſs hand,
But with a heart full of unſtained love:
Welcome before the gates of Angiers, Duke.

Lewis. A noble boy! who would not do thee right?

Auſt. Upon thy cheek lay I this zealous kiſs,
As ſeal to this indenture of my love;
That to my home I will no more return,
Till Angiers and the right thou haſt in France,
Together with that pale, that white-fac'd ſhore,
Whoſe foot ſpurns back the ocean's roaring tides,
And coops from other lands her iſlanders;
Ev'n till that England, hedg'd in with the main,
That water-walled bulwark, ſtill ſecure
And confident from foreign purpoſes,
Ev'n till that outmoſt corner of the weſt,
Salute thee for her King. Till then, fair boy,
Will I not think of home, but follow arms.

Conſt. O, take his mother's thanks, a widow's thanks,
Till your ſtrong hand ſhall help to give him ſtrength,
To make a more requital to your love.

Auſt. The piece of Heav'n is theirs who lift their ſwords
In ſuch a juſt and charitable war.

K. Phil. Well then, to work; our engines ſhall be bent
Againſt the brows of this reſiſting town,
Call for our chiefeſt men of diſcipline,
To cull the plots of beſt advantages.
We'll lay before this town our royal bones,
Wade to the market place in Frenchmen's blood,
But we will make it ſubject to this boy.

Conſt. Stay for an anſwer to your embaſſy,
Leſt unadvis'd you ſtain your ſwords with blood.
My Lord Chatillon may from England bring
That right in peace, which here we urge in war;
And then we ſhall repent each drop of blood
That hot rath haſte ſo indirectly ſhed.

Enter

Enter Chatillon.

K. Phil. A wonder, Lady! lo, upon thy wiſh
Our meſſenger Chatillon is arriv'd.
What England ſays, ſay briefly, gentle Lord;
We coldly pauſe for thee. Chatillon, ſpeak.
Chat. Then turn your forces from this paultry ſiege,
And ſtir them up againſt a mightier taſk.
England, impatient of your juſt demands,
Hath put himſelf in arms: the adverſe winds,
Whoſe leiſure I have ſtaid, have giv'n him time
To land his legions all as ſoon as I.
His marches are expedient to this town,
His forces ſtrong, his ſoldiers confident.
With him along is come the mother Queen;
An Atè, ſtirring him to blood and ſtrife.
With her, her niece, the Lady Blanch of Spain;
With them a baſtard of the King deceas'd,
And all th' unſettled humours of the land;
Raſh, inconſid'raté, fiery voluntaries,
With ladies' faces, and fierce dragons' ſpleens,
Have ſold their fortunes at their native homes,
Bearing their birthrights proudly on their backs,
To make a hazard of new fortunes here.
In brief, a braver choice of dauntleſs ſpirits,
Than now the Engliſh bottoms have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the ſwelling tide,
To do offence and ſcathe in Chriſtendom.
The interruption of their churliſh drums [*Drums beat.*
Cuts off more circumſtance; they are at hand.
To parly, or to fight, therefore prepare.
K. Phil. How much unlook'd for is this expedition!
Auſt. By how much unexpected, by ſo much
We muſt awake endeavour for defence;
For courage mounteth with occaſion:
Let them be welcome then, we are prepar'd.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter King of England, Faulconbridge, Elinor, Blanch, Pembroke, and others.

K. John. Peace be to France, if France in peace permit
Our juſt and lineal entrance to our own:
If not, bleed France, and peace aſcend to heav'n!
Whilſt we, God's wrathful agent, do correct
Their proud contempt that beats his peace to heav'n.

K. Phil. Peace be to England, if that war return
From France to England, there to live in peace!
England we love; and for that England's ſake,
With burthen of our armour here we ſweat;
This toil of ours ſhould be a work of thine.
But thou from loving England art ſo far,
That thou haſt underwrought its lawful King;
Cut off the ſequence of poſterity;
Out-faced infant ſtate; and done a rape
Upon the maiden virtue of the crown.
Look here upon thy brother Geffrey's face.
Theſe eyes, theſe brows, were moulded out of his:
This little abſtract doth contain that large.
Which dy'd in Geffrey; and the hand of Time
Shall draw this brief into as large a volume.
That Geffrey was thy elder brother born,
And this his ſon; England was Geffrey's right,
And this is Geffrey's; in the name of God,
How comes it then that thou art call'd a King,
When living blood doth in theſe temples beat,
Which own the crown that thou o'ermaſtereſt?

K. John. From whom haſt thou this great commiſſion, France,
To draw my anſwer to thy articles?

K. Phil. From that ſupernal judge, that ſtirs good thoughts
In any breaſt of ſtrong authority,
To look into the blots and ſtains of right.
That judge hath made me guardian to this boy;
Under whoſe warrant I impeach thy wrong,
And by whoſe help I mean to chaſtiſe it †.

King

† ——————chaſtiſe it.
K. John. Alack, thou doſt uſurp authority.
K. Phil. Excuſe it, 'tis to beat uſurping down.

Eli.

King John, this is the very ſum of all;
England, and Ireland, Anjou, Touraine, Maine,
In right of Arthur I do claim of thee:
Wilt thou reſign them, and lay down thy arms?
K. John. My life as ſoon.—I do defy thee, France.
Arthur of Bretagne, yield thee to my hand;
And out of my dear love I'll give thee more,
Than e'er the coward-hand of France can win *.

K. Phi

Eli. Who is't that thou doſt call uſurper, France?
Conſt. Let me make anſwer: thy uſurping ſon.——
Eli Out, inſolent! thy baſtard ſhall be King,
That thou may'ſt be a Queen, and check the world!
Conſt. My bed was ever to thy ſon as true,
As thine was to thy huſband; and this boy,
Liker in feature to his father Geffrey,
Than thou and John, in manners being as-like
As rain to water, or devil to his dam.
My boy a baſtard! by my ſoul, I think
His father never was ſo true begot;
It cannot be, an if thou wert his mother.
Eli. There's a good mother, boy, that blots thy father.
Conſt. There's a good grandam, boy, that would blot thee.
Auſt. Peace——
Faulc, Hear the crier.
Auſt. What the devil art thou?
Faulc. One that will play the devil, Sir, with you,
An a' may catch your hide and you alone.
You are the hare, of whom the proverb goes,
Whoſe valour plucks dead lions by the beard;
I'll ſmoak your ſkin-coat, an I catch you right;
Sirrah, look to't; i'faith, I will, i'faith.
Blanch. O, well did he become that lion's robe,
That did diſrobe the lion of that robe.
Faulc. It lies as ſightly on the back of him,
As great Alcides' ſhews upon an aſs;
But, aſs, I'll take that burthen from your back,
Or lay on that ſhall make your ſhoulders crack.
Auſt. What cracker is this ſame, that deafs our ears
With this abundance of ſuperfluous breath?
King Philip, determine what we ſhall do ſtrait.
K. Phil. Women and fools, break off your conference.
King John, &c.

* ——— of France can win,
Submit thee, boy,
Eli. Come to thy grandam, child.
Conſt. Do, child, go to it grandam, child.
Give grandam kingdom, and it grandam will.

K. Phil. Some trumpet ſummon hither to the walls
Theſe men of Angiers; let us hear them ſpeak,
Whoſe title they admit, Arthur's or John's.

[*Trumpet ſounds.*

SCENE III. *Enter a Citizen upon the walls.*

Cit. Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?
K. Phil. 'Tis France, for England.

Give it a plum, a cherry, and a fig.
There's a good grandam.
Arth. Good my mother, peace;
I would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me.
Eli. His mother ſhames him ſo, poor boy, he weeps.
Conſt. Now ſhame upon you, whe'r ſhe does or no!
His grandam's wrong, and not his mother's ſhames,
Draws thoſe heav'n-moving pearls from his poor eyes,
Which heav'n ſhall take in nature of a fee:
Ay, with theſe cryſtal beads heav'n ſhall be brib'd,
To do him juſtice, and revenge on you.
Eli. Thou monſtrous ſlanderer of heav'n and earth!
Conſt. Thou monſtrous injurer of heav'n and earth!
Call me no ſlanderer; thou and thine uſurp
The domination, royalties, and rights
Of this oppreſſed boy; this is thy eldeſt ſon's ſon,
Infortunate in nothing but in thee:
Thy ſins are viſited in this poor child;
The canon of the law is laid on him;
Being but the ſecond generation
Removed from thy ſin-conceiving womb.
K. John. Bedlam, have done.
Conſt. I have but this to ſay,
That he is not only plagued for her ſin,
But God hath made her ſin and her the plague
On this removed iſſue, plagu'd for her,
And with her plague her ſin; his injury,
Her injury, the beadle to her ſin,
All puniſh'd in the perſon of this child,
And all for her; a plague upon her!
Eli. Thou unadviſed ſcold, I can produce
A will that bars the title of thy ſon.
Conſt. Ay, who doubts that? a will!—a wicked will;
A woman's will, a canker'd grandam's will.
K. Phil. Peace, Lady; pauſe, or be more temperate?
It ill beſeems this preſence to cry Aim
To *theſe ill-tuned* repetitions.
Some trumpet, &c.

K. John. England for itſelf;
You men of Angiers and my loving ſubjects——
K. Phil. You loving men of Angiers, Arthur's ſubjects,
Our trumpet call'd you to this gentle parle——
K. John. For our advantage; therefore hear us firſt.
Theſe flags of France, that are advanced here
Before the eye and proſpect of your town,
Have hither march'd to your endamagement.
The cannons have their bowels full of wrath;
And ready mounted are they to ſpit forth
Their iron indignation 'gainſt your walls:
All preparations for a bloody ſiege
And mercileſs proceeding, by theſe French,
Confront your city's eyes, your winking * gates;
And, but for our approach, thoſe ſleeping ſtones,
That as a waſte do girdle you about,
By the compulſion of their ordnance
By this time from their fixed beds of lime
Had been diſhabited, and wide havoc made
For bloody power to ruſh upon your peace.
But on the ſight of us your lawful King,
(Who painfully with much expedient march
Have brought a counter-check before your gates,
To ſave unſcratch'd your city's threat'ned cheeks,)
Behold, the French, amaz'd, vouchſafe a parle;
And now, inſtead of bullets wrapp'd in fire,
To make a ſhaking fever in your walls,
They ſhoot but calm words folded up in ſmoke,
To make a faithleſs error in your ears;
Which truſt accordingly, kind citizens;
And let in us, your King, whoſe labour'd ſpirits,
Fore-weary'd in this action of ſwift ſpeed,
Crave harbourage within your city-walls.
K. Phil. When I have ſaid, make anſwer to us both
Lo! in this right hand, whoſe protection
Is moſt divinely vow'd upon the right
Of him it holds, ſtands young Plantagenet;
Son to the elder brother of this man,
And King o'er him, and all that he enjoys.
For this down-trodden equity, we tread
In warlike march theſe greens before your town:

Be

* *Winking*, a metaphor for half-open.

Being no further enemy to you,
Than the conſtraint of hoſpitable zeal,
In the relief of this oppreſſed child,
Religiouſly provokes. Be pleaſed then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe
To him that owns it; namely, this young prince.
And then our arms, like to a muzzled bear,
Save in aſpect, hath all offence ſeal'd up:
Our cannons' malice vainly ſhall be ſpent
Againſt th' invulnerable clouds of heav'n;
And with a bleſſed and unvex'd retire,
With unhack'd ſwords, and helmets all unbruis'd,
We will bear home that luſty blood again,
Which here we came to ſpout againſt your town;
And leave your children, wives, and you in peace.
But if you fondly paſs our proffer'd offer,
'Tis not the rounder * of your old-fac'd walls
Can hide you from our meſſengers of war;
Tho' all theſe Engliſh, and their diſcipline,
Were harbour'd in their rude circumference,
Then tell us, ſhall your city call us Lord,
In that behalf which we have challeng'd it?
Or ſhall we give the ſignal to our rage,
And ſtalk in blood to our poſſeſſion?

Cit. In brief, we are the King of England's ſubjects;
For him, and in his right, we hold this town.

K. John. Acknowledge then the King, and let me in.

Cit. That can we not; but he that proves the King,
To him will we prove loyal; till that time,
Have we ramm'd up our gates againſt the world.

K. John. Doth not the crown of England prove the King?
And if not that, I bring you witneſſes,
Twice fifteen thouſand hearts of England's breed——

Faulc. (Baſtards, and elſe.)

K. John. To verify our title with their lives.

K. Phil. As many, and as well-born bloods as thoſe——

Faulc. (Some baſtards too.)

K. Phil. Stand in his face to contradict his claim.

* *i. e.* Circle.

Cit. Till you compound whoſe right is worthieſt,
We for the worthieſt hold the right from both.
K. John. Then God forgive the ſin of all thoſe ſouls,
That to their everlaſting reſidence,
Before the dew of evening fall, ſhall fleet,
In dreadful trial of our kingdom's King!
K. Phil. Amen, Amen.——Mount, Chevaliers, to arms!
Faulc. Saint George that ſwing'd the dragon, and e'er ſince
Sits on his horſeback at mine hoſteſs' door,
Teach us ſome fence. Sirrah, were I at home
At your den, ſirrah, with your lioneſs,
I'd ſet an ox-head to your lion's hide *,
And make a monſter of you.—— [*To Auſtria.*
Auſt. Peace, no more.
Faulc. O tremble; for you hear the lion roar.
K. John. Up higher to the plain, where we'll ſet forth
In beſt appointment all our regiments.
Faulc. Speed then to take th' advantage of the field.
K. Phil. It ſhall be ſo; and at the other hill
Command the reſt to ſtand. God, and our right!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

A long charge ſounded: then, after excurſions, enter the Herald of France with trumpets to the gates.

F. Her. You men of Angiers, open wide your gates,
And let young Arthur Duke of Bretagne in;
Who by the hand of France this day hath made
Much work for tears in many an Engliſh mother,
Whoſe ſons lie ſcatter'd on the bleeding ground:
And many a widow's huſband groveling lies,
Coldly embracing the diſcolour'd earth;
While victory with little loſs doth play
Upon the dancing banners of the French;
Who are at hand triumphantly diſplay'd,

To

* The Archduke wore a lion's hide which had belonged to Richard Cœur-de-lion.

To enter conquerors; and to proclaim
Arthur of Bretagne, England's King, and yours.

Enter Engliſh Herald with trumpets.

E. Her. Rejoice, you men of Angiers; ring your bells;
King John, your King and England's doth approach,
Commander of this hot malicious day.
Their armours, that march'd hence ſo ſilver-bright,
Hither return all gilt in Frenchmens' blood.
There ſtuck no plume in any Engliſh creſt,
That is removed by a ſtaff of France.
Our colours do return in thoſe ſame hands,
That did diſplay them when we firſt march'd forth;
And, like a jolly troop of huntſmen, come
Our luſty Engliſh, all with purpled hands,
Dy'd in the dying ſlaughter of their foes.
Open your gates, and give the victors way.

Cit. Heralds, from off our tow'rs we might behold,
From firſt to laſt, the onſet and retire
Of both your armies, whoſe equality
By our beſt eyes cannot be cenſured;
Blood hath bought blood, and blows have anſwer'd blows;
Strength match'd with ſtrength, and power confronted power.
Both are alike, and both alike we like;
One muſt prove greateſt. While they weigh ſo even,
We hold our town for neither; yet for both.

SCENE V.

Enter the two Kings with their powers, at ſeveral doors.

K. John. France, haſt thou yet more blood to caſt away?
Say, ſhall the current of our right run on?
Whoſe paſſage, vex'd with thy impediment,
Shall leave his native channel, and o'erſwell
With courſe diſturb'd ev'n thy confining ſhores;
Unleſs thou let his ſilver water keep
A peaceful progreſs to the ocean.

Cit. Hear us, great Kings; vouchſafe a while to ſtay,
And I ſhall ſhew you peace, and fair-fac'd league;
Win you this city without ſtroke or wound;
Reſcue thoſe breathing lives to die in beds,
That here come ſacrifices for the field:
Perſevere not, but hear me, mighty Kings.

K. John. Speak on; with favour we are bent to hear.

Cit. That daughter there of Spain, the Lady Blanch,
Is near to England; look upon the years
Of Lewis the Dauphin, and that lovely maid.
If luſty love ſhould go in queſt of beauty,
Where ſhould he find it purer than in Blanch?
If zealous love ſhould go in ſearch of virtue,
Where ſhould he find it purer than in Blanch?
If love, ambitious, ſought a match of birth,
Whoſe veins bound richer blood than Lady Blanch?
Such as ſhe is, in beauty, virtue, birth,
Is the young Dauphin every way complete:
If not complete, oh ſay, he is not ſhe;
And ſhe again wants nothing, (to name want,)
If want it be not, that ſhe is not he.
He is the half-part of a bleſſed man,
Left to be finiſhed by ſuch a ſhe:
And ſhe a fair divided excellence,
Whoſe fulneſs of perfection lies in him.
Oh! two ſuch ſilver currents, when they join,
Do glorify the banks that bound them in.
And two ſuch ſhores, to two ſuch ſtreams made one,
Two ſuch controlling bounds ſhall you be, Kings,
To theſe two princes, if you marry them.
This union ſhall do more than battery can,
To our faſt-cloſed gates: for at this match,
With ſwifter ſpleen than powder can enforce,
The mouth of paſſage ſhall we fling wide ope,
And give you entrance; but without this match,
The ſea enraged is not half ſo deaf,
Lions ſo confident, mountains and rocks

So

Auſtria and France ſhoot in each other's mouth.
I'll ſtir them to't; come, away, away!
Cit. Hear us, great Kings, &c.

So free from motion; no, not Death himſelf
In mortal fury half ſo peremptory,
As we to keep this city.
Faulc. Here's a ſtay,
That ſhakes the rotten carcaſe of old Death
Out of his rags. Here's a large mouth, indeed,
That ſpits forth death, and mountains, rocks and ſeas;
Talks as familiarly of roaring lions,
As maids of thirteen do of puppy-dogs.
What cannoneer begot this luſty blood?
He ſpeaks plain cannon-fire, and ſmoak and bounce;
He gives the baſtinado with his tongue.
Our ears are cudgell'd; not a word of his,
But buffets better than a fiſt of France,
Zounds! I was never ſo bethump'd with words,
Since I firſt call'd my brother's father dad.
Eli. Son, liſt to this conjunction, make this match,
Give with our niece a dowry large enough;
For by this knot thou ſhalt ſo ſurely tie
Thy now unſur'd aſſurance to the crown,
That yon green boy ſhall have no ſun to ripe
The bloom, that promiſeth a mighty fruit.
I ſee a yielding in the looks of France.
Mark, how they whiſper; urge them, while their ſouls
Are capable of this ambition;
Leſt zeal, now melted by the windy breath
Of ſoft petitions, pity and remorſe,
Cool and congeal again to what it was.
Cit. Why anſwer not the double Majeſties
This friendly treaty of our threaten'd town?
K. Phil. Speak, England, firſt, that hath been forward firſt
To ſpeak unto this city. What ſay you?
K. John. If that the Dauphin there, thy princely ſon,
Can in this book of beauty read, *I love,*
Her dowry ſhall weigh equal with a Queen.
For Anjou, and fair Touraine, Main, Poictiers,
And all that we upon this ſide the ſea,
Except this city now by us beſieg'd,
Find liable to her crown and dignity,
Shall gild her bridal bed; and make her rich
In titles, honours, and promotions;

As ſhe in beauty, education, blood,
Holds hand with any princeſs of the world.
K. Phil. What ſay'ſt thou, boy? Look in the Lady's face.
Lewis. I do, my Lord; and in her eye I find
A wonder, or a wond'rous miracle *.
I do proteſt I never lov'd myſelf,
Till now, infixed, I beheld myſelf
Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye.
[*Whiſpering with Blanch.*
Faulc. Drawn in the flatt'ring table of her eye!
Hang'd in the frowning wrinkle of her brow!
And quarter'd in her heart! he doth eſpy
Himſelf love's traitor. This is pity now,
That hang'd and drawn, and quarter'd, there ſhould be,
In ſuch a love, ſo vile a lout as he.
Blanch. My uncle's will in this reſpect is mine.
If he ſee aught in you, that makes him like,
That any thing he ſees, which moves his liking,
I can with eaſe tranſlate it to my will:
Or if you will, to ſpeak more properly,
I will inforce it eaſily to my love.
Further I will not flatter you, my Lord.
That all I ſee in you is worthy love,
Than this; that nothing do I ſee in you
(Though churliſh thoughts themſelves ſhould be your judge)
That I can find ſhould merit any hate.
K. John. What ſay theſe young ones? what ſay you, my niece?
Blanch. That ſhe is bound in honour ſtill to do
What you in wiſdom ſtill vouchſafe to ſay.
K. John. Speak then, Prince Dauphin, can you love this Lady?
Lewis. Nay, aſk me, if I can refrain from love;
For I do love her moſt unfeignedly.
K. John. Then do I give Volqueſſen, Touraine, Maine,
Poictiers, and Anjou, theſe five provinces,
With

* ——— wondrous miracle;
The ſhadow of myſelf formed in her eye;
Which being but the ſhadow of your ſon,
Becomes a ſun, and makes your ſon a ſhadow.
I do proteſt, &c.

With her to thee; and this addition more,
Full thirty thouſand marks of Engliſh coin.
Philip of France, if thou be pleas'd withal,
Command thy ſon and daughter to join hands.

K. Phil. It likes us well; young princes, cloſe your hands*.

Now, citizens of Angiers, ope your gates,
Let in that amity which you have made;
For at Saint Mary's chapel preſently
The rites of marriage ſhall be ſolemniz'd.
Is not the Lady Conſtance in this troop?
I know ſhe is not; for this match made up
Her preſence would have interrupted much.
Where is ſhe and her ſon, tell me, who knows?

Lewis. She's ſad and paſſionate at your Highneſs' tent.

K. Phil. And, by my faith, this league that we have made,
Will give her ſadneſs very little cure.
Brother of England, how may we content
This widow-lady? in her right we came;
Which we, God knows, have turn'd another way
To our own 'vantage.

K. John. We will heal up all,
For we'll create young Arthur *Duke of Bretagne*,
And *Earl of Richmond;* and this rich fair town
We make him lord of. Call the Lady Conſtance;
Some ſpeedy meſſenger bid her repair
To our ſolemnity. I truſt we ſhall,
If not fill up the meaſure of her will,
Yet in ſome meaſure ſatisfy her ſo.
That we ſhall ſtop her exclamation.
Go we, as well as haſte will ſuffer us,
To this unlook'd for, unprepared pomp.

[*Exeunt all but Faulconbridge.*

SCENE VI.

Faulc. Mad world, mad Kings, mad compoſition!
John, to ſtop Arthur's title in the whole,
Hath

* ——— cloſe your hands.
Auſt. And your lips too; for, I am well aſſur'd,
That I did ſo, when I was firſt aſſur'd.
K. Phil. Now, citizens, &c.

Hath willingly departed with a part.
And France, whoſe armour conſcience buckled on,
Whom zeal and charity brought to the field,
As God's own ſoldier, rounded in the ear
With that ſame purpoſe-changer, that ſly devil,
That broker, that ſtill breaks the pate of faith,
That daily break-vow, he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who having no external thing to loſe
But the word *maid*, cheats the poor maid of that;
That ſmooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling Commodity,—
Commodity, the bias of the world,
" The world, which of itſelf is poiſed well,
" Made to run even upon even ground;
" Till this advantage, this vile-drawing bias,
" This ſway of motion, this Commodity,
" Makes it take head from all indifferency,
" From all direction, purpoſe, courſe, intent."
And this ſame bias, this Commodity,
This bawd, this broker, this all-changing word,
Clapp'd on the outward eye of fickle France,
Hath drawn him from his own determin'd aid,
From a reſolv'd and honourable war,
To a moſt baſe and vile-concluded peace.
And why rail I on this Commodity?
But for becauſe he hath not wooed me yet;
Not that I have the power to clutch my hand,
When his fair angels would ſalute my palm;
But that my hand, as unattempted yet,
Like a poor beggar, raileth on the rich.
Well, while I am a beggar, I will rail;
And ſay, there is no ſin but to be rich.
And being rich, my virtue then ſhall be,
To ſay, there is no vice but beggary.
Since Kings break faith upon commodity,
Gain, be my Lord; for I will worſhip thee! [*Exit.*

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

The French King's pavilion.

Enter Conſtance, Arthur, and Saliſbury.

Conſt. GONE to be marry'd! gone to ſwear a peace!
Falſe blood to falſe blood join'd! gone to be friends!
Shall Lewis have Blanch, and Blanch thoſe provinces?
It is not ſo; thou haſt miſ-ſpoke, miſ-heard;
Be well adviſ'd, tell o'er thy tale again,
It cannot be; thou doſt but ſay 'tis ſo.
I truſt I may not truſt thee; for thy word
Is but the vain breath of a common man.
Believe me, I do not believe thee, man;
I have a King's oath to the contrary.
Thou ſhalt be puniſh'd for thus frighting me;
For I am ſick, and capable of fears;
Oppreſs'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;
A widow, huſbandleſs, ſubject to fears;
A woman, naturally born to fears:
And though thou now confeſs thou didſt but jeſt,
With my vex'd ſpirits I cannot take a truce;
But they will quake and tremble all this day.
What doſt thou mean by ſhaking of thy head?
Why doſt thou look ſo ſadly on my ſon?
What means that hand upon that breaſt of thine?
Why holds thine eye that lamentable rheum,
Like a proud river peering o'er his bounds?
Be theſe ſad ſighs confirmers of thy words?
Then ſpeak again, not all thy former tale,
But this one word, whether thy tale be true.

Sal. As true as, I believe, you think them falſe,
That give you cauſe to prove my ſaying true.

Conſt. Oh, if thou teach me to believe this ſorrow,
Teach thou this ſorrow how to make me die;
And let belief and life encounter ſo,
As doth the fury of two deſp'rate men,
Which in the very meeting fall and die.

Lewis wed Blanch! O boy, then where art thou?
France friend with England! what becomes of me?
Fellow, be gone, I cannot brook thy ſight *.
Arth. I do beſeech you, mother, be content.
Conſt. "If thou that bid'ſt me be content, wert grim,
"Ugly, and ſland'rous to thy mother's womb,
"Full of unpleaſing blots, and ſightleſs ſtains,
"Lame, fooliſh, crooked, ſwart, prodigious,
"Patch'd with foul moles, and eye-offending marks;
"I would not care; I then would be content.
"For then I ſhould not love thee: no, nor thou
"Become thy great birth, nor deſerve a crown.
"But thou art fair, and at thy birth, dear boy!
"Nature and Fortune join'd to make thee great.
"Of Nature's gifts thou may'ſt with lilies boaſt,
"And with the half-blown roſe." But Fortune, oh!
She is corrupted, chang'd, and, won from thee,
Adulterates houſly with thine uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France
To tread down fair reſpect of ſovereignty,
And made his Majeſty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to Fortune, and to John:
That ſtrumpet Fortune, that uſurping John!
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France forſworn?
Invenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave theſe woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to underbear.
Sal. Pardon me, Madam,
I may not go without you to the Kings.
Conſt. Thou may'ſt, thou ſhalt, I will not go with thee.
I will inſtruct my ſorrows to be proud:
For grief is proud, and makes his owner ſtout.
To me, and to the ſtate of my great grief,
Let Kings aſſemble: for my grief's ſo great,
That no ſupporter but the huge firm earth

Can

* ——— brook thy ſight.
This news hath made thee a moſt ugly man.
Sal. What other harm have I, good Lady, done,
But ſpoke the harm that is by others done?
Conſt. Which harm within itſelf ſo heinous is,
As it makes harmful all that ſpeak of it.
Arth. I do beſeech you, &c.

Can hold it up. Here I and ſorrow ſit.
Here is my throne, bid Kings come bow to it.
[*Sits down on the floor.*

SCENE II.

Enter King John, King Philip, Lewis, Blanch, Elinor, Faulconbridge, and Auſtria.

K. Phil. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this bleſſed day,
Ever in France ſhall be kept feſtival.
To ſolemnize this day, the glorious ſun
Stays in his courſe, and plays the alchymiſt;
Turning with ſplendor of his precious eye
The meagre cloddy earth to glitt'ring gold.
The yearly courſe that brings this day about,
Shall never ſee it but a holiday.

Conſt. A wicked day, and not an holiday. — [*Riſing.*
What hath this day deſerv'd? what hath it done,
That it in golden letter ſhould be ſet
Among the high tides in the kalendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week,
This day of ſhame, oppreſſion, perjury:
Or, if it muſt ſtand ſtill, let wives with child
Pray, that their burthens may not fall this day,
Leſt that their hopes prodigiouſly be croſs'd.
But on this day, let ſeamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break, that are not this day made;
This day, all things begun come to ill end,
Yea, faith itſelf to hollow falſehood change!

K. Phil. By heaven, Lady, you ſhall have no cauſe
To curſe the fair proceedings of this day.
Have I not pawn'd to you my majeſty?

Conſt. You have beguil'd me with a counterfeit
Reſembling majeſty, which, touch'd and try'd,
Proves valueleſs: you are forſworn, forſworn;
You came in arms to ſpill my enemies blood,
But now in arms you ſtrengthen it with yours.
The grappling vigour, and rough frown of war,
Is cold in amity and painted peace,
And our oppreſſion hath made up this league.

Arm, arm, ye heav'ns, againſt theſe perjur'd Kings,
A widow cries, be huſband to me, heav'n!
Let not the hours of this ungodly day
Wear out the day in peace; but ere ſun ſet,
Set armed Diſcord 'twixt theſe perjur'd Kings.
Hear me, oh, hear me?

Auſt. Lady Conſtance, peace.

Conſt. War, war, no peace; peace is to me a war.
O Lymoges, O Auſtria! thou doſt ſhame
That bloody ſpoil: thou ſlave, thou wretch, thou coward,
Thou little valiant, great in villany!
Thou ever ſtrong upon the ſtronger ſide;
Thou Fortune's champion, that doſt never fight
But when her humorous Ladyſhip is by
To teach thee ſafety! thou art perjur'd too,
And ſooth'ſt up greatneſs. What a fool art thou,
A ramping fool, to brag, to ſtamp, and ſwear,
Upon my party? thou cold-blooded ſlave,
Haſt thou not ſpoke like thunder on my ſide?
Been ſworn my ſoldier, bidding me depend
Upon thy ſtars, thy fortune, and thy ſtrength?
And doſt thou now fall over to my foes?
Thou wear a lion's hide! doff it for ſhame,
And hang a calve's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. O that a man would ſpeak thoſe words to me!

Faulc. And hang a calve's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. Thou dar'ſt not ſay ſo, villain, for thy life.

Faulc. And hang a calve's-ſkin on thoſe recreant limbs.

Auſt. * 'Methinks that Richard's pride and Richard's fall
'Should be a precedent to fright you, Sir.'

Faulc.

* What was the ground of this quarrel of the baſtard to Auſtria, is no where ſpecified in the preſent play: nor is there in this place, or the ſcene where it is firſt hinted at (namely the ſecond of act 2,) the leaſt mention of any reaſon for it. But the ſtory is, that Auſtria, who killed King Richard Cœur de-lion, wore, as the ſpoil of that prince, a lion's-hide which had belonged to him. This circumſtance renders the anger of the baſtard very natural, and ought not to have been omitted. In the firſt ſketch of this play, (which Shakeſpeare is ſaid to have had a hand in, jointly with William Rowley,) we accordingly find this inſiſted upon, and I have ventured to place a few of thoſe verſes here. Mr. Pope.

Faulc. 'What words are theſe? how do my ſinews ſhake!
'My father's foe clad in my father's ſpoil!
'How doth Alecto whiſper in my ears,
'Delay not, Richard, kill the villain ſtrait;
'Diſrobe him of the matchleſs monument,
'Thy father's triumph o'er the ſavages.——
'Now, by his ſoul I ſwear, my father's ſoul,
'Twice will I not review the morning's riſe,
'Till I have torn that trophy from thy back;
'And ſplit thy heart for wearing it ſo long.'

K. John. We like not this, thou doſt forget thyſelf.

SCENE III. *Enter Pandulph.*

K. Phil. Here comes the holy Legate of the Pope.

Pand. Hail, you anointed deputies of heav'n!
To thee, King John, my holy errand is:
I Pandulph, of fair Milain Cardinal,
And from Pope Innocent the Legate here,
Do in his name religiouſly demand,
Why thou againſt the church, our holy mother,
So wilfully doſt ſpurn, and force perforce
Keep Stephen Langton, choſen Archbiſhop
Of Canterbury, from that holy ſee?
This in our 'foreſaid holy father's name,
Pope Innocent, I do demand of thee.

K. John. What earthly name to interrogatories
Can taſk the free breath of a ſacred King?
Thou canſt not, Cardinal, deviſe a name
So ſlight, unworthy, and ridiculous,
To charge me to an anſwer, as the Pope.
Tell him this tale, and from the mouth of England
Add thus much more, That no Italian prieſt
Shall tithe or toll in our dominions.
But as we, under Heaven, are ſupreme head,
So, under him, that great ſupremacy,
Where we do reign, we will alone uphold,
Without th' aſſiſtance of a mortal hand.
So tell the Pope, all rev'rence ſet apart
To him and his uſurp'd authority.

K. Phil. Brother of England, you blaſpheme in this.

K. John. Tho' you and all the Kings of Chriſtendom

Are led ſo groſsly by this meddling prieſt,
Dreading the curſe that money may buy out,
And by the merit of vile gold, droſs, duſt,
Purchaſe corrupted pardon of a man,
Who in that ſale ſells pardon from himſelf;
Tho' you, and all the reſt, ſo groſsly led,
This juggling witchcraft with revenue cheriſh;
Yet I alone, alone, do me oppoſe
Againſt the Pope, and counts his friends my foes.

Pand. Then by the lawful power that I have,
Thou ſhalt ſtand curs'd, and excommunicate;
And bleſſed ſhall he be that doth revolt
From his allegiance to an heretic;
And meritorious ſhall that hand be call'd,
Canonized and worſhipp'd as a ſaint,
That takes away by any ſecret courſe
Thy hateful life.

Conſt. O, lawful let it be,
That I have room with Rome to curſe a while.
Good Father Cardinal, cry thou, Amen,
To my keen curſes; for without my wrong
There is no tongue hath power to curſe him right.

Pand. There's law and warrant, Lady, for my curſe.

Conſt. And for mine too; when law can do no right,
Let it be lawful that law bar no wrong?
Law cannot give my child his kingdom here;
For he that holds his kingdom, holds the law;
Therefore, ſince law itſelf is perfect wrong,
How can the law forbid my tongue to curſe?

Pand. Philip of France, on peril of a curſe,
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic;
And raiſe the pow'r of France upon his head,
Unleſs he do ſubmit himſelf to Rome.

Eli. Look'ſt thou pale, France? do not let go thy hand.

Conſt. Look to that, devil! leſt that France repent,
And, by diſjoining hands, he'll loſe a ſoul.——

Auſt. King Philip, liſten to the Cardinal.

Faulc. And hang a calve's-ſkin on his recreant limbs.

Auſt. Well, ruffian, I muſt pocket up theſe wrongs,
Becauſe——

Faulc. Your breeches beſt may carry them.

K. John. Philip, what ſay'ſt thou to the Cardinal?

Conſt.

Conſt. What ſhould he ſay, but as the Cardinal?
Lewis. Bethink you, father; for the difference
Is purchaſe of a heavy curſe from Rome,
Or the light loſs of England for a friend;
Forego the eaſier.
Blanch. That's the curſe of Rome.
Conſt. Lewis, ſtand faſt; the devil tempts thee here
In likeneſs of a new untrimmed bride *.
K. Phil. I am perplex'd, and know not what to ſay.
Pand. What can'ſt thou ſay, but will perplex thee more,
If thou ſtand excommunicate and curs'd?
K. Phil. Good Rev'rend Father, make my perſon yours;
And tell me, how you would beſtow yourſelf.
This royal hand and mine are newly knit,
And the conjunction of our inward ſouls
Marry'd in league, coupled and link'd together,
With all religious ſtrength of ſacred vows.
The lateſt breath that gave the ſound of words,
Was deep-ſworn faith, peace, amity, true love,
Between our kingdoms and our royal ſelves.
And even before this truce, but new before,
No longer than we well could waſh our hands
To clap this royal bargain up of peace,
Heav'n knows, they were beſmear'd and over-ſtrain'd
With Slaughter's pencil; where Revenge did paint
The fearful diff'rence of incenſed Kings.
And ſhall theſe hands, ſo lately purg'd of blood,

So

* ——— a new untrimmed † bride.
Blanch. The lady Conſtance ſpeaks not from her faith,
But from her need.
Conſt Oh, if thou grant my need,
Which only lives but by the death of faith,
That need muſt needs infer this principle,
That faith would live again by death of need:
O, then tread down my need, and faith mounts up;
Keep my need up, and faith is trodden down.
K. John. The King is mov'd, and anſwers not to this.
Conſt. O, be remov'd from him, and anſwer well.
Auſt. Do ſo, King Philip; hang no more in doubt.
Faulc. Hang nothing but a calve's-ſkin, moſt ſweet lout.
K. Phil. I am perplex'd, &c.

† *i. e.* Unſteady.

So newly join'd in love, ſo ſtrong in both,
Unyoke this ſeizure, and this kind regret?
Play faſt and looſe with faith? ſo jeſt with heav'n?
Make ſuch unconſtant children of ourſelves,
As now again to ſnatch our palm from palm?
Unſwear faith ſworn, and on the marriage-bed
Of ſmiling peace to march a bloody hoſt,
And make a riot on the gentle brow
Of true ſincerity? O holy Sir,
My Reverend Father, let it not be ſo;
Out of your grace, deviſe, ordain, impoſe
Some gentle order, and we ſhall be bleſs'd
To do your pleaſure, and continue friends.

Pand. All form is formleſs, order orderleſs,
Save what is oppoſite to England's love.
Therefore, to arms! be champion of our church!
Or let the church our mother breathe her curſe,
A mother's curſe on her revolting ſon.
France, thou may'ſt hold a ſerpent by the tongue,
A chafed lion by the mortal paw,
A faſting tyger ſafer by the tooth,
Than keep in peace that hand which thou doſt hold.

K. Phil. I may disjoin my hand, but not my faith.

Pand. So mak'ſt thou faith an enemy to faith;
And, like a civil war, ſet'ſt oath to oath,
Thy tongue againſt thy tongue. O, let thy vow
Firſt made to heav'n, firſt be to heav'n perform'd:
That is to be the champion of our church.
What ſince thou ſwor'ſt, is ſworn againſt thyſelf,
And may not be performed by thyſelf.
For that which thou haſt ſworn to do amiſs,
Is yet amiſs when it is truly done:
And being not done, where doing tends to ill,
The truth is then moſt done, not doing it.
The better act of purpoſes miſtook,
Is to miſtake again; though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct,
And falſhood falſhood cures; as fire cools fire,
Within the ſcorched veins of one new-burn'd.
It is religion that doth make vows kept,
But thou haſt ſworn againſt religion.
By what thou ſwear'ſt, againſt the thing thou ſwear'ſt,

And mak'ſt an oath the ſurety for thy truth;
Againſt an oath the truth thou art unſure——
To ſwear: ſwear only not to be forſworn;
Elſe what a mockery ſhould it be to ſwear?
But thou doſt ſwear, only to be forſworn,
And moſt forſworn, to keep what thou doſt ſwear.
Therefore thy latter vows, againſt thy firſt,
Is in thyſelf rebellion to thyſelf.
And better conqueſt never canſt thou make,
Than arm thy conſtant and thy nobler parts
Againſt theſe giddy, looſe ſuggeſtions.
Upon which better part, our pray'rs come in,
If thou vouchſafe them. But if not, then know,
The peril of our curſes light on thee
So heavy, as thou ſhalt not ſhake them off;
But, in deſpair, die under their black weight.

Auſt. Rebellion, flat rebellion.

Faulc. Will't not be?
Will not a calve's-ſkin ſtop that mouth of thine?

Lewis. Father, to arms.

Blanch. Upon thy wedding-day?
Againſt the blood that thou haſt married?
What, ſhall our feaſt be kept with ſlaughter'd men?
Shall braying trumpets, and loud churliſh drums,
Clamours of hell, be meaſures to our pomp?
O huſband, hear me; (ah! alack, how new
Is huſband in my mouth!) ev'n for that name,
Which till this time my tongue did ne'er pronounce,
Upon my knee I beg, go not to arms
Againſt mine uncle.

Conſt. O, upon my knee,
Made hard with kneeling, I do pray to thee,
Thou virtuous Dauphin, alter not the doom
Forethought by heav'n.

Blanch. Now ſhall I ſee thy love; what motive may
Be ſtronger with thee than the name of wife?

Conſt. That which upholdeth him, that thee upholds.
His honour. Oh, thine honour, Lewis, thine honour!—

Lewis. I muſe your Majeſty doth ſeem ſo cold,
When ſuch profound reſpects do pull you on.

Pand. I will denounce a curſe upon his head.

K. Phil. Thou ſhalt not need. England, I'll fall from thee.

Conſt. O fair return of baniſh'd Majeſty!

Eli. O foul revolt of French inconſtancy!

K. John. France, thou ſhalt rue this hour within this hour.

Faulc. Old Time the clock-ſetter, that bald ſexton Time,
Is it, as he will? well then, France ſhall rue.

Blanch. The ſun's o'ercaſt with blood: fair day, adieu!
Which is the ſide that muſt go withal?
I am with both, each army hath a hand;
And in their rage, I having hold of both,
They whirl aſunder, and diſmember me.
Huſband, I cannot pray that thou may'ſt win:
Uncle, I needs muſt pray that thou may'ſt loſe:
Father, I may not wiſh the fortune thine;
Grandam, I will not wiſh thy wiſhes thrive.
Whoever wins, on that ſide ſhall I loſe;
Aſſured loſs, before the match be play'd.

Lewis. Lady, with me, with me thy fortune lies.

Blanch. There where my fortune lives, there my life dies.

K. John. Couſin, go draw our puiſſance together.
[*Exit Faulconbridge.*
France, I am burn'd up with inflaming wrath;
A rage, whoſe heat hath this condition,
That nothing can allay, nothing but blood;
The blood, and deareſt-valu'd blood of France.

K. Phil. Thy rage ſhall burn thee up, and thou ſhalt turn
To aſhes, ere our blood ſhall quench that fire.
Look to thyſelf thou art in jeopardy.

K. John. No more than he that threats. To arms let's hie.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Changes to a field of battle.*

Alarms, excurſions. Enter Faulconbridge, with Auſtria's head.

Faulc. Now, by my life, this day grows wond'rous hot;
Some fiery devil hovers in the ſky,
And pours down miſchief. Auſtria's head lie there.—

Thus

Thus hath King Richard's ſon perform'd his vow,
And offer'd Auſtria's blood for ſacrifice
Unto his father's ever-living ſoul.

Enter King John, Arthur, and Hubert.

K. John. There, Hubert, keep this boy. Richard,
My mother is aſſailed in our tent, [make up;
And ta'en, I fear.

Faulc. My Lord, I reſcu'd her.
Her Highneſs is in ſafety, fear you not.
But on, my Liege: for very little pains
Will bring this labour to an happy end. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Alarms, excurſions, retreat. Re-enter King John, Elinor, Arthur, Faulconbridge, Hubert, and Lords.

K. John. So ſhall it be; your Grace ſhall ſtay behind
[*To Elinor.*
So ſtrongly guarded. Couſin, look not ſad,
[*To Arthur.*
Thy grandam loves thee, and thy uncle will
As dear be to thee as thy father was.

Arth. O! this will make my mother die with grief.

K. John. Couſin, away for England; haſte before,
[*To Faulconbridge.*
And ere our coming ſee thou ſhake the bags
Of hoarding abbots; their impriſon'd angels
Set thou at liberty: the fat ribs of peace
Muſt by the hungry now be fed upon.
Uſe our commiſſion in its utmoſt force.

Faulc. Bell, book, and candle, ſhall not drive me back.
When gold and ſilver beck me to come on.
I leave your Highneſs. Grandam, I will pray
(If ever I remember to be holy)
For your fair ſafety; ſo I kiſs your hand.

Eli. Farewell, my gentle couſin.

K. John. Coz, farewell. [*Exit Faulc.*

Eli. Come hither, little kinſman;——hark, a word.
[*Taking him to one ſide of the ſtage.*

K. John. [*to Hubert on the other ſide.*]
Come hither, Hubert. O my gentle Hubert,
We owe thee much; within this wall of fleſh

There

There is a foul counts thee her creditor,
And with advantage means to pay thy love.
And, my good friend, thy voluntary oath
Lives in his bosom, dearly cherished.
Give me thy hand, I had a thing to say——
But I will fit it with some better time.
By heaven, Hubert, I'm almost asham'd
To say what good respect I have of thee.

Hub. I am much bounden to your Majesty.

K. John. Good friend, thou hast no cause to say so yet,——
But thou shalt have—and creep time ne'er so slow,
Yet it shall come for me to do thee good.
'I had a thing to say,——but let it go:
'The sun is in the heav'n, and the proud day,
'Attended with the pleasures of the world,
'Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
'To give me audience. If the midnight-bell
'Did with his iron tongue and brazen mouth
'Sound one unto the drowsy race of night;
'If this same were a church-yard where we stand,
'And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
'Or if that surly spirit Melancholy
'Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy-thick,
'Which else runs tickling up and down the veins,
'Making that ideot Laughter keep mens' eyes,
'And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
'(A passion hateful to my purposes;)
'Or if that thou couldst see me without eyes,
'Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
'Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
'Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of words;
'Then, in despight of broad-ey'd watchful day,
'I would into thy bosom pour my thoughts.
'But ah, I will not.'—Yet I love thee well;
And, by my troth, I think thou lov'st me well.

Hub. So well, that what you bid me undertake,
Tho' that my death were adjunct to my act,
By heav'n I'd do't.

K. John. Do not I know thou would'st?
Good Hubert, Hubert, Hubert, throw thine eye
On yon young boy. I'll tell thee what, my friend,

He is a very ſerpent in my way.
And, whereſoe'er this foot of mine doth tread,
He lies before me. Doſt thou underſtand me?
Thou art his keeper.
Hub. And I'll keep him ſo,
That he ſhall not offend your Majeſty.
K. John. Death.
Hub. My Lord?
K. John. A grave.
Hub. He ſhall not live.
K. John. Enough.
I could be merry now. Hubert, I love thee;
Well, I'll not ſay what I intend for thee;
Remember.——Madam, fare you well.
[*Returning to the Queen.*
I'll ſend thoſe pow'rs o'er to your Majeſty.
Eli. My bleſſing go with thee!
K. John. For England, couſin, go.
Hubert ſhall be your man, t'attend on you
With all true duty; on toward Calais, ho! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to the French court.*

Enter King Philip, Lewis, Pandulpho, and Attendants.

K. Phil. So, by a roaring tempeſt on the flood,
A whole armado * of collected ſail
Is ſcatter'd, and diſjoin'd from fellowſhip.
Pand. Courage and comfort, all ſhall yet go well.
K. Phil. What can go well when we have run ſo ill?
Are we not beaten? Is not Angiers loſt?
Arthur ta'en priſ'ner? divers dear friends ſlain?
And bloody England into England gone,
O'er-bearing interruption, ſpite of France?
Lewis. What he hath won, that hath he fortify'd:
So hot a ſpeed with ſuch advice diſpos'd,
Such temp'rate order in ſo fierce a courſe,
Doth want example; who hath read or heard
Of any kindred action like to this?

* This play was repreſented a winter or two after the Spaniſh *vaſion in 1588. And it* abounds with touches relative to the then *lure of affairs.*

K. Phil. Well could I bear that England had praiſe,
So we could find ſome pattern of our ſhame.

Enter Conſtance.

Look, who comes here? a grave unto a ſoul,
Holding th' eternal ſpirit 'gainſt her will
In the vile priſon of afflicted breath.
I pr'ythee, Lady, go away with me.
Conſt. Lo, now, now ſee the iſſue of your peace.
K. Phil. Patience, good Lady; comfort, gentle Conſtance.
Conſt. No, I defy all counſel and redreſs,
But that which ends all counſel, true redreſs,
Death, Death; oh amiable, lovely Death!
Thou odoriferous ſtench, ſound rottenneſs,
Ariſe forth from the couch of laſting night,
Thou hate and terror to proſperity,
And I will kiſs thy deteſtable bones;
And put my eye-balls in thy vaulty brows;
And ring theſe fingers with thy houſhold-worms;
And ſtop this gap of breath with fulſome duſt,
And be a carrion monſter like thyſelf;
Come, grin on me, and I will think thou ſmil'ſt,
And kiſs thee as thy wife; miſery's love,
O come to me!
K. Phil. O fair affliction, peace.
Conſt. No, no, I will not, having breath to cry;
O that my tongue were in the thunder's mouth!
Then with a paſſion I would ſhake the world,
And rouſe from ſleep that fell anatomy,
Which cannot hear a lady's feeble voice,
And ſcorns a modern invocation.
Pand. Lady, you utter madneſs, and not ſorrow
Conſt. Thou art not holy to bely me ſo;
I am not mad; this hair I tear is mine;
My name is *Conſtance*, I was Geffrey's wife:
Young Arthur is my ſon, and he is loſt!
I am not mad; I would to heav'n I were!
For then 'tis like I ſhould forget myſelf.

Oh, if I could, what grief ſhould, I forget! *
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The diff'rent plague of each calamity. †
And, Father Cardinal, I have heard you ſay,
That we ſhall ſee and know our friends in heav'n;
If that be, I ſhall ſee my boy again.
For ſince the birth of Cain, the firſt male child,
To him that did but yeſterday ſuſpire,
There was not ſuch a gracious creature born.
But now will canker ſorrow eat my bud,
And chaſe the native beauty from his cheek;
And he will look as hollow as a ghoſt;
As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
And ſo he'll die: and, riſing ſo again,
When I ſhall meet him in the court of heav'n,
I ſhall not know him; therefore never, never,
Muſt I behold my pretty Arthur more.

* ——— ſhould I forget!
Preach ſome philoſophy to make me mad,
And thou ſhalt be canoniz'd, Cardinal.
For, being not mad, but ſenſible of grief,
My reaſonable part produces reaſon
How I may be deliver'd of theſe woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myſelf.
If I were mad, I ſhould forget my ſon,
Or madly think a babe of clouts were he.
I am not mad, &c.

† ——— each calamity.
K. Phil. Bind up thoſe treſſes. O, what love I note
In the fair multitude of thoſe her hairs;
Where but by chance a ſilver drop hath fall'n,
Ev'n to that drop ten thouſand wiery friends
Do glew themſelves in ſociable grief;
Like true, inſeparable, faithful loves,
Sticking together in calamity.
Conſt. To England, if you will.———
K. Phil. Bind up your hairs.
Conſt. Yes, that I will; and wherefore will I do it?
I tore them from their bonds, and cry'd aloud,
O, that theſe hands could ſo redeem my ſon,
As they have giv'n theſe hairs their liberty!
But now I envy at their liberty,
And will again commit them to their bonds;
Becauſe my poor child is a priſoner.
And, Father Cardinal, &c.

Pand. You hold too heinous a reſpect of grief.
Conſt. He talks to me that never had a ſon.——
K. Phil. You are as fond of grief as of your child.
Conſt. Grief fills the room up of my abſent child;
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts;
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
Then have I reaſon to be fond of grief.
Fare you well; had you ſuch a loſs as I,
I could give better comfort than you do.
I will not keep this form upon my head,
[*Tearing off her head-clothes.*
When there is ſuch diſorder in my wit.
O Lord, my boy, my Arthur, my fair ſon!
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my ſorrow's cure! [*Exit.*
K. Phil. I fear ſome outrage, and I'll follow her. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Lewis. There's nothing in this world can make me joy;
'Life is as tedious as a twice-told tale,
'Vexing the dull ear of a drowſy man.'
A bitter ſhame hath ſpoilt the ſweet world's taſte,
That it yields nought but ſhame and bitterneſs.
Pand. Before the curing of a ſtrong diſeaſe,
Ev'n in the inſtant of repair and health,
The fit is ſtrongeſt: evils that take leave,
On their departure, moſt of all ſhew evil.
What have you loſt by loſing of this day?
Lewis. All days of glory, joy, and happineſs.
Pand. If you had won it, certainly you had.
No, no; when Fortune means to men moſt good,
She looks upon them with a threat'ning eye.
'Tis ſtrange to think how much King John hath loſt
In this, which he accounts ſo clearly won.
Are not you griev'd that Arthur is his priſoner?
Lewis. As heartily as he is glad he hath him.
Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.
Now hear me ſpeak with a prophetic ſpirit;
For ev'n the breath of what I mean to ſpeak
Shall blow each duſt, each ſtraw, each little rub,

Out of the path which ſhall directly lead
Thy foot to England's throne: and therefore mark
John hath ſeiz'd Arthur, and it cannot be
That whilſt warm life plays in that infant's veins,
The miſplac'd John ſhould entertain an hour,
A minute, nay, one quiet breath, of reſt.
A ſceptre ſnatch'd with an unruly hand,
Muſt be as boiſt'rouſly maintain'd as gain'd.
" And he that ſtands upon a ſlipp'ry place,
" Makes nice of no vile hold to ſtay him up."
That John may ſtand, then Arthur needs muſt fall?
So be it, for it cannot be but ſo.

Lewis. But what ſhall I gain by young Arthur's fall?

Pand. You, in the right of Lady Blanch your wife,
May then make all the claim that Arthur did.

Lewis. And loſe it, life and all, as Arthur did.

Pand. How green you are, and freſh in this old world!
John lays you plots; the times conſpire with you;
For he that ſteeps his ſafety in true blood,
Shall find but bloody ſafety and untrue.
" This act, ſo evilly born, ſhall cool the hearts
" Of all his people, and freeze up their zeal;
" That no ſmall advantage ſhall ſtep forth
" To check his reign, but they will cheriſh it.
" No nat'ral exhalation in the ſky,
" No 'ſcape of nature, no diſtemper'd day,
" No common wind, no cuſtomed event,
" But they will pluck away its nat'ral cauſe,
" And call them meteors, prodigies, and ſigns,
" Abortives, and preſages, tongues of heav'n
" Plainly denouncing vengeance upon John."

Lewis. May be he will not touch young Arthur's life;
But hold himſelf ſafe in his priſonment.

Pand. O Sir, when he ſhall hear of your approach,
If that young Arthur be not gone already
Ev'n at this news he dies: and then the hearts
Of all his people ſhall revolt from him,
And kiſs the lips of unacquainted change;
And pick ſtrong matter of revolt and wrath,
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.
Methinks I ſee this hurly all on foot;
And O, what better matter breeds for you

Than I have nam'd!——The baſtard Faulconbridge
Is now in England, ranſacking the church,
Offending charity. If but twelve French
Were there in arms, they would be as a call
To train ten thouſand Engliſh to their ſide;
Or, as a little ſnow, tumbled about,
Anon becomes a mountain. Noble Dauphin,
Go with me to the King: 'tis wonderful
What may be wrought out of their diſcontent.
Now that their ſouls are top-full of offence,
For England go; I will whet on the King.
Lewis. Strong reaſon makes ſtrong actions: let us g
If you ſay *Ay*, the King will not ſay *No*. [*Exe*

ACT IV. SCENE. I.

Changes to England.

A priſon.

Enter Hubert and Executioners.

Hub. HEAT me theſe irons hot, and look th
ſtand
Within the arras; when I ſtrike my foot
Upon the boſom of the ground, ruſh forth;
And bind the boy which you ſhall find with me,
Faſt to the chair: be heedful; hence, and watch.
Exe. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.
Hub. Uncleanly ſcruples! fear not you; look to't
Young lad, come forth; I have to ſay with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little Prince.
Arth. As little prince (having ſo great a title
To be more prince) as may be. You are ſad.
Hub. Indeed I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks no body ſhould be ſad but I;
Yet I remember when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as ſad as night,

Only for wantonneſs. By my chriſtendom,
So were I out of priſon, and kept ſheep,
I ſhould be as merry as the day is long.
And ſo I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practiſes more harm to me.
He is afraid of me, and I of him.
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's ſon?
Indeed it is not; and I would to heav'n
I were your ſon, ſo you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead;
Therefore I will be ſudden and diſpatch. [*Aſide.*

Arth. Are you ſick, Hubert! you look pale to-day;
In ſooth I would you were a little ſick,
That I might ſit all night and watch with you.
Alas, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take poſſeſſion of my boſom.
Read here, young Arthur——— [*Shewing a paper.*
How now, fooliſh rheum, [*Aſide.*
Turning diſ-piteous nature out of door!
I muſt be brief, leſt reſolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womaniſh tears.———
Can you not read it; is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for ſo foul effect.
Muſt you with irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I muſt.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows;
The beſt I had, a princeſs wrought it me,
And I did never aſk it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon chear'd up the heavy time,
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's ſon would have lain ſtill,
And ne'er have ſpoke a loving word to you;
But you at your ſick ſervice had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will:

If Heav'n be pleas'd that you muſt uſe me ill,
Why then, you muſt——Will you put out mine eyes?
Theſe eyes that never did, nor never ſhall
So much as frown on you.

Hub. I've ſworn to do it;
And with hot irons muſt I burn them out *.

Arth. Oh! if an angel ſhould have come to me,
And told me, Hubert ſhould put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd a tongue 'bate † Hubert.

Hub. Come forth; do as I bid you.

[*Stamps, and the men enter.*

Arth. O ſave me, Hubert, ſave me! my eyes are out,
Ev'n with the fierce looks of theſe bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I ſay, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas! what need you be ſo boiſt'rous-rough?
I will not ſtruggle, I will ſtand ſtone-ſtill.
For Heav'n's ſake, Hubert, let me not be bound.
Nay, hear me, Hubert; drive theſe men away,
And I will ſit as quiet as a lamb.
I will not ſtir, nor wince, nor ſpeak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angrily:
Thruſt but theſe men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, ſtand without; let me alone with him.

Exe. I am beſt pleas'd to be from ſuch a deed.

[*Exeunt.*

Arth. Alas, I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a ſtern look, but a gentle heart;
Let him come back, that his compaſſion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourſelf.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to loſe your eyes.

Arth.

* ——— burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it.
The iron of itſelf, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near theſe eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench its fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, conſume away in ruſt,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more ſtubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
Oh! if an angel, &c.

† *i. e.* Abate or diſparage.

Arth. O Heav'n! that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a duſt, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious ſenſe:
Then, feeling what ſmall things are boiſt'rous there,
Your vile intent muſt needs ſeem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promiſe? go to, hold your tongue. *———

Arth. Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O ſpare mine eyes!
Though to no uſe, but ſtill to look on you.
Lo, by my troth, the inſtrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good ſooth, the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeſerv'd extremes: ſee elſe yourſelf,
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of Heav'n hath blown its ſpirit out,
And ſtrew'd repentant aſhes on its head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy. †

Arth. All things that you ſhould uſe to do me wrong,
Deny their office; only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extend,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uſes.

Hub. Well, ſee to live; I will not touch thine eye,
For all the treaſure that thine uncle owns:
Yet am I ſworn; and I did purpoſe, boy,
With this ſame very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert. All this while
You were diſguiſed.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu!

Your

* ——— hold your tongue.———
Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Muſt needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold, &c.

† ——— I can revive it, boy.
Arth. And if you do, you will but make it bluſh,
And glow with ſhame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will ſparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his maſter that doth tarre him on,
All things, &c.

Your uncle muſt not know but you are dead.
I'll fill theſe dogged ſpies with falſe reports:
And, pretty child, ſleep doubtleſs, and ſecure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O Heav'n! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence, no more; go cloſely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II.

Changes to the court of England.

Enter King John, Pembroke, Saliſbury, and other Lords.

K. John. Here once again we ſit, once again crown'd
And look'd upon, I hope, with chearful eyes.

Pemb. This once again, but that your Highneſs pleas'd
Was once ſuperfluous. You were crown'd before,
And that high royalty was ne'er pluck'd off:
The faiths of men ne'er ſtained with revolt:
Freſh expectation troubled not the land
With any long'd-for change, or better ſtate.

Sal. Therefore to be poſſeſs'd with double pomp,
To guard a title that was rich before;
" To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
" To throw a perfume on the violet,
" To ſmooth the ice, or add another hue
" Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
" To ſeek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garniſh,"
Is waſteful and ridiculous exceſs.

Pemb. But that your Royal pleaſure muſt be done,
This act is as an ancient tale new told,
And in the laſt repeating troubleſome;
Being urged at a time unſeaſonable.

Sal. " In this the antique and well-noted face
" Of plain old form is much diſfigured;
" And, like a ſhifted wind unto a ſail,
" It makes the courſe of thoughts to fetch about;
" Startles and frights conſideration;
" Makes ſound opinion ſick, and truth ſuſpected,
" For putting on ſo new a faſhion'd robe."

Pemb. When workmen ſtrive to do better than well,
They do confound their ſkill in covetouſneſs *;
And oftentimes excuſing of a fault
Doth make the fault the worſe by the excuſe:
As patches ſet upon a little breach,
Diſcredit more in hiding of the flaw,
Than did the flaw before it was ſo patch'd.

Sal. To this effect, before you were new-crown'd,
We breath'd our counſel; but it pleas'd your Highneſs
To overbear it; and we're all well pleas'd;
Since all and every part of what we would,
Muſt make a ſtand at what your Highneſs will.

K. John. Some reaſons of this double coronation
I have poſſeſs'd you with, and think them ſtrong;
And more, more ſtrong (the leſſer is my fear)
I ſhall endue you with: mean time, but aſk
What you would have reform'd, that is not well,
And well ſhall you perceive who willingly
I will both hear and grant you your requeſts.

Pemb. Then I, as one that am the tongue of theſe,
To ſound † the purpoſes of all their hearts,
(Both for myſelf and them; but chief of all,
Your ſafety; for the which, myſelf and they
Bend their beſt ſtudies,) heartily requeſt
Th' infranchiſement of Arthur; whoſe reſtraint
Doth move the murm'ring lips of diſcontent
To break into this dang'rous argument.
If what in reſt you have, in right you hold,
Why ſhou'd your fears (which, as they ſay, attend
The ſteps of wrong) then move you to mew up
Your tender kinſman, and to choke his days
With barb'rous ignorance, and deny his youth
The rich advantage of good exerciſe?
That the time's enemies may not have this
To grace occaſions, let it be our ſuit,
That you have bid us aſk his liberty;
Which for our good we do no further aſk,
Than whereupon our weal, on you depending,
Counts it your weal, that he have liberty.

Enter

* *i. e. Coveting* to reach a higher excellence.
† *i. e.* Sound forth, or declare.

Enter Hubert.

K. John. Let it be ſo; I do commit his youth
To your direction. Hubert, what news with you?
[*The King goes aſide with Hubert.*
Pemb. This is the man ſhould do the bloody deed:
He ſhew'd his warrant to a friend of mine.
The image of a wicked heinous fault
Lives in his eye; that cloſe aſpect of his
Does ſhew the mood of a much-troubled breaſt.
And I do fearfully believe 'tis done,
What we ſo fear'd he had a charge to do.
Sal. The colour of the King doth come and go,
Between his purpoſe and his conſcience,
Like heralds 'twixt two dreadful battles ſent:
His paſſion is ſo ripe it needs muſt break.
Pemb. And when it breaks, I fear, will iſſue thence
The foul corruption of a ſweet child's death.
K. John. We cannot hold Mortality's ſtrong hand.
Good Lords, although my will to give is living,
The ſuit which you demand is gone, and dead.
He tells us, Arthur is deceas'd to-night.
Sal. Indeed we fear'd his ſickneſs was paſt cure.
Pemb. Indeed we heard how near his death he was,
Before the child himſelf felt he was ſick.
This muſt be anſwer'd either here or hence.
K. John. Why do you bend ſuch ſolemn brows on me?
Think you I bear the ſhears of deſtiny!
Have I commandment on the pulſe of life?
Sal. It is apparent foul play, and 'tis ſhame
That greatneſs ſhould ſo groſsly offer it:
So thrive it in your game, and ſo farewell!
Pemb. Stay yet, Lord Saliſbury, I'll go with thee,
And find th' inheritance of this poor child,
His little kingdom of a forced grave.
That blood which own'd the breath of all this iſle,
Three foot of it doth hold; bad world the while!
This muſt not be thus borne; this will break out
To all our ſorrows, and ere long, I doubt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Enter a meſſenger.*

K. John. They burn in indignation; I repent.

There

There is no ſure foundation ſet on blood;
No certain life atchiev'd by others' death—— [*Aſide.*
A fearful eye thou haſt; where is that blood,
[*To the Meſſenger.*
That I have ſeen inhabit in thoſe cheeks?
So foul a ſky clears not without a ſtorm;
Pour down thy weather. How goes all in France?

Meſſ. From France to England never ſuch a power,
For any foreign preparation,
Was levy'd in the body of a land.
The copy of your ſpeed is learn'd by them:
For when you ſhould be told they do prepare,
The tidings come that they are all arriv'd.

K. John. O, where hath our intelligence been drunk?
Where hath it ſlept? where is my mother's care?
That ſuch an army ſhould be drawn in France,
And ſhe not hear of it?

Meſſ. My Liege, her ear
Is ſtopt with duſt: the firſt of April dy'd
Your noble mother; and, as I hear, my Lord,
The Lady Conſtance in a frenzy dy'd
Three days before: but this from rumour's tongue
I idlely heard: if true or falſe, I know not.

K. John. With-hold thy ſpeed, dreadful occaſion!
O make a league with me, till I have pleas'd
My diſcontented peers. What! mother dead?
How wildly then walks my eſtate in France?
Under whoſe conduct came thoſe powers of France,
That thou for truth giv'ſt out are landed here?

Meſſ. Under the Dauphin.

Enter Faulconbridge, and Peter of Pomfret.

K. John. Thou haſt made me giddy
With theſe ill tidings. Now, what ſays the world
To your proceedings? Do not ſeek to ſtuff
My head with more ill news, for it is full.

Faulc. But if you be afraid to hear the worſt,
Then let the worſt unheard fall on your head.

K. John. Bear with me, couſin; for I was amaz'd
Under the tide; but now I breathe again
Aloft the flood, and can give audience
To any tongue, ſpeak it of what it will.

Faulc. How I have ſped among the clergymen,
The ſums I have collected ſhall expreſs.
But as I travell'd hither through the land,
I find the people ſtrangely fantaſied;
Poſſeſs'd with rumours, full of idle dreams;
Not knowing what they fear, but full of fear.
And here's a prophet that I brought with me
From forth the ſtreets of Pomfret, whom I found
With many hundreds treading on his heels:
To whom he ſung in rude harſh-ſounding rhymes,
That ere the next Aſcenſion-day at noon,
Your Highneſs ſhould deliver up your crown.

K. John. Thou idle dreamer, wherefore did'ſt thou ſo?

Peter. Foreknowing that the truth will fall out ſo.

K. John. Hubert, away with him, impriſon him,
And on that day at noon whereon he ſays
I ſhall yield up my crown, let him be hang'd.
Deliver him to ſafety, and return,
For I muſt uſe thee.——O my gentle couſin,
[*Exit Hubert, with Peter.*
Hear'ſt thou the news abroad, who are arriv'd?

Faulc. The French, my Lord; mens' mouths are full of it.
Beſides, I met Lord Bigot and Lord Saliſbury,
With eyes as red as new-enkindled fire,
And others more, going to ſeek the grave
Of Arthur, who, they ſay, is kill'd to-night
On your ſuggeſtion.

K. John. Gentle kinſman, go
And thruſt thyſelf into their company.
I have a way to win their loves again:
Bring them before me.

Faulc. I will ſeek them out.

K. John. Nay, but make haſte: the better foot before.
O, let me have no ſubject enemies,
When adverſe foreigners affright my towns
With dreadful pomp of ſtout invaſion.
Be Mercury, ſet feathers to thy heels;
And fly, like thought, from them to me again.

Faulc. The ſpirit of the time ſhall teach me ſpeed.
[*Exit.*

K. John. Spoke like a ſprightful noble gentleman.
Go after him; for he perhaps ſhall need

Some

Some meſſenger betwixt me and the Peers;
And be thou he.

Meſſ. With all my heart, my Liege. [*Exit.*

K. John. My mother dead!

SCENE IV. *Enter Hubert.*

Hub. My Lord, they ſay five moons were ſeen to-night;
Four fixed, and the fifth did whirl about
The other four in wond'rous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men and beldams, in the ſtreets,
Do propheſy upon it dangerouſly.
Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths;
And when they talk of him, they ſhake their heads,
'And whiſper one another in the ear,
'And he that ſpeaks doth gripe the hearer's wriſt,
'Whilſt he that hears makes fearful action
'With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
'I ſaw a ſmith ſtand with his hammer, thus,
'The whilſt his iron did on the anvil cool,
'With open mouth ſwallowing a tailor's news;
'Who with his ſhears and meaſure in his hand,
'Standing on ſlippers, which his nimble haſte
'Had falſely thruſt upon contrary feet,
'Told of a many thouſand warlike French,
'That were embattled and rank'd in Kent.
'Another lean, unwaſh'd artificer,
'Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.'

K. John. Why ſeek'ſt thou to poſſeſs me with theſe fears?
Why urgeſt thou ſo oft young Arthur's death?
Thy hand hath murther'd him: I had a cauſe
To wiſh him dead, but thou had'ſt none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my Lord? why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. * "It is the curſe of Kings, to be attended
"By ſlaves that take their humours for a warrant,
"To break into the bloody houſe of life:
"And, on the winking of authority,

* This plainly hints at Daviſon's caſe, in the affair of Mary Queen of Scots; and ſo muſt have been inſerted long after the firſt repreſentation.

" To underſtand a law; to know the meaning
" Of dang'rous majeſty; when, perchance, it frowns
" More upon humour, than advis'd reſpect."
Hub. Here is your hand and ſeal for what I did.
K. John. Oh, when the laſt account 'twixt heav'n and earth
Is to be made, then ſhall this hand and ſeal
Witneſs againſt us to damnation.
" How oft the ſight of means to do ill deeds,
" Makes deeds ill done? for hadſt not thou been by,
" A fellow by the hand of Nature mark'd,
" Quoted, and ſign'd to do a deed of ſhame,
" This murther had not come into my mind."
But taking note of thy abhorr'd aſpect,
Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
Apt, liable to be employ'd in danger,
I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death.
And thou, to be endeared to a King,
Mad'ſt it no conſcience to deſtroy a Prince.
Hub. My Lord———
K. John. " Hadſt thou but ſhook thy head, or made a paſe,
" When I ſpake darkly what I purpoſed;
" Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
" Or bid me tell my tale in expreſs words;
" Deep ſhame had ſtruck me dumb, made me break off,
" And thoſe thy fears might have wrought fears in me."
But thou didſt underſtand me by my ſigns,
And didſt in ſigns again parley with ſin;
Yea, without ſtop, didſt let thy heart conſent,
And conſequently thy rude hand to act
The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.—
Out of my ſight, and never ſee me more!
My Nobles leave me, and my ſtate is brav'd,
Ev'n at my gates, with ranks of foreign pow'rs;
Nay, in the body of this fleſhly land,
This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
Hoſtility and civil tumult reigns,
Between my conſcience, and my couſin's death.
Hub. Arm you againſt your other enemies,
I'll make a peace between your ſoul and you.
Young Arthur is alive: this hand of mine
Is yet a maiden, and an innocent hand,

No

Not painted with the crimſon ſpots of blood.
Within this boſom never enter'd yet
The dreadful motion of a murderer's thought,
And you have ſlander'd nature in my form;
Which, howſoever rude exteriorly,
Is yet the cover of a fairer mind,
Than to be butcher of an innocent child.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O haſte thee to the Peers,
Throw this report on their incenſed rage,
And make them tame to their obedience.
Forgive the comment that my paſſion made
Upon thy feature, for my rage was blind;
And foul imaginary eyes of blood
Preſented thee more hideous than thou art.
Oh, anſwer not, but to my cloſet bring
The angry Lords with all expedient haſte.
I conjure thee but ſlowly: run more faſt. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *A ſtreet before a priſon.*

Enter Arthur on the walls diſguis'd.

Arth. The wall is high, and yet will I leap down.
Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not!
There's few or none do know me: if they did,
This ſhip-boy's ſemblance hath diſguis'd me quite!
I am afraid, and yet I'll venture it.
If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
I'll find a thouſand ſhifts to get away:
As good to die, and go; as die and ſtay. [*Leaps down.*
Oh me! my uncle's ſpirit is in theſe ſtones:
Heav'n take my ſoul, and England keep my bones!
[*Dies.*

Enter Pembroke, Saliſbury, and Bigot.

Sal. Lords, I will meet him at St. Edmondſbury;
It is our ſafety; and we muſt embrace
This gentle offer of the perilous time.

Pemb. Who brought that letter from the Cardinal?

Sal. The Count Melun, a Noble Lord of France,
Whoſe private with me of the Dauphin's love
Is much more gen'ral than theſe lines import *.

* *i. e.* Whoſe private account, of the Dauphin's affection to our cauſe, *is* much more ample than the letters. Mr. Pope.

Bigot. To morrow morning let us meet him then.
Sal. Or rather then ſet forward, for 'twill be
Two long days' journey, Lords, or e'er we meet.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. Once more to-day well met, diſtemper'd Lords;
The King by me requeſts your preſence ſtrait.
Sal. The King hath diſpoſſeſs'd himſelf of us;
We will not line his thin, beſtained cloak,
With our pure honours: nor attend the foot
That leaves the print of blood where-e'er it walks.
Return, and tell him ſo: we know the worſt.
Faulc. Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were beſt.
Sal. Our griefs, and not our manners, reaſon now.
Faulc. But there is little reaſon in your grief;
Therefore 'twere reaſon you had manners now.
Pemb. Sir, Sir, impatience hath its privilege.
Faulc. 'Tis true, to hurt its maſter, no man elſe.
Sal. This is the priſon: what is he lies here? [*Seeing Arthur.*
Pemb. O Death, made proud with pure and princely beauty!
The earth had not a hole to hide this deed.
Sal. Murder, as hating what himſelf hath done,
Doth lay it open to urge on revenge.
Bigot. Or when he doom'd this beauty to the glaive,
Found it too precious princely for a grave.
Sal. Sir Richard, what think you? Have you beheld,
Or have you read, or heard, or could you think,
Or do you almoſt think, although you ſee,
What you do ſee? could thought, without this object,
Form ſuch another? 'Tis the very top,
The height, the creſt, or creſt unto the creſt
Of Murder's arms; this is the bloodieſt ſhame,
The wildeſt ſavag'ry, the vileſt ſtroke,
That ever wall-ey'd wrath, or ſtaring rage,
Preſented to the tears of ſoft remorſe.
Pemb. All murders paſt do ſtand excus'd in this;
And this ſo ſole, and ſo unmatchable,
Shall give a holineſs a purity,
To the yet-unbegotten ſins of time;
And prove a deadly bloodſhed but a jeſt,

Example

Exampled by this heinous ſpectacle.
Faulc. It is a damned and a bloody work,
The graceleſs action of a heavy hand;
If that it be the work of any hand.
Sal. If that it be the work of any hand?
We had a kind of light, what would enſue.
It is the ſhameful work of Hubert's hand,
The practice and the purpoſe of the King:
From whoſe obedience I forbid my ſoul,
Kneeling before this ruin of ſweet life,
And breathing to this breathleſs excellence
The incenſe of a vow, a holy vow!
Never to taſte the pleaſures of the world,
Never to be infected with delight,
Nor converſe with eaſe and idleneſs,
Till I have won a glory to this hand,
By giving it the worſhip of revenge.
Pemb. } Our ſouls religiouſly confirm thy words.
Pigot. }

SCENE VI. *Enter Hubert.*

Hub. Lords, I am hot with haſte in ſeeking you;
Arthur doth live, the King hath ſent for you.
Sal. Oh, he is bold, and bluſhes not at death;
Avaunt, thou hateful villain, get thee gone!
Hub. I am no villain.
Sal. Muſt I rob the law. [*Drawing his ſword.*
Faulc. Your ſword is bright, Sir, put it up again.
Sal. Not till I ſheath it in a murd'rer's ſkin.
Hub. Stand back, Lord Saliſbury, ſtand back, I ſay;
By Heav'n, I think my ſword's as ſharp as yours.
I would not have you, Lord, forget yourſelf,
Nor tempt the danger of my true defence;
Leſt I, by marking of your rage forget
Your worth, your greatneſs, and nobility.
Bigot. Out, dunghill! dar'ſt thou brave a nobleman?
Hub. Not for my life; but yet I dare defend
My innocent life againſt an Emperor.
Sal. Thou art a murd'rer.
Hub. Do not prove me ſo;
Yet I am none. Whoſe tongue ſoe'er ſpeaks falſe,
Not truly ſpeaks; who ſpeaks not truly, lies.

Pemb.

Pemb. Cut him to pieces.
Faulc. Keep the peace, I ſay.
Sal. Stand by, or I ſhall gaul you, Faulconbridge.
Faulc. Thou wert better gaul the devil, Saliſbury.
If thou but frown on me, or ſtir thy foot,
Or teach thy haſty ſpleen to do me ſhame,
I'll ſtrike thee dead. Put up thy ſword betime,
Or I'll ſo maul you, and your toſting-iron,
That you ſhall think the devil is come from hell.
Bigot. What will you do, renowned Faulconbridge?
Second a villain, and a murderer?
Hub. Lord Bigot, I am none.
Bigot. Who kill'd this Prince?
Hub. 'Tis not an hour ſince I left him well:
I honour'd him, I lov'd him, and will wee[illegible]
My date of life out, for his ſweet life's lo[illegible]
Sal. Truſt not thoſe cunning waters of his eyes,
For villany is not without ſuch a rheum;
And he, long traded in it, makes it ſeem
Like rivers of remorſe and innocence.
Away with me, all you whoſe ſouls abhor
Th' uncleanly ſavour of a ſlaughter-houſe,
For I am ſtifled with the ſmell of ſin.
Bigot. Away toward Bury, to the Dauphin there.
Pemb. There, tell the King, he may inquire us out.
[*Exeunt Lords.*

SCENE VII.

Faulc. Here's a good world; knew you of this fair work?
Beyond the infinite and boundleſs reach
Of mercy, if thou didſt this deed of death,
Art thou damn'd, Hubert.
Hub. Do but hear me, Sir.
Faulc. Ha! I'll tell thee what,
Thou'rt damn'd ſo black——nay, nothing is ſo black;
Thou art more deep damn'd than Prince Lucifer.
There is not yet ſo ugly a fiend of hell
As thou ſhalt be, if thou didſt kill this child.
Hub. Upon my ſoul——
Faulc. If thou didſt but conſent
To this moſt cruel act, do but deſpair,
And if thou want'ſt a cord, the ſmalleſt thread

Tha

That ever ſpider twiſted from her womb,
Will ſtrangle thee; a ruſh will be a beam
To hang thee on: or would'ſt thou drown thyſelf,
Put but a little water in a ſpoon,
And it ſhall be as all the ocean,
Enough to ſtifle ſuch a villain up.
I do ſuſpect thee very grievouſly.

Hub. If I in act, conſent, or ſin of thought,
Be guilty of the ſtealing that ſweet breath,
Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
Let hell want pains enough to torture me!
I left him well.

Fauk. Go, bear him in thine arms.
I am amaz'd, methinks, and loſe my way
Among the thorns and dangers of this world.
How eaſy doſt thou take all England up!
From forth this morſel of dead royalty,
The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
Is fled to heav'n; and England now is left
To tug and ſcramble, and to part by th' teeth
The un-owed intereſt of proud-ſwelling ſtate.
Now for the bare-pick'd bone of Majeſty,
Doth dogged War briſtle his angry creſt,
And ſnarleth in the gentle eyes of Peace.
Now pow'rs from home and diſcontents at home
Meet in one line: and vaſt confuſion waits
(As doth a raven on a ſick, fall'n beaſt)
The imminent decay of wreſted pomp.
Now happy he whoſe cloak and cincture can
Hold out this tempeſt. Bear away the child,
And follow me with ſpeed; I'll to the King;
A thouſand buſineſſes are brief at hand,
And heav'n itſelf doth frown upon the land.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Court of England.

Enter King John, Pandulph, and Attendants.

K. John. THUS I have yielded up into your hand
The circle of my glory.

[*Giving the crown.*

Pand. Take again
From this my hand, as holding of the Pope,
Your ſovereign greatneſs and authority.

K. John. Now keep your holy word; go meet the French,
And from his Holineſs uſe all your power
To ſtop the marches 'fore we are inflam'd.
Our diſcontented counties do revolt;
Our people quarrel with obedience;
Swearing allegiance, and the love of ſoul,
To ſtranger blood, to foreign royalty;
This inundation of miſtemper'd humour
Reſts by you only to be qualify'd.
Then pauſe not; for the preſent time's ſo ſick,
That preſent medicine muſt be miniſtred,
Or overthrow incurable enſues.

Pand. It was my breath that blew this tempeſt up,
Upon your ſtubborn uſage of the Pope:
But ſince you are a gentle convertite,
My tongue ſhall huſh again this ſtorm of war;
And make fair weather in your bluſt'ring land.
On this Aſcenſion-day, remember well,
Upon your oath of ſervice to the Pope,
Go I to make the French lay down their arms. [*Exit.*

K. John. Is this Aſcenſion-day? did not the prophet
Say, that before Aſcenſion-day at noon
My crown I ſhould give off? Even ſo I have.
I did ſuppoſe it ſhould be on conſtraint;
But, heav'n be thank'd, it is but voluntary.

Enter Faulconbridge.

Faulc. All Kent hath yielded, nothing there holds out
But Dover caſtle: London hath receiv'd,

Like

Like a kind hoſt, the Dauphin and his powers.
Your nobles will not hear you, but are gone
To offer ſervice to your enemy;
And wild amazement hurries up and down
The little number of your doubtful friends.
K. John. Would not my Lords return to me again,
After they heard young Arthur was alive?
Faulc. They found him dead, and caſt into the ſtreets,
An empty caſket, where the jewel, life,
By ſome damn'd hand was robb'd and ta'en away.
K. John. That villain Hubert told me he did live.
Faulc. So on my ſoul he did, for aught he knew.
But wherefore do you droop? why look you ſad?
Be great in act, as you have been in thought:
Let not the world ſee fear and ſad diſtruſt
Govern the motion of a kingly eye:
Be ſtirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threat'ner, and outface the brow
Of bragging horror; ſo ſhall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example, and put on
The dauntleſs ſpirit of reſolution.
Away, and gliſter like the god of war,
When he intendeth to become the field;
Shew boldneſs and aſpiring confidence.
What, ſhall they ſeek the lion in his den,
And fright him there? and make him tremble there?
Oh, let it not be ſaid! Forage, and run
To meet diſpleaſure farther from the doors;
And grapple with him ere he come ſo nigh,
K. John. The Legate of the Pope hath been with me,
And I have made a happy peace with him;
And he hath promis'd to diſmiſs the powers
Led by the Dauphin.
Faulc. Oh inglorious league!
Shall we, upon the footing of our land,
Send fair-play-orders, and make compromiſe,
Inſinuation, parley, and baſe truce,
To arms invaſive? ſhall a beardleſs boy,
A cocker'd, ſilken wanton brave our fields,
And fleſh his ſpirit in a warlike ſoil,
Mocking the air with colours idlely ſpread,

And

And find no check? Let us, my Liege, to arms:
Perchance the Cardinal can't make your peace;
Or if he do, let it at leaſt be ſaid,
They ſaw we had a purpoſe of defence.
K. John. Have thou the ord'ring of this preſent time.
Faulc. Away then, with good courage; yet I know
Our party may well meet a prouder foe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Changes to the Dauphin's camp.*

Enter, in arms, Lewis, Saliſbury, Melun, Pembroke, Bigot, and Soldiers.

Lewis. My Lord Melun, let this be copied out,
And keep it ſafe for our remembrance:
Return the preſident to theſe Lords again,
That having our fair order written down,
Both they and we, peruſing o'er theſe notes,
May know wherefore we took the ſacrament,
And keep our faiths firm and inviolable.
Sal. Upon our ſides it never ſhall be broken.
And, Noble Dauphin, albeit we ſwear
A voluntary zeal and unurg'd faith
To your proceedings; yet believe me, Prince,
I am not glad that ſuch a ſore of time
Should ſeek a plaiſter by contemn'd revolt;
And heal th' inveterate canker of one wound,
By making many. Oh, it grieves my ſoul,
That I muſt draw this metal from my ſide
To be a widow-maker: oh, and there,
Where honourable reſcue and defence
Cries out upon the name of Saliſbury.
But ſuch is the infection of the time,
That, for the health and phyſic of our right,
We cannot deal but with the very hand
Of ſtern injuſtice, and confuſed wrong.
And is't not pity, oh, my grieved friends!
That we the ſons and children of this iſle,
Were born to ſee ſo ſad an hour as this,
Wherein we ſtep after a ſtranger-march
Upon her gentle boſom, and fill up
Her enemies ranks? (I muſt withdraw and weep

Upon

Upon the ſpot of this enforced cauſe;)
To grace the gentry of a land remote,
And follow unacquainted colours here?
What, here? O nation, that thou could'ſt remove!
That Neptune's arms, who clippeth thee about,
Would bear thee from the knowledge of thyſelf,
And grapple thee unto a Pagan ſhore!
Where theſe two Chriſtian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to ſpend it ſo unneighbourly.

Lewis. A noble temper doſt thou ſhew in this;
And great affection, wreſtling in thy boſom,
Doth make an earthquake of nobility?
Oh, what a noble combat haſt thou fought,
Between compulſion, and a brave reſpect!
Let me wipe off this honourable dew,
That ſilverly doth progreſs on thy cheeks.
" My heart hath melted at a lady's tears,
" Being an ordinary inundation:
" But this effuſion of ſuch manly drops,
" This ſhow'r blown up by tempeſt of the ſoul,
" Startles mine eyes, and makes me more amaz'd,
" Than had I ſeen the vaulty top of heav'n
" Figur'd quite o'er with burning meteors."
Lift up thy brow, renowned Saliſbury,
And with a great heart heave away this ſtorm.
" Commend theſe waters to thoſe baby-eyes,
" That never ſaw the giant world enrag'd;
" Nor met with fortune, other than at feaſts,
" Full warm of blood, of mirth, of goſſipping."
Come, come; for thou ſhalt thruſt thy hand as deep
Into the purſe of rich proſperity,
As Lewis himſelf; ſo, Nobles, ſhall you all,
That knit your ſinews to the ſtrength of mine.

SCENE III. *Enter Pandulph.*

And even there methinks an angel ſpeeds;
Look where the holy Legate comes apace,
To give us warrant from the hand of heav'n,
And on our actions ſet the name of right
With holy breath.

Pand. Hail, Noble Prince of France!

The next is this. King John hath reconcil'd
Himſelf to Rome; his ſpirit is come in,
That ſo ſtood out againſt the holy church,
The great metropolis and ſee of Rome.
Therefore thy threat'ning colours now wind up,
And tame the ſavage ſpirit of wild War;
That, like a lion foſter'd up at hand,
It may lie gently at the foot of Peace;
And be no further harmful than in ſhew.

Lewis. Your Grace ſhall pardon me, I will not back.
I am too high-born to be propertied,
To be a ſecondary at controul;
Or uſeful ſerving-man, and inſtrument,
To any ſovereign ſtate throughout the world.
Your breath firſt kindled the dead coal of war,
Between this chaſtis'd kingdom and myſelf,
And brought in matter that ſhould feed this fire.
And now 'tis far too huge to be blown out,
With that ſame weak wind which inkindled it.
You taught me how to know the face of right,
Acquainted me with int'reſt to this land;
Yea, thruſt this enterpriſe into my heart.
And come ye now to tell me John hath made
His peace with Rome? what is that peace to me?
I, by the honour of my marriage-bed,
After young Arthur, claim this land for mine.
And now it is half-conquer'd, muſt I back,
Becauſe that John hath made his peace with Rome?
Am I Rome's ſlave? what penny hath Rome borne,
What men provided, what munition ſent,
To underprop this action? Is't not I
That undergo this charge? who elſe but I,
And ſuch as to my claim are liable,
Sweat in this buſineſs, and maintain this war?
Have I not heard theſe iſlanders ſhout out,
Vive le Roy! as I have bank'd their towns?
Have I not here the beſt cards for the game,
To win this eaſy match, play'd for a crown?
And ſhall I now give o'er the yielded ſet?
No, on my ſoul, it never ſhall be ſaid.

Pand. You look but on the outſide of this work.

Lewis. Outſide or inſide, I will not return,

Till my attempt ſo much be glorified,
As to my ample hope was promiſed,
Before I drew this gallant head of war,
And cull'd theſe fiery ſpirits from the world,
To outlook conqueſt, and to win renown
Ev'n in the jaws of danger, and of death.
[*Trumpet ſounds.*
What luſty trumpet thus doth ſummon us?

SCENE IV. *Enter Faulconbridge.*

Faulc. According to the fair play of the world,
Let me have audience. I am ſent to ſpeak,
My holy Lord of Milan, from the King.
I come to learn how you have dealt for him;
And, as you anſwer, I do know the ſcope
And warrant limited unto my tongue.
Pand. The Dauphin is too wilful-oppoſite,
And will not temporize with my intreaties.
He flatly ſays he'll not lay down his arms.
Faulc. By all the blood that ever fury breath'd,
The youth ſays well. Now hear our Engliſh King;
For thus his Royalty doth ſpeak in me.
He is prepar'd; and reaſon too he ſhould.
This apiſh and unmannerly approach,
This harneſs'd maſk, and unadviſed revel,
This unhair'd ſaucineſs and boyiſh troops,
The King doth ſmile at; and is well prepar'd
To whip this dwarfiſh war, theſe pigmy-arms,
From out the circle of his territories.
That hand which had the ſtrength, ev'n at your door,
To cudgel you, and make you take the hatch;
To dive, like buckets, in concealed wells;
To crouch in litter of your ſtable-planks;
To lie, like pawns, lock'd up in cheſts and trunks;
To herd with ſwine; to ſeek ſweet ſafety out,
In vaults and priſons; and to thrill and ſhake,
Ev'n at the crying of our nation's crow,
Thinking his voice an armed Engliſhman:
Shall that victorious hand be feebled here,
That in your chambers gave you chaſtiſement?
No; know, the gallant monarch is in arms;
And, like an eagle o'er his aiery, tow'rs.

To ſouſe annoyance that comes near his neſt.
And you degen'rate, you ingrate revolts,
You bloody Nero's, ripping up the womb
Of your dear mother England, bluſh for ſhame.
For your own ladies, and pale-viſag'd maids,
Like Amazons, come tripping after drums;
Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
To fierce and bloody inclination.

Lewis. There end thy brave, and turn thy face in peace;
We grant thou canſt outſcold us; fare thee well.
We hold our time too precious to be ſpent
With ſuch a babler.

Pand. Give me leave to ſpeak.

Faulc. No, I will ſpeak.

Lewis We will attend to neither.
Strike up the drums, and let the tongue of war
Plead for our int'reſt, and our being here.

Faulc. Indeed your drums being beaten, will cry out;
And ſo ſhall you, being beaten. Do but ſtart
An echo with the clamour of thy drum,
And even at hand a drum is ready brac'd,
That ſhall reverb'rate all as loud as thine.
Sound but another, and another ſhall,
As loud as thine, rattle the welkin's ear,
And mock the deep-mouth'd thunder. For at hand
(Not truſting to this halting Legate here,
Whom he hath us'd rather for ſport than need)
Is warlike John; and in his forehead ſits
A bare-ribb'd death; whoſe office is this day
To feaſt upon whole thouſands of the French.

Lewis. Strike up our drums, to find this danger out.

Faulc. And thou ſhalt find it, Dauphin, do not doubt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *Changes to a field of battle.*

Alarms. Enter King John and Hubert.

K. John. How goes the day with us? oh, tell me, Hubert.

Hub. Badly, I fear; how fares your Majeſty?

K. John

K. John. This fever that hath troubled me ſo long,
Lies heavy on me: oh, my heart is ſick!

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. My Lord, your valiant kinſman, Faulconbridge,
Deſires your Majeſty to leave the field;
And ſend him word by me which way you go.

K. John. Tell him, tow'rds Swinſtead, to the abbey there.

Meſſ. Be of good comfort; for the great ſupply
That was expected by the Dauphin here,
Are wreck'd three nights ago on Goodwin ſands.
This news was brought to Richard but ev'n now;
The French fight coldly, and retire themſelves.

K. John. Ah me! this tyrant fever burns me up,
And will not let me welcome this good news.
Set on tow'rd Swinſtead; to my litter ſtrait;
Weakneſs poſſeſſeth me, and I am faint. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI. *Changes to the French camp.*

Enter Saliſbury, Pembroke, and Bigot.

Sal. I did not think the King ſo ſtor'd with friends.

Pemb. Up once again; put ſpirit in the French.
If they miſcarry, we miſcarry too.

Sal. That miſbegotten devil, Faulconbridge,
In ſpight of ſpight, alone upholds the day.

Pemb. They ſay King John, ſore ſick, hath left the field.

Enter Melun, wounded.

Melun. Lead me to the revolts of England here.

Sal. When we were happy, we had other names.

Pemb. It is the Count Melun.

Sal. Wounded to death.

Melun. Fly, noble Engliſh, you are bought and ſold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again diſcarded faith.
Seek out King John, and fall before his feet:
For if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompenſe the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads; thus hath he ſworn,

I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at St. Edmondſbury;
Ev'n on that altar, where we ſwore to you
Dear amity and everlaſting love.
Sal. May this be poſſible! may this be true!
Melun. Have I not hideous death within my view!
Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, ev'n as a form of wax
Reſolveth from its figure 'gainſt the fire?
What in the world ſhould make me now deceive,
Since I muſt loſe the uſe of all deceit?
Why ſhould I then be falſe, ſince it is true,
That I muſt die here, and live hence by truth?
I ſay again, if Lewis do win the day,
He is forſworn, if e'er theſe eyes of yours
Behold another day break in the eaſt.
But ev'n this night, whoſe black contageous breath
Already ſmokes about the burning creſt
Of the old, feeble, and day-wearied ſun,
Ev'n this ill night, your breathing ſhall expire;
Paying the fine of rated treachery,
Ev'n with a treacherous fine of all your lives,
If Lewis by your aſſiſtance win the day.
Commend me to one Hubert, with your King;
The love of him, and this reſpect beſides,
(For that my grandſire was an Engliſhman,)
Awakes my conſcience to confeſs all this.
In lieu whereof, I pray you bear me hence
From forth the noiſe and rumour of the field;
Where I may think the remnant of my thoughts
In peace; and part this body and my ſoul,
With contemplation and devout deſires.
Sal. We do believe thee; and beſhrew my ſoul
But I do love the favour and the form
Of this moſt fair occaſion, by the which
We will untread the ſteps of damned flight;
And, like a bated and retired flood,
Leaving our rankneſs and irregular courſe,
Stoop low within thoſe bounds we have o'erlook'd,
And calmly run on in obedience
Ev'n to our ocean, to our great King John.
My arm ſhall give thee help to bear thee hence,

For

For I do ſee the cruel pangs of death
Right in thine eye. Away, my friends; new flight;
And happy newneſs that intends old right.
[*Exeunt, leading off Melun.*

SCENE VII.

Changes to a different part of the French camp.

Enter Lewis, and his train.

Lewis. The ſun of heav'n, methought, was loath to ſet,
But ſtaid, and made the weſtern welkin bluſh;
When th' Engliſh meaſur'd backward their own ground
In faint retire: oh, bravely came we off,
When with a volley of our needleſs ſhot,
After ſuch bloody toil, we bid good night;
And wound our tatter'd colours clearly up,
Laſt in the field, and almoſt lords of it!——

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Where is my Prince, the Dauphin?
Lewis. Here; what news?
Meſſ. The Count Melun is ſlain; the Engliſh Lords
By his perſuaſion are again fall'n off;
And your ſupply, which you have wiſh'd ſo long,
Are caſt away, and ſunk on Goodwin ſands.
Lewis. Ah foul, ſhrewd news! Beſhrew thy very heart;
I did not think to be ſo ſad to-night,
As this hath made me. Who was he that ſaid
King John did fly, an hour or two before
The ſtumbling night did part our weary powers?
Meſſ. Whoever ſpoke it, it is true, my Lord.
Lewis. Well; keep good quarter, and good care to-night;
The day ſhall not be up ſo ſoon as I,
To try the fair adventure of to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

An open place in the neighbourhood of Swinſtead abbey.

Enter Faulconbridge, and Hubert, ſeverally.

Hub. Who's there? ſpeak, ho! ſpeak quickly, or I ſhoot.

Faulc.

Faulc. A friend. What art thou?
Hub. Of the part of England.
Faulc. And whither doſt thou go?
Hub. What's that to thee?
Why may I not demand of thine affairs,
As well as thou of mine?
Faulc. Hubert, I think.
Hub. Thou haſt a perfect thought:
I will upon all hazards well believe
Thou art my friend, that know'ſt my tongue ſo well.
Who art thou?
Faulc. Who thou wilt; and, if thou pleaſe,
Thou may'ſt befriend me ſo much, as to think,
I come one way of the Plantagenets.
Hub. Unkind remembrance! thou and eyeleſs night
Have done me ſhame; brave ſoldier, pardon me,
That any accent, breaking from thy tongue,
Should 'ſcape the true acquaintance of mine ear.
Faulc. Come, come; *ſans compliment*, what news abroad?
Hub. Why here walk I, in the black brow of night,
To find you out.
Faulc. Brief then: and what's the news?
Hub. O my ſweet Sir, news fitting to the night;
Black, fearful, comfortleſs, and horrible.
Faulc. Shew me the very wound of this ill news;
I am no woman, I'll not ſwoon at it.
Hub. The King, I fear, is poiſon'd by a monk:
I left him almoſt ſpeechleſs, and broke out
T' acquaint you with this evil; that you might
The better arm you to the ſudden time,
Than if you had at leiſure known of this.
Faulc. How did he take it? who did taſte to him?
Hub. A monk, I tell you; a reſolved villain,
Whoſe bowels ſuddenly burſt out: the King
Yet ſpeaks; and, peradventure, may recover.
Faulc. Who didſt thou leave to tend his Majeſty?
Hub. Why, know you not? the Lords are all come back,
And brought Prince Henry in their company;
At whoſe requeſt the King hath pardon'd them,
And they are all about his Majeſty.
Faulc. With-hold thine indignation, mighty heav'n!
And tempt us not to bear above our power.

I'll tell thee, Hubert, half my pow'rs this night,
Paſſing theſe flats, are taken by the tide;
Theſe Lincoln waſhes have devoured them;
Myſelf, well mounted, hardly have eſcaped.
Away before: conduct me to the King;
I doubt he will be dead or e'er I come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Changes to the orchard in Swinſtead abbey.

Enter Prince Henry, Saliſbury, and Bigot.

Henry. It is too late; the life of all his blood
Is touch'd corruptibly; and his pure brain
(Which, ſome ſuppoſe, the ſoul's frail dwelling-houſe)
Doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretel the ending of mortality.

Enter Pembroke.

Pemb. His Highneſs yet doth ſpeak, and holds belief,
That, being brought into the open air,
It would allay the burning quality
Of that fell poiſon which aſſaileth him.
Henry. Let him be brought into the orchard here.
Doth he ſtill rage?
Pemb. He is more patient
Than when you left him; even now he ſung.
Henry. O vanity of ſickneſs! fierce extremes
In their continuance will not feel themſelves.
Death having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them inſenſible; his ſiege is now
Againſt the mind; the which he pricks and wounds
With many legions of ſtrange fantaſies;
Which, in their throng, and preſs to that laſt hold,
Confound themſelves. 'Tis ſtrange that death ſhould ſing:——
I am the cygnet to this pale, faint ſwan,
Who chaunts a doleful hymn to his own death;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, ſings
His ſoul and body to their laſting reſt.
Sal. Be of good comfort, Prince; for you are born

To

To ſet a form upon that indigeſt,
Which he hath left ſo ſhapeleſs and ſo rude.

K. John brought in.

K. John. Ay, marry, now my ſoul hath elbow-roo
I would not out at windows, nor at doors.
There is ſo hot a ſummer in my boſom,
That all my bowels crumble up to duſt:
I am a ſcribbled form drawn with a pen
Upon a parchment, and againſt this fire
Do I ſhrink up.

Henry. How fares your Majeſty?

K. John. Poiſon'd, ill fare! dead, forſook, caſt off
" And none of you will bid the winter come
" To thruſt his icy fingers in my maw;
" Nor let my kingdom's rivers take their courſe
" Through my burn'd boſom; nor intreat the north
" To make his bleak winds kiſs my parched lips,
" And comfort me with cold." I aſk not much,
I beg cold comfort; and you are ſo ſtrait,
And ſo ungrateful, you deny me that.

Henry. Oh, that there were ſome virtue in my tear
That might relieve you!

K. John. The ſalt of them is hot.
Within me is a hell; and there the poiſon
Is, as a fiend, confin'd to tyrannize
On unreprievable, condemned blood.

SCENE X. *Enter Faulconbridge.*

Faulc. Oh! I am ſcalded with my violent motion,
And ſpleen of ſpeed to ſee your Majeſty.

K. John. Oh! couſin, thou art come to ſet mine
The tackle of my heart is crackt and burnt;
And all the ſhrowds wherewith my life ſhould ſail,
Are turned to one thread, one little hair:
My heart hath one poor ſtring to ſtay it by,
Which holds but till thy news be uttered;
And then all this thou ſeeſt, is but a clod,
And module of confounded royalty.

Faulc. The Dauphin is preparing hitherward,
Where heav'n he knows how we ſhall anſwer him.
For in a night, the beſt part of my power,

As I upon advantage did remove,
Were in the waſhes, all unwarily
Devoured by the unexpected flood. [*The King dies.*
Sal. You breathe theſe dead news in as dead an ear.
My Liege! my Lord!—but now a King—now thus.
Henry. Ev'n ſo muſt I run on, and ev'n ſo ſtop *.
Faulc. Art thou gone ſo? I do but ſtay behind,
To do the office for thee of revenge:
And then my ſoul ſhall wait on thee to heav'n,
As it on earth hath been thy ſervant ſtill.
Now, now, you ſtars, that move in your bright ſpheres,
Where be your pow'rs? ſhew now your mended faiths,
And inſtantly return with me again,
To puſh deſtruction and perpetual ſhame
Out of the weak door of our fainting land:
Strait let us ſeek, or ſtrait we ſhall be ſought;
The Dauphin rages at our very heels.
Sal. It ſeems you know not then ſo much as we:
The Cardinal Pandulph is within at reſt,
Who half an hour ſince came from the Dauphin;
And brings from him ſuch offers of our peace,
As we with honour and reſpect may take,
With purpoſe preſently to leave this war.
Faulc. He will the rather do it, when he ſees
Ourſelves well ſinewed to our defence.
Sal. Nay, it is in a manner done already;
For many carriages he hath diſpatch'd
To the ſea-ſide, and put his cauſe and quarrel
To the diſpoſing of the Cardinal;
With whom yourſelf, myſelf, and other Lords,
If you think meet, this afternoon will poſt
To conſummate this buſineſs happily.
Faulc. Let it be ſo; and you, my Noble Prince,
With other Princes that may beſt be ſpar'd,
Shall wait upon your father's funeral.
Henry. At Worceſter muſt his body be interr'd,
For ſo he will'd it.
Faulc. Thither ſhall it then.

And

* ——————and ev'n ſo ſtop.
What ſurety of the world, what hope, what ſtay,
When this was now a King, and now is clay?
Faulc. Art thou gone ſo? &c.

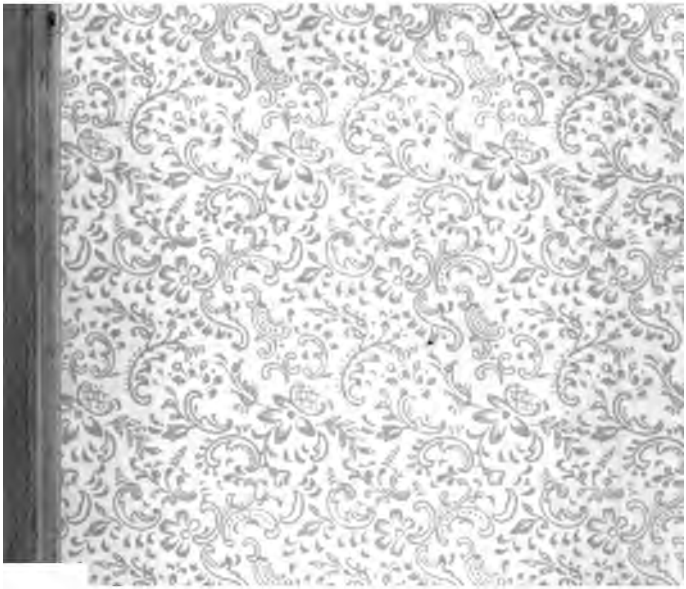
And happily may your ſweet ſelf put on
The lineal ſtate, and glory of the land!
To whom, with all ſubmiſſion on my knee,
I do bequeath my faithful ſervices,
And true ſubjection everlaſtingly.

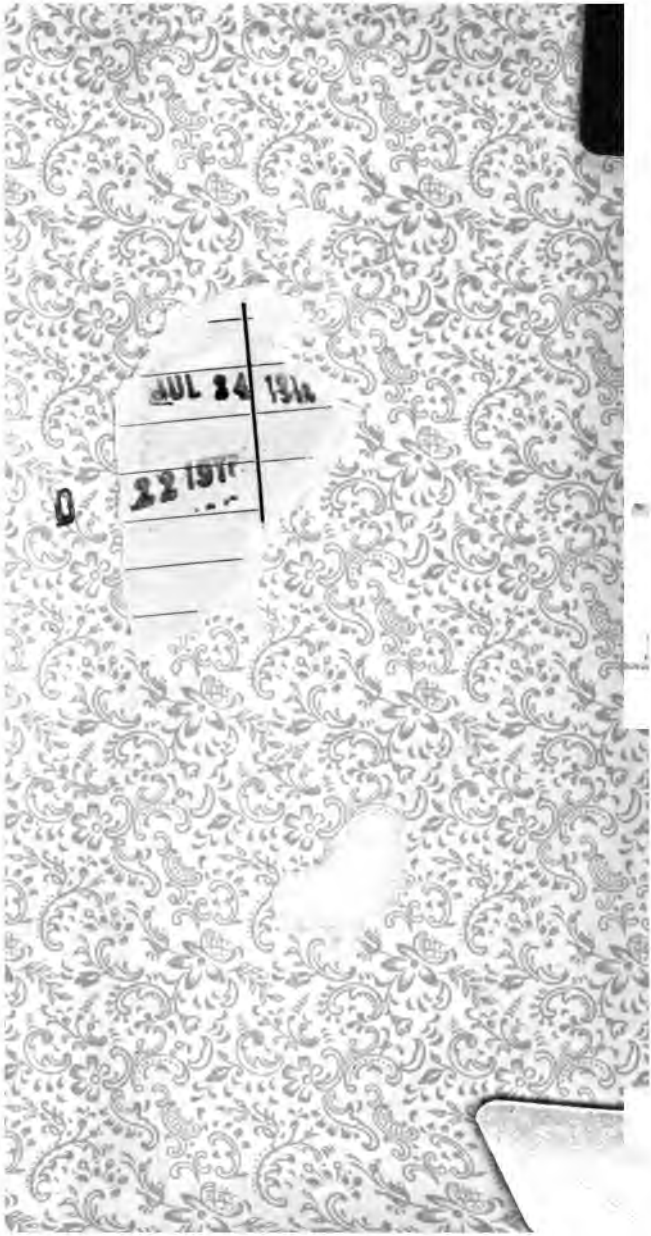
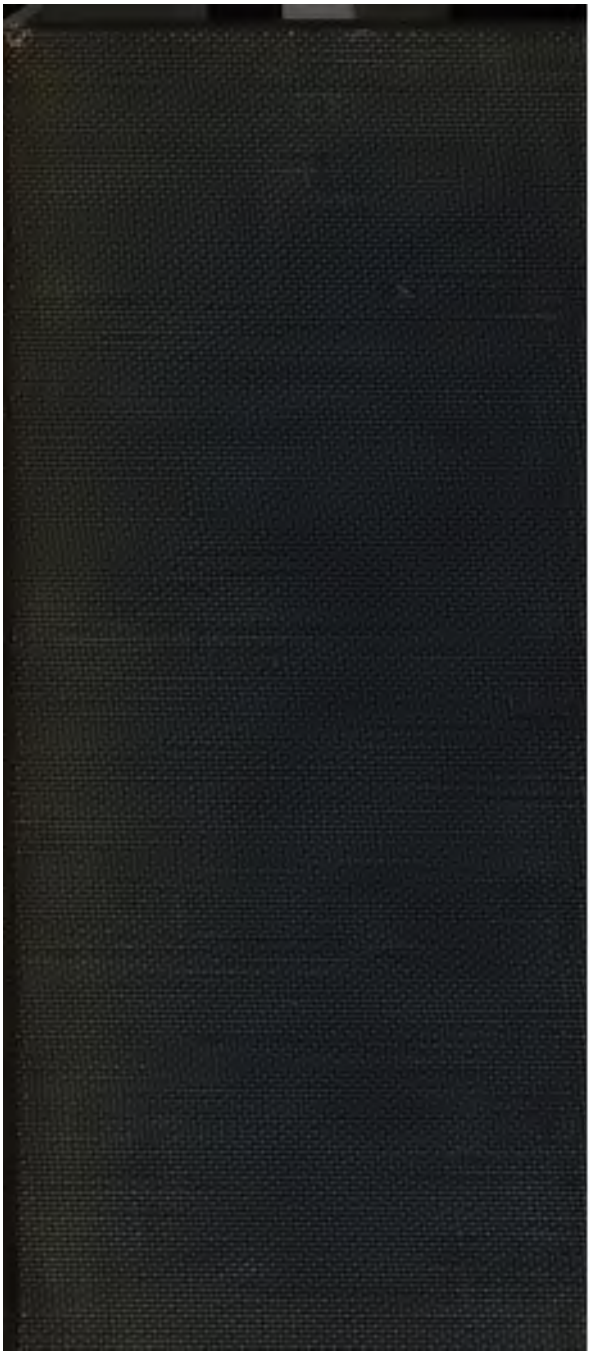
Sal. And the like tender of our love we make,
To reſt without a ſpot for evermore.

Henry. I have a kind ſoul, that would give you thanks,
And knows not how to do it, but with tears.

Faulc. Oh, let us pay the time but needful woe,
Since it hath been before hand with our griefs.
This England never did, nor never ſhall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it firſt did help to wound itſelf.
Now theſe her princes are come home again,
Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we ſhall ſhock them!—Nought ſhall make us rue,
If England to itſelf do reſt but true. [*Exeunt omnes.*

THE END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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